

DE
Dry Goods House

PARIS
221 and 223
S. Broadway.

Clearance Sale
made Suits,
and Skirts.

ders in garment selling
a Separate Skirt in stock
to make it a decision

8.50 Suits.

er made to sell for \$12.50 are
in Jacket styles. Positively this

.75 Jackets.

our \$2.75 Jackets, regular \$4
of medium weight cloths, in g

ilk-lined and stitched.

2.00 Skirts.

.50. They are an explanation
of homespuns and chevrons

French checks, beautiful colorings,
lik and wool novelty materials

Mail orders promptly filled

MANHOOD

f. Jules Laborde's French Preparation

CALTHOS

For Lost Vitality.

5 Days' Treatment

SENT FREE

By Sealed Mail

C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT

work and business men

combining medicinal and

will cure you at any stage

with causing any

"Calthos" goes directly to the

the patient feels the benefit of

in five days

The Von Mohl Co. often receive

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The Von Mohl Co. often receive

combining medicinal and

will cure you at any stage

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"Calthos" goes directly to the

LOVES THE LUSHERS.

AN OAKLAND PREACHER EX-
POUNDS QUEER DOCTRINE.

Minister Machine Quits His Pulpit Be-

cause He Believes in Drinking,

Dancing and Other Things

Tolowed by the Church.

Minister Young Men Who Value Per-

sonal Liberty to Shun the Ministry,

and Says the Church is Full

of Hypocrites.

Three Societies at San Francisco,

Stockmen Organize Against Cattle

Thieves—Northern Pacific Gets

Clearwater Territory.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

OAKLAND, Jan. 20.—Rev. James C.

Brinkman, pastor of the Oak Leaf Con-

gregation, today announced

his resignation from the ministry. Said

he: "I believe in drinking and a long list

of other things that are tabooed by

church-goers when indulged in by

ministers. If a man needs a drink he

has the right to take it. When I meet

a man on the street I like to slap him

on the back and say, 'Hello, there,

you're a good hearty fellow. I believe

in God and Christianity. But the

church is burdened with false ideas

and full of sinful hypocrites, and some

of my friends who might be called

hypocrites are infinitely better than these

sorts of preachers.

The ministry is no place for a young

man who wants his personal liberty.

He must use too much hypocrisy and

pretend to be a hypocrite in order to

remain in the ministry."

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

OAKLAND, Jan. 20.—A special to

the Oregonian from St. Paul says that

the dispute between the Northern Pa-

cific and the Oregon Railway and Na-

avigation Company over the rights of the

company to extend their lines

full amount of the claim, \$12,570. After

the commencement of the action and

before the condition of judgment the

administrator of the estate of A. M.

More was appointed special administra-

tor, and presented a motion to the

court asking that the judgment be

set aside and vacated, as John E. More

was not the administrator of the es-

tate at the time of the rendition of the

judgment, as, therefore, the estate

should not be held for the judgment.

The Superior Court granted the mo-

tion, from which an appeal was taken.

The Supreme Court affirmed the

order, on the ground, with the lower

court, that a judgment against an es-

tate could not be valid if the adminis-

trator was under suspension.

KENO MAN RELEASED.

SUPREME COURT DECISION.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—The Su-

preme Court today released Richard

Stokesbury on habeas corpus pro-

ceedings. Stokesbury had been ar-

rested in Stockton for running a keno

game. He was released on the ground

that the indictment did not state cause

of offense.

Chief Justice Beatty held that, while

Stokesbury may have played keno for

money, there was no proof or com-

plaint that he had gambled at the

same time.

"The complaint," he said, "does not

show the game was conducted for

money by the defendant. It does not

show that the men who played risked

any money or made bets. It only

conducted the game got the money,

which may have been in the nature of

salaries. The law is almost at bottling

the game."

Only such games as involve betting

AN OBJECT LESSON

In a Restaurant.

A physician puts the query: Have you never

soticed in any large restaurant at lunch

dinner time the large number of hearty, vigor-

ous old men at the tables; men whose ages run

from 60 to 80 years; many of them bald and all

perhaps gray, but some of them feeble or sen-

ile?

Perhaps the spectacle is so common as to

have escaped your observation or comment,

but nevertheless it is an object lesson which

means something.

If you will notice what these hearty old fel-

lows are eating, you will observe that they are

not munching brain crackers nor gingerly pick-

ing their way through a menu card of new fas-

hioned health foods; on the contrary, they seem

to prefer a juicy roast of beef, a properly

turmed loin of mutton, and even the deadly

broiled lobster is not altogether ignored.

The point of all this is that a vigorous old

age depends upon good digestion and plenty of

wholesome food, not upon dieting and an en-

deavor to live upon brain crackers.

There is a certain class of food cranks who

seem to believe that meat and many

other good things are rank poisons, but these

eccentric, sickly-looking individuals are a

walking condemnation of their own theories.

The matter is a simple one. If the stom-

ach secretes the natural digestive juices in

sufficient quantity any wholesome food will be

promptly digested. If the stomach does not

do so, and certain foods cause distress one or two

of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal

will remove all difficulty, because they supply

just what every weak stomach lacks, pepsin,

hydrochloric acid, diastase and su-

crase. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not act upon

the bowels, and, in fact, are not at all

laxative, as they do not enter upon the food

mass, digesting it thoroughly and thus giving a

much needed rest and giving an appetite for

the next meal.

Hudyan Gives Strength!

Hudyan Relieves Pain!

Hudyan Creates Nerve!

MEN AND WOMEN, YOU WHO ARE PALE, WEAK,

emaciated, nervous; it is you who need HUDYAN.

If your constitution is prematurely broken down and you

have no life or energy, and you feel languid or careworn,

the question naturally suggests itself, "can I recover my

lost health and strength? If so, how?"

We answer, "Yes." HUDYAN will restore your ex-

hausted physical energies, your digestion, your appetite,

your sleep. HUDYAN replenishes wasted vitality. HUD-

YAN restores health, and permanently.

First, Know Your Condition.

Have you dull or throbbing head-

aches (Fig. 1), a pale, thin face (Fig. 2),

or hollow eyes—soreness in stomach or

poor digestion (Fig. 3), a torpid liver

(Fig. 4), and costiveness—weakness of

the limbs (Figs. 5 and 6)? Are your

knees shaky, do you see dots before

eyes, is your sleep disturbed by horrid

dreams? Are you despondent, gloomy,

melancholy? Have you an all-gone,

tired feeling? HUDYAN relieves one

and all these conditions. These symp-

oms all present themselves during the

various stages of Nervous Trouble and

finally complete Prostration, Heart Dis-

ease or Apoplexy sets in if something is

not done. Don't court these dangers,

but take HUDYAN as soon as you real-

ize the nature of your trouble.

The nerves go to every part of the

body, even to the minutest blood ves-

sels. Through nerve influence (sympathy), symptoms

often arise that are entirely remote from the seat of dis-

order. For this reason nervous disorders are sometimes

misleading. Thus indigestion, liver complaint, palpi-

tation of heart, brain-fag, pain in back, organic weakness,

and in women, female weakness, uterine troubles, are, in

the majority of instances, entirely due to weak nerve

conditions. HUDYAN is peculiar in the fact that its cur-

ative influence reaches every nerve and fiber in the human

system. Never before has mankind been so blessed with

Grand

Auction Sale.

100 Select Lots in the Work-

man Park Tract, Surrounding

Beautiful Hollenbeck Park.

Thursday Feb'y 15, 1900, 1:30 p.m.

On the Ground, without Limit or

reserve, to the Highest Bidder.

This property is situated on the highlands of Los Angeles, free

from frost, smoke, oil or derricks. An ideal place for a home.

Only 10 minutes from center of city by Traction Co's Green Cars.

direct, or Boyle Heights First-street line. Select the lot you want

before day of sale. This is the only opportunity you'll ever have

of securing a lot at your own price on this beautiful elevated tract.

For Maps, Catalogues, Etc.,

Apply to

Thos. B. Clark, Auctioneer,

133 S. Broadway.

Cloak Auction.

We were unable to sell all the

Parisian stock Saturday, and the

balance will be offered at Auc-

tion at our own salesroom,

438-440 S. Spring St.,

Monday Afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Come if you want a bargain.

RHOADES & REED, Auc'rs.

Copper Plate Engraving and Printing.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, At-Home and Calling Cards, Visa Stationery.

Whedon & Spreng Co., 204 S. Spring St.

Gas and Electric

Fixtures...

ANY design made

to order. Oil

fixtures changed to

combination gas and

electric. All kinds

of portable and

drop lights for read-

ing. Nickel, silver

and all kinds of plas-

ting. Don't fail to see

our new line of

wrought iron fix-

tures.

Think of the

OIL SHARES FREE

Big Panoche Oil Company

Has subleased 320 acres of its 1880 acres in the Panoche Tract to a syndicate of prominent Los Angeles men. The Big Panoche Co. receives for the lease 100,000 shares, par value \$1 each, in the new company. The board of directors of the Big Panoche Company have declared a stock dividend allotting to all stockholders as many shares free in the Los Angeles company as they hold in the Big Panoche. The new company have purchased Rig No. 1, which will be boring the coming week, and have ample capital subscribed to carry on extensive developments. The Big Panoche Company have purchased Rig No. 2, which will be on the ground inside of ten days. Great progress is reported on the Panoche lands, and stockholders may expect monthly cash dividends shortly now, as a big flow will undoubtedly be struck very soon.

Books Close at Noon February 10th

All persons purchasing shares in the Big Panoche Co. prior to noon of Feb. 10 will receive free as many shares in the Los Angeles Co. as they purchase in the Big Panoche. This means Two Dividends a month to Panoche stockholders when oil is struck.

ON INSTALLMENTS

\$1.80 per share upon the following terms: 25 per cent with the application; 25 per cent within 30 days; 25 per cent in 60 days and 25 per cent in 90 days, as follows:

\$ 2.25 down buys	5 shares par value	\$ 25 with	5 shares free in new company
4.50 down buys	10 shares par value	50 with	10 shares free in new company
6.75 down buys	15 shares par value	75 with	15 shares free in new company
9.00 down buys	20 shares par value	100 with	20 shares free in new company
11.25 down buys	25 shares par value	125 with	25 shares free in new company
13.50 down buys	30 shares par value	150 with	30 shares free in new company
15.75 down buys	35 shares par value	175 with	35 shares free in new company
18.00 down buys	40 shares par value	200 with	40 shares free in new company
20.25 down buys	45 shares par value	225 with	45 shares free in new company
22.50 down buys	50 shares par value	250 with	50 shares free in new company
24.75 down buys	55 shares par value	275 with	55 shares free in new company
27.00 down buys	60 shares par value	300 with	60 shares free in new company
29.25 down buys	65 shares par value	325 with	65 shares free in new company
31.50 down buys	70 shares par value	350 with	70 shares free in new company
33.75 down buys	75 shares par value	375 with	75 shares free in new company
36.00 down buys	80 shares par value	400 with	80 shares free in new company
38.25 down buys	85 shares par value	425 with	85 shares free in new company
40.50 down buys	90 shares par value	450 with	90 shares free in new company
42.75 down buys	95 shares par value	475 with	95 shares free in new company
45.00 down buys	100 shares par value	500 with	100 shares free in new company

A FREE SHARE
GOES WITH
EVERY SHARE
OF
BIG PANOCHÉ

ALL CASH

To those who desire to pay all cash a discount of 10 per cent is allowed, or \$1.62 per share, net, as follows:

\$ 8.10 buys	5 shares par value	\$ 25 with	5 shares free in new company
16.20 buys	10 shares par value	50 with	10 shares free in new company
24.30 buys	15 shares par value	75 with	15 shares free in new company
32.40 buys	20 shares par value	100 with	20 shares free in new company
40.50 buys	25 shares par value	125 with	25 shares free in new company
48.60 buys	30 shares par value	150 with	30 shares free in new company
56.70 buys	35 shares par value	175 with	35 shares free in new company
64.80 buys	40 shares par value	200 with	40 shares free in new company
72.90 buys	45 shares par value	225 with	45 shares free in new company
81.00 buys	50 shares par value	250 with	50 shares free in new company
89.10 buys	55 shares par value	275 with	55 shares free in new company
97.20 buys	60 shares par value	300 with	60 shares free in new company
105.30 buys	65 shares par value	325 with	65 shares free in new company
113.40 buys	70 shares par value	350 with	70 shares free in new company
121.50 buys	75 shares par value	375 with	75 shares free in new company
129.60 buys	80 shares par value	400 with	80 shares free in new company
137.70 buys	85 shares par value	425 with	85 shares free in new company
145.80 buys	90 shares par value	450 with	90 shares free in new company
153.90 buys	95 shares par value	475 with	95 shares free in new company
162.00 buys	100 shares par value	500 with	100 shares free in new company

No Salaried Officers. No More Than 1000 Shares Sold to Any One Person. No Assessments

The sale of Big Panoche stock during the past week has been phenomenal. It has been the greatest week since the organization of the company. From present indications the 10,000 shares allotted for sale will not last until the books close Feb. 10. The company therefore reserves the right to return all applications received after the present block has been subscribed for.

Big Panoche Oil Company

520 Laughlin Bldg, Los Angeles

Open Every Monday
Evening Until 9

Prospectus and Maps
Free for the Asking

MALLOY'S DENIAL.

THOMAS POLLARD.

When the case against Campbell

came up, he emphatically

denied the story told by

the witness that he (Malloy)

was an offer to the prosecution

to pay the cost of the

prosecution to recover the

money which had been paid

by the witness for the

prosecution. Through Malloy's

denial the case was thrown

out of the court, and it was

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NOTICE TO PATRONS.

Advertisements for The Times...
 The Times will receive at a minimum of 50 cents "line" advertisements...
 The Times will not guarantee ad-

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Special Notices.

ONEPHOROUS WATER, A TONIC LAXATIVE...
 JORDAN'S PIONEER CARPET-CLEANING WORKS...
 SHOWCASES AND STORE FIXTURES MADE AND REPAIRED...
 TYPewriter EXCHANGE WILCOX BLDG.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

HARMONIAL SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION...
 UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD LODGE NO. 10...
 THE NEW DISCOVERY IN CHEMISTRY...
 SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, ETC., REMOVED...

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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 SCHOOL OF METAPHYSICS, 416 S. W. 6th St...

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL (EPISCOPAL)...
 ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH...
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 ST. MICHAEL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH...

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FOR SALE

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R SALE—16-ROOM HOUSE AND LOT
 IN fine residence, or income property
 GOING AWAY. Will sell cheap. See
 OWNER.

R SALE—FURNITURE AND LOT
 ON 16th St. and 1st St. 1600 ft. of
 prime \$750. Address: M. box 8, TIMES
 OFFICE.

R SALE—\$1100; NEW 5 ROOMS. OR-
 ganic st., modern, sewer, gas, electricity
 and water. 1600 ft. graded, TIMES OFFICE.
 PRICE.

R SALE—\$1000; GOOD 13-ROOM HOUSE,
 1600 ft. graded, modern, TIMES OFFICE
 by terms. Address: M. box 8, TIMES OFFICE.

R SALE—THE CHEAPEST SEVEN-ROOM
 HOUSE IN THE CITY. On Truxton car line.
 Will sell. J. H. COULTER, 1600 ft. of
 H.

R SALE—5-ROOM COTTAGE. HAND-
 SOME, modern, well built, parties going
 away. A snap. Best owner, 212 S. 27th St.,
 H.

R SALE—NEW 6-ROOM MODERN COT-
 TAGE. 1600 ft. of. 1600 ft. of. 1600 ft. of.
 OWNER, S. D. Dye, 1214 W. 21st St.,
 H.

R SALE—\$100; 6-ROOM HOUSE. LOT
 IN good location, close in. \$100 cash,
 balance \$100. Address: M. box 1, TIMES OFFICE.

[illegible]

SALE - M. box 56, TIMES OFFICE. 21
 SALE-NEW 1-ROOM HOUSE, MOD. 21
 INTERIOR, M. box 28, TIMES OFFICE. 21
 SALE-CHEAP, HOUSES: ONE FINE 21
 1000, 2nd St. and 1st St. 21
 SKIN & C. 21 8 S. Broadway. 21
 SALE - ELEGANT HOMES, SOUTH 21
 SIDE, CORRECT PRICES, 1st and 2nd 21
 ST. PRISTON, 24 Simmons Bk. 21
 SALE - 2-ROOM HOUSE, 1ST STORY, 21
 terms, all modern, 2nd and Main. Ad. 21
 SALE - 2-ROOM HOUSE, 1ST STORY, 21
 SALE-NEW 6-ROOM COTTAGE, BY 21
 art, cheap; describe what you have. Ad. 21
 SALE - 6000, 6-ROOM HOUSE, 21
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 SALE - ELEGANT HOMES AT A 21
 1000, 2nd St. and 1st St. 21
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 1000, 2nd St. and 1st St. 21

SALE—\$200; NEW, 3 ROOMS. CLOSE
finely finished, easy terms. Address M.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

[illegible]

FOR SALE—ANOTHER WEEK HAS ADDED to the scores of visitors that have called

[illegible][illegible]

IXTH YEAR

THIS YEAR
THEATERS—
LOS ANGELES THEATRE
TONIGHT LAST PERFORMANCE
M. B. Leavitt's Sp
...fully, Fantastical Extravagance. Grand
...high class specialties—15. 50 CENTS
Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Seats now on
LOS ANGELES THEATRE
TOMORROW, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY
—Bargain Matinee
THE RAY'S HOWLING
A HOT *Ec*
...ection of—
E. A. ERADEN
and C. W. STRINE.
...very outball of laughter, with pretty girls
...ing situations—and a furiously funny cast.
—Special Prices—25c, 50c
...cow on sale.
LOS ANGELES THEATRE
The Big Event of the season.
THREE NIGHTS AND SATURDAY
DAY, JANUARY 25th.
—LIEBNER & CO. 7
HALL C
...POWERFUL
"THE CHRIS
—DIRECT FROM ITS TRIUMPH
As presented for 175 nights in New York
on \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c. Seats on
THEATRE
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY
MATINEES TODAY
AT TWO
OF F-O-U-G-E-
ELMORE SISTERS
In new Cohan Farce
DANGEROUS MRS. DELANEY."
THE MACARTHEYS
JOHN and NELLIE
In a Lively Skit
RICE-FRILLMAN & W.
New Songs
New Comedy
DOROTHY DREW
A burlesque of
FOUGERE'S SONGS
ROSOSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE
Tonight, Monday, Tuesday and
Wednesday Matinee. 11
...The Ju
rau Opera C
—In an exceptionally elaborate production
"Mikado" Thursday, Friday and Saturday
and at the Saturday Matinee
on Wednesday and Saturday.
AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENT
With Basso of H
NEW FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
CORNER SE
Clarence Edd
...Grand Picnic, Tuesday and
Wednesday Evenings, Jan. 23 and 24
...24th. Assisted by Miss
...Bishop, soprano; Mrs. Helen
...soprano; W. F. Shinde, accom-
...and Murray M. Harris, bass (lute,
...\$1.00. Seats on sale at
...Music Store, 313 South Broad-
...Tel. Green 1444 (This is a
...a chance to see and hear the new
...organ built in this largest
...M. Harris. It is the largest
...on the coast outside of San
...no.)
PUCCINI TRACK—Main and Tenth
RACES TODAY 2:
—UNLIMITED PURSUITS—OTHER
SERIAL HALL—
—242 S. BROADWAY AND 24
...and Orchestral Concert every evening from
...dances and Gentlemen's Cafe and Oyster Par
REBALL—Fiesta Park—

MARVELOUS AG

Medicine Obligated to Admit the
Efficiency of the New and
Science Which Possesses
the Most Obsolete Cases
Without the Use of Drugs.

Scientific world is becoming
more interested in the new
subject—perfect health.
In many cases aggravating
order, is an authenticated fact.
This can well be called an age
of health. And every line of advancement
by the way brings forth its medicine
and cures. In proportion
population there are, in all
probability, as many doubting Thomases
as in the days of Christ.

Nevertheless the world moves
on. The spirit of progress
is everywhere apparent, and men
are not only delving into the secrets
deeper than ever before.
Dr. C. W. Harris of this city
has himself to be an honest
student of the laws that govern
health. His work in this and other
has proven him to be a man of
ability. After long and
research he has made a discovery
in its nature is unparalleled in
the world.

Dr. Harris starts out by re-examining
disease, with its countless
forms, is not a natural condition
but born of nature's use of God.
The handiwork of humanity
and down from age to age.
He states that the manifestation of
any condition of the body
is a readjustment of the
mechanism which God has placed
in us to accomplish certain
ends. The obvious conclusion is that
the machinery of these functions
restored to harmonious action,
will again take up the interrupted
and nature will restore it to
its old strength.

Dr. Harris further claims that disease is
not treating the afflicted. The
best treatment is to give
of usefulness that is based
on the fact that it is a
power which may be
as an extent as to keep the
and well. Serious trouble
has called the skilled
of our day yield
their mind of man.

Dr. Harris's investigations have
been able to locate that
own body and enable
himself. He is able, however,
to keep himself in a
work so as to perform
others.

Dr. Harris is now
of lectures upon the
of Healing" at the
of Vital Magnetism and
January number of "The
a publication issued by
and contains interesting
information along the
thought. It contains, among
the endorsements of many
people and valuable
lessons. The Professor is
small a copy of this
address upon receipt of stamp.

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1867 JACOBY BROS

REMOVAL SALE

JACOBY BROS 1900



WE WILL OCCUPY OUR NEW
STORE BUILDING, 331, 333 AND 335
SOUTH BROADWAY, ABOUT
MARCH 1ST, 1900

Overcoats at Nearly Half Price.

Prices on suits are cut to the core. Shoes never sold for so little. Hats and Furnishing Goods prices that crowd the store with eager buyers.

We have purchased an entirely new stock for the new store, and owing to this fact, we are compelled to close out our present stock before we move. While the prices published here convey an idea of the reductions, we want to impress upon you, that the prices on all goods in the store (agency goods excepted) have been reduced in the same proportion.

Men's Clothing.

\$10.00 Overcoats are now	\$5.00
\$12.50 Overcoats are now	\$6.50
\$15.00 Overcoats are now	\$8.50
\$17.50 Overcoats are now	\$10.00
\$20.00 Overcoats are now	\$12.50
\$10.00 Men's Suits are now	\$6.37
\$12.50 Men's Suits are now	\$8.43
\$15.00 Men's Suits are now	\$10.21
\$17.50 Men's Suits are now	\$12.33
\$20.00 Men's Suits are now	\$15.41

Boys' Clothing marked at about half price.

JACOBY BROS.,

128 to 138 N. Spring St.

About The New Store.

When we greet you at the new store we will have the pleasure of doing so in the most modern retail store building ever constructed in the West. In addition to the lines we have heretofore carried, viz., merchant tailoring, ready-made clothing, furnishings and hats for men and boys, and shoes for men, women and children, we will carry in our new store complete lines of cloths and suits, gloves and furnishings for ladies and misses. Our assortment will range from the very finest goods made to as moderately priced as quality will permit. The same store methods that have made this store the largest shoe and clothing house in this section of the country will be applied to our lines of ladies' goods.

Boys' Hats.

35c Boys' Caps. Blue, black and mixed golf caps that sold at 50c; Removal Sale..... 19c

75c Boys' Caps. Yacht shape and Eton Leather Caps, tan, brown and wine leather, with black or colored visor; Removal Sale..... 41c

65c Boys' Hats. Black, blue and brown, Alpaca Fedora Hats, were 85c; Removal Sale..... 33c

\$1.50 Boys' Hats. Our regular \$1.50 black, brown and pearl, silk trimmed Fedora Hats; Removal Sale..... 89c

Boys' Furnishings.

35c Boys' Waists. And blouses, chevron, chambray and percale, light and dark colors, all sizes; Removal Sale..... 19c

50c Boys' Waists. Unlaunders "Mother's Friend" waists. You know they are 50c waists; Removal Sale..... 30c

\$1.50 Boys' Waists. Blue, black and gray French flannel waists and blouses; Removal Sale..... 75c

\$1.00 Star Waists. Every mother knows the waist, sold always and everywhere at \$1.00; Removal Sale..... 55c

65c Boys' Shirts. Fancy colored stiff bosom and gold cuffs to match; Removal Sale..... 33c

\$1.00 Boys' Shirts. Laundered stiff bosom, fancy colored shirts, separate cuffs to match, were \$1.00; Removal Sale..... 45c

25c Boys' Underwear. Shirts and drawers, broken lines of merino and cotton flannel underwear; Removal Sale..... 13c

35c Boys' Underwear. Derby ribbed shirts and drawers, full finished, all sizes; Removal Sale..... 21c

75c Boys' Underwear. Piece lined hygiene natural gray underwear, extra quality at 75c; Removal Sale..... 43c

75c Boys' Gloves. Brown and tan kid gloves, fleece lined and for trim'd; Removal Sale..... 40c

20c Boys' Hose. Extra heavy derby ribbed, late finished stainless black hose, high spliced heels, double toe and knee; Removal Sale..... 11c

50c Boys' Hose. All wool black hose, heavy ribbed, seamless, with double knee and toe, high spliced heel; Removal Sale..... 29c

\$2.00 Boys' Sweaters. Heavy weight all wool sweaters, latest styles of collars, maroon, red, blue and black; Removal Sale..... \$1.20

Shoes at prices that have never greeted your eye or purse.

\$1.50 Ladies' Shoes. Lace and button, black kid, flexible sole, coin toes, patent leather tips; Removal Sale..... 89c	\$3.00 Men's Shoes. Odds and ends, \$3.00 lines in lace and congress, tan, black and patent leather; Removal Sale..... 79c
\$2.50 Ladies' Shoes. Black Imperial kid shoes, button only, coin and square toes, patent leather tips, heel and spring heel, sizes 8 1/2 to 9; Removal Sale..... \$1.26	\$5.00 Men's Shoes. Odds and ends of different lines, in tan and black, none were less than \$5.00; small sizes or narrow widths; Removal Sale..... \$1.39
\$2.50 Ladies' Shoes. Vic kid, tourist heel fount, flexible sewed soles, lace and button, coin and building toes, all sizes; Removal Sale..... \$1.43	\$3.50 Men's Shoes. Kangaroo kid uppers, sewed soles, medium broad toes, all sizes when the sale starts tomorrow morning; Removal Sale..... \$1.89
\$3.00 Ladies' Shoes. Vic kid, lace and button, with Goodyear welt soles, all sizes, coin and building toes, with new style tips; Removal Sale..... \$1.77	\$3.50 Men's Shoes. Russian calf in tan, kid, with kid or silk vesting top, lace only, coin and building toes, all sizes; Removal Sale..... \$2.18
\$3.50 Ladies' Shoes. Lace and button, Goodyear welt extensions and genuine hand-turned sole, building and coin toes with kid and patent leather tips; Removal Sale..... \$2.18	\$4.00 Men's Shoes. Many were \$8, single or double hand welt soles, coin and building toes, black and tan, lace and congress; Removal Sale..... \$2.98
\$1.25 Youths' Shoes. Veal calf lace, coin toes and tip; sizes 12 to 3; Removal Sale..... 89c	\$1.25 Misses' Shoes. Black kid, button and lace shoes, with spring heels, coin and building toes, patent leather tips; sizes 12 1/2 to 3; Removal Sale..... 87c
\$1.75 Boys' Shoes. Sizes 3 1/2 to 5 1/2, with nickel eyelets and hooks, heavy half double sole, chamois uppers; Removal Sale..... \$1.27	\$2.00 Misses' Shoes. Fine vic kid, with patent leather tips, coin toes, button and lace, spring heels, flexible sewed soles; Removal Sale..... \$1.34

The B'dway—the busy store.

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The B'dway—the busy store.

The B'dway—the busy store.

A \$50,000.00 Sale===Only 9 days left.

Cut--Slash--Slaughter.

There's no mercy--no partiality.
Prices all over the store are fearfully and fright-
fully disfigured.

We are getting ready for spring. Every bit of merchandise not needed then is being forced out now
at some ridiculous price.

It means a positive loss in lots of instances, but wise storekeeping demands it. Our stocks must be
kept fresh.

We give you here but a few of the more important offers—to hint of what we mean.

Colossal Sale Men's Collars and Cuffs.

A most extraordinary collection of bargains. It'll take the
wind out of competitors' sails (sales). But don't you come
late—you are apt to say we never had them.
3-ply and 4-ply linen collars and cuffs—solid—but that
don't hurt their wearing qualities—only the price is effected.
The collars in a variety of styles, sizes 14½ to 20, and worth
10c and 15c; the cuffs can be worn either link or round style
—not as many of one size as of another—but choose while
they last, collars or cuffs.....

for men's collars. for men's cuffs.

Calicoes. The best quality of Amer- ican indigo blue prints, in small, neat figures, stripes, etc.; never been less than 6½c.	Silkoline. And this is a full yard wide —big variety of the best pat- terns—you know this every- where as 10c.	Amoskeag Shirtings. The best quality in stripes, checks, plaids—choose while you may.	Oilcloth. For stairs, 16 in. wide, with scalloped edges and half dozen differ- ent patterns; worth 10c	Wash Silks. Filo twist and role silks in any shade; Carlson, Currier & Co.'s best & skins
Sale Price 5c	Sale Price 6½c	Sale Price 8½c	Sale Price 6½c	Sale Price 3c

Kid Gloves. A table full of solid and fitted gloves—hurry! No—only the price is hurt—some lace, some button, emb'y backs; value 75c 1.00 and 1.25.	Muslin Gowns. Tucked yokes, trim'd with lace insertion, edged with linen lace or fine cambric ruffles, 50c value to 90c.	Muslin Skirts. Trim'd with cluster of tucks and deep cambric flounce, full length and width; they are worth 39c—take them now
Sale Price 49c	Sale Price 39c	Sale Price 24c

Union Suits. Piece lined, nat. color, open in front; ladies' sizes and in child's up to 12 years. 50c garments; while they last	Silk Ribbon. 3¼ inch wide, in plaids and stripes—fine assortment of shades to begin with; 25c rib- bon to go in a hurry.	Art Goods. Stamped linens, most popu- lar designs, peppers, poppies or violets; 6-in. square 4c 12-in. square 7c 15-in. square 10c 18-in. square 12c
Sale Price 25c	Sale Price 11c	

Cambric. For lining; a silk finished taffeta cambric, in all col- ors; our usual 5c stuff; for closing out Monday	Taffeta Lining. Yard wide in Roman stripes, a wonderful quality and very showy—but it must go—	Burlap. Full yard wide—It's used as an interlining; comes in dark brown and tan; our 10c line to close;
Sale Price 3½c	Sale Price 6c	Sale Price 5c

Men's Cuffs. Celluloid—with buttons at- tached. It's the most complete device for a celluloid cuff yet thought of—no rattle when wearing—50c values to close	Men's Gloves. Dress kids, in seal, brown and ox-blood shades, half pique stitched, quirk thumb, long fasteners	Men's Gloves. Of genuine Plymouth buckskin suitable for either driving or working, with seams, dome fasteners
Sale Price 10c pr.	Sale Price 69c pr.	Sale Price 98c pr.

Men's Underwear. Handsome, comfortable silk faced garments, that are selling about town for 1.50 —the value is there—all sizes to begin with.	Boys' Underwear. Shirts or drawers in mottled gray merino, finished seams, pearl buttons—a d non- shrinkable—take them while they last.	Men's Drawers. Jean and drill drawers, with tape or cuff ankles, odd sizes and values up to 35c; choose from the lot while they are here.
Sale Price 98c	Sale Price 16½c	Sale Price 15c

Ladies' Underskirts. Changeable silk in fancy col- ors with deep flounce, faced with crinoline, bound with velveten, 3.50 value;	Jackets. Black serge, with velvet col- lar, tailor stitched seams and pockets, our 1.69 ones;	Dressing Sacques. Wool elderson, in dark blue and black, crocheted edge, full front and tight fitting back, 1.25 ones;
Sale Price 2.98	Sale Price 99c	Sale Price 69c

Window Shades. Heavy opaque ones in all the staple colors, usual size and complete with best spring roller; a bargain price.	Child's Handkerchiefs. Of fine lawn and hemstitched with white and colored bor- ders. They are worth 10c, but this is closing out time.
Sale Price 25c	Sale Price 3½c

Free---

A Cup of Delicious Coffee—But more interesting is the coffee pot in which it's made—very economical. You can make better coffee, make it quicker and from half as much coffee by the present old-time way.

Silk Thread. The best in market— Carlson Currier's; the same you pay 10c for elsewhere here	Silk Twist. The best; a full variety of colors; the same you pay 5c for 2 spools here	Kid Curlers. Those you always see for 5c will be on sale while they last—Monday, doz., 3c.	Elastic. For garters, ¾ and ¾ in. wide, very strong. Our 5c stuff for lively and excit- ing selling; Monday for 2½c	Hair Pins. Large size, steel inset, a dozen with one or two of the brokers, women's and 15c by mail
Sale Price 6c	Sale Price 5c	Sale Price 3c doz.	Sale Price 2½c yd.	Sale Price 2c

Whale-bones. A dozen, good quality, all lengths; they are worth 10c, but our pricemaker says	Outing Flannel. 2 cases for sacrifice just in; newest in patterns they should have been here and sold by this time—light and dark; heavy, soft textured nap	Blea. Muslin. Full yard wide, a good fine, firm quality that may never expect to see at this price again;	Feather Pillows. Size 45x36 in., filled with good heavy feathers and cov- ered with proof ticking— fancy striped, special value; to close;	Bath Towels. Turkish, star colored border and white—10c were 10c;
Sale Price 5c doz	Sale Price 6½c	Sale Price 5c yd.	Sale Price 62½c	Sale Price 6c

Ladies' Shoes. Soft vici, button and black, vesting top and coin toes. The sole is flexible; our regular 1.98 line, now	Men's Shoes. Satin calf, lace, plain toes square edge and double sole, oak bottom; worth	Misses' Shoes. In button and spring heel, with welt stitched, now
Sale Price 1.61	Sale Price 1.19	Sale Price 1.19

Muslin Drawers. With plain wide hem, cluster of tucks, good quality and extra well made; they are worth 25c.	Ladies' Hose. And very good quality, too; seamless, black and a fast bl'k worth 5c.	Ladies' Socks. Black, with spliced heels and toes and 40 stockings.
Sale Price 15c	Sale Price 3½c	Sale Price 3c

Black Serge. 42 in. broad, either black or blue and a very excellent quality, finely finished; world—choose while it lasts	All-wool Cheviots. In gray, brown and red; an excellent, worthy fabric, 42 inches broad, firmly woven; 75c stuffs to close
Sale Price 25c	Sale Price 49c

Boys' Shoes. Satin calf, in lace, with coin toes, double sole, English backstay, sizes 3 to 5½; worth	Cambric Embroidery. About 250 pieces of extra fine cambric edges and in- sertions, very neatly worked, open or plain designs, 1 to 4 in. wide;	Men's Socks. Bows, club, in-hand, etc., in brown and navy 19c and 25c now—
Sale Price 1.09	Sale Price 8½c	Sale Price 19c

Men's Gloves. Jersey gloves with kid or mocha forged fingers, elastic finished wrist; fine for bicycle or driving	Men's Underwear. Wool fleeced shirts or draw- ers—75c garments that must be cleaned up in a hurry— 150 men can share—if they take but one.	Boys' Socks. Navy or black, lar, shaped and they wear
Sale Price 25c pr.	Sale Price 48c	Sale Price 25c

Men's Underwear. Fine merino shirts in natural gray, medium weight, mohair bound, with pearl buttons and seams	Boys' Caps. In golf and yacht shapes, made of broadened blk serge —an odd lot that has been oddly priced to hurry them out.	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 37½c	Sale Price 13c	Sale Price 13c

Ladies' Garters. Of fancy elastic, with ribbon bows, a usual 15c value, but this is closing out month;	Dress Gingham. An exceptional offer, strong, serviceable goods in checks and plaids, staple colors, while it lasts choose for;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 9c pair.	Sale Price 5c yd.	Sale Price 13c

Men's Pants. Cotton worsteds, the kind that wear like iron—Rip! They can't rip—Don't worry, we're cleaning up—	Men's Hats. Of black wool cloth, an odd lot, soft and stiff brims—We won't say what they were— don't matter—closing them out now;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 67c	Sale Price 17c	Sale Price 13c

Ladies' Garters. Of fancy elastic, with ribbon bows, a usual 15c value, but this is closing out month;	Dress Gingham. An exceptional offer, strong, serviceable goods in checks and plaids, staple colors, while it lasts choose for;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
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Men's Pants. Cotton worsteds, the kind that wear like iron—Rip! They can't rip—Don't worry, we're cleaning up—	Men's Hats. Of black wool cloth, an odd lot, soft and stiff brims—We won't say what they were— don't matter—closing them out now;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 67c	Sale Price 17c	Sale Price 13c

Ladies' Garters. Of fancy elastic, with ribbon bows, a usual 15c value, but this is closing out month;	Dress Gingham. An exceptional offer, strong, serviceable goods in checks and plaids, staple colors, while it lasts choose for;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 9c pair.	Sale Price 5c yd.	Sale Price 13c

Men's Pants. Cotton worsteds, the kind that wear like iron—Rip! They can't rip—Don't worry, we're cleaning up—	Men's Hats. Of black wool cloth, an odd lot, soft and stiff brims—We won't say what they were— don't matter—closing them out now;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
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Sale Price 9c pair.	Sale Price 5c yd.	Sale Price 13c

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Sale Price 67c	Sale Price 17c	Sale Price 13c

Ladies' Garters. Of fancy elastic, with ribbon bows, a usual 15c value, but this is closing out month;	Dress Gingham. An exceptional offer, strong, serviceable goods in checks and plaids, staple colors, while it lasts choose for;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 9c pair.	Sale Price 5c yd.	Sale Price 13c

Men's Pants. Cotton worsteds, the kind that wear like iron—Rip! They can't rip—Don't worry, we're cleaning up—	Men's Hats. Of black wool cloth, an odd lot, soft and stiff brims—We won't say what they were— don't matter—closing them out now;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 67c	Sale Price 17c	Sale Price 13c

Ladies' Garters. Of fancy elastic, with ribbon bows, a usual 15c value, but this is closing out month;	Dress Gingham. An exceptional offer, strong, serviceable goods in checks and plaids, staple colors, while it lasts choose for;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 9c pair.	Sale Price 5c yd.	Sale Price 13c

Men's Pants. Cotton worsteds, the kind that wear like iron—Rip! They can't rip—Don't worry, we're cleaning up—	Men's Hats. Of black wool cloth, an odd lot, soft and stiff brims—We won't say what they were— don't matter—closing them out now;	Boys' Socks. But a small lot 30, in gray mocha to share ing—
Sale Price 67c	Sale Price 17c	Sale Price 13c

The Broadway Department Store
Broadway, corner Fourth, Los Angeles

BUSINESS SHEET.

City News—Markets.

NINTH YEAR.

DRUG BUYERS

Will find place to

Aztec Pile and Skin Oil

Tooth Brushes

Quality in brushes is always

our first consideration. In

every grade, the best always.

Our English-waxed back at

25c is warranted.

Hair Brushes

We can surely save you

money on this line. We have

never seen such good values.

All prices from 25c up.

Toilet Soaps

All the standard brands at

the lowest prices. Our 50c a

dozen Bath Soap is the best

of its kind.

Thomas Drug Co.

Corner Spring and Temp

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And, better still, I succeed

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It is not my fault, for I

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1900.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part IV—8 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1900.

DRUG BUYERS

Will find in this store a safe place to trade.

Aztec Pile and Skin Ointment 75c.

Tooth Brushes
Quality in brushes is always our first consideration. In every grade, the best always. Our English-waxed back at 25c is warranted.

Hair Pins
Large size, shell or ivory, one or two of the best, broken, seconds, value at 15c by makers.

Hair Brushes
We can surely save you money on this line. We have never seen such good values. All prices from 25c up.

Toilet Soaps
All the standard brands at the lowest prices. Our Best Soap is the best of the kind.

Bath Towels
Turkish, size 18x26, colored border and white—a sensational value at 50c.

Misses' Shoes
In button and of all styles, durable, light, and comfortable. Spring heels, cow toes, well stitched, worth the price.

Ladies' Hosiery
Black, with heavy double-spliced heels and toes, durable, light, and comfortable. Spring heels, cow toes, well stitched, worth the price.

Boys' Sweaters
Navy or black, with or without collar, shaped like a pullover, all sizes—no matter how they were, take value.

Boys' Socks
But a small lot of navy or black, with or without collar, shaped like a pullover, all sizes—no matter how they were, take value.

Boys' Socks
But a small lot of navy or black, with or without collar, shaped like a pullover, all sizes—no matter how they were, take value.

Thomas Drug Co., CUT-RATE DRUGGISTS,

Corner Spring and Temple Streets.

I Aim to Please

And, better still, I succeed in every instance, for no effort is "too much trouble," no necessary expense is spared to satisfy my patrons. If any are dissatisfied it is not my fault, for I am willing and anxious to satisfy. My address is published daily and my guarantee is good. Some people forget my instructions as to how the truss should be worn. This may result in dissatisfaction, through no fault of the truss or the fitter. My old patrons are invited and requested to call occasionally for inspection. This is especially urged of any who feel that they have cause for complaint. In justice to all concerned, come in. If your truss is out of sorts I will set it right without expense to you. Do your "kicking" here.

I guarantee to hold any redactable hernia without painful or injurious pressure, or no pay.

No Cures Promised.

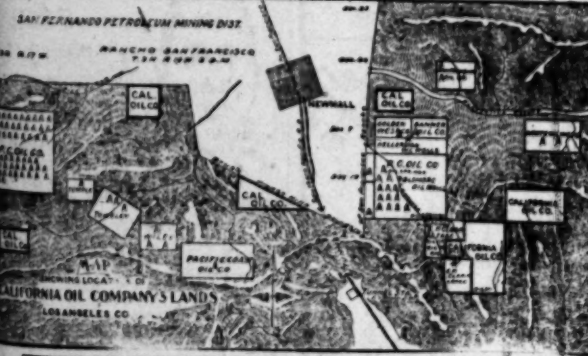
W. W. Sweeney,

Trusses, Elastic Hosiery and Supporters

213 W. Fourth Street.

California Oil Company.

Incorporated Under the Laws of Arizona—Capital Stock 1,000,000 Shares, \$100 Each—Fully Paid and Non-assessable—No Stockholders' Liability.



CALIFORNIA OIL COMPANY
223 Douglas Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

I herewith enclose..... Dollars,

for..... Shares (fully paid and non-assessable) at ten cents

per share, per value \$1.00.

Certificate to be issued to

Name.....

Amount of stock will be sold at 10c. per share. Fill out above

for the number of shares you wish and send your remittance to office.

Our property consists of 1000 acres of oil land in the rich oil belt of the San Fernando

Basin, Los Angeles County, California. This oil belt is the oldest developed

oil field in California. The California Oil Company has selected a tract which has been pronounced

by the United States Geological Survey to be one of the richest oil fields in the world.

The California Oil Company has been organized for the purpose of developing this oil field

and of distributing the oil produced therefrom. The company is now in the process of

completing its organization and will begin operations as soon as possible.

Our stock will make fortunes for the holders.

CALIFORNIA OIL CO. Office 223 Douglas Street, Los Angeles, California.

SOME FEW WINE DRINKERS are paying some

wine dealers \$1.50 per gallon for 5-year-old Port,

while we sell the same article for 50 cents. These

wine drinkers can get 20-year-old Port from us for

the price they now pay for 5-year-old Port, namely, \$1.50.

Western shipments a specialty.

EDWARD GERMAIN WINE CO.,

297-399 Los Angeles Street, Corner Fourth.

OPEN EVENINGS. TEL. MAIN 910.

Rose Bushes

Now is the Time to Plant 'Em.

We are the largest growers on the Coast, and

variety, quality and quantity. All guaranteed

to name. You cannot afford to be upstaged by

others. We have all new sorts of roses, from the

old-fashioned to the latest and best. Come and

choose now.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIP TO THE PHILIPPINES AND THE FAR EAST.

Made in the Interests of The Los Angeles Times—Carpenter as a Traveler—His Remarkable Career—He Has Traversed the Globe and Interviewed Its Notables From Kings to Peasants.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WITHIN the next few weeks The Los Angeles Times will begin the publication of a series of letters, from the Philippines and the Far East, by Frank G. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter has already left San Francisco for Japan. He will stop there a few days and will then push rapidly on for the Philippines, where he will remain for the greater part of the year, traveling from island to island and giving graphic descriptions of the country, its resources, the people, both savage and civilized, their curious customs and all about them. Mr. Carpenter has long been noted for his fairness as a correspondent. He believes in telling the truth and his letters will describe things just as he finds them, without political bias in favor of any policy or party.

His trip is made solely for information, and he will spare neither expense nor trouble to get at the truth. He goes armed with credentials from the Secretaries of War and the Navy, and letters from the Secretary of State and Gen. Miles, the commander of the army, which

backed the tiger at Monte Carlo and climbed the great Pyramid of Ghizeh.

When he returned he was sent to Washington by the Cleveland

Leader as a correspondent. His letters from the national capital at once attracted wide attention. They were copied in all the papers of the country, and continued to be so until Mr. Carpenter began to write for the American Press Association, and there protected his letters by copyright.

In the meantime his income from his writings had steadily risen. He was doing some magazine work writing editorial-page gossip for the New York World and his letters for the American Press, when he decided to throw up his engagements and make a trip around the world.

In this trip he was accompanied by his wife. He left San Francisco for Japan, went thence to China and the Chinese Wall, and then south to Siam, Burma, India, Egypt, Turkey and Europe. The journey consumed over a year, and during it Mr. Carpenter wrote letters to his combination of American news-

ing material which was of immense value to his papers in the Chinese, Japanese and which broke out during his absence. While in Japan he had an interview with Count Ito, the Premier and adviser of the Mikado, in which he predicted that the war would take place.

From this time until his recent journey of a year around and about South America, Mr. Carpenter's travels have been confined to the United States, with the exception of a little trip to Puerto Rico, which was made during the past summer.

His present journey includes the Philippine Islands, Japan, China, Java, Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii. It will describe these countries as they are today, picturing them with pen and camera as they actually are in the year 1900.

The letters will begin about the first Sunday in February, and will run regularly every Sunday (unless the correspondent should be held up by the savages of the Philippines) for one year. Outside of the news value of the letters is their instructive and educational value. Frank G. Carpenter paints things as you can see them. His letters of travel, in addition to their vital interest, are wonderfully instructive. His Geographical Readers on Asia, North America and South America are already among the standard text books of the public schools. In fact, no one who wishes to have the latest and best information upon the out-of-the-way lands of the Pacific, both for himself and his children, can afford to miss these letters.

The illustrations of this article are made from photographs from Mr. Carpenter's collection of foreign views, made especially for his work in different parts of the world.

Mr. Carpenter in his Philippine uniform, Manila, P. I.

Mr. Carpenter and his Japanese wife.

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MILITARY TOPICS.

ARTICLES OF PRESENT INTEREST ON CURRENT ARMY AND NAVY SUBJECTS.

Compiled for The Times by a Soldier.

OUR NEW BRIGADIERS.*

As exclusively predicted in the Army and Navy Journal, the President has nominated to the Senate Gen. MacArthur, S. B. M. Young and William Ludlow to be brigadier-generals in the regular army. Gen. S. C. Bates has been nominated to be a major-general in the volunteer army, vice Gen. Lawton, and Gen. Lloyd Wheaton is brevetted major-general of volunteers for distinguished service in the Philippines.

When the nominations came up to the Senate for confirmation Mr. Pettigrew objected to that of Gen. MacArthur because of his record in the Philippines. Senators Hawley, Hale and Proctor defended it and all were finally confirmed January 4. Gen. MacArthur, Bates, Young and Wheaton have been in the Philippines since near the beginning of the active operations against the insurgents. They have all performed services of the highest order and have participated in numerous decisive engagements. Gen. MacArthur has been at the front since the outbreak of the insurrection and has commanded in many of the important campaigns of the war. He is at present the second in command of the Philippine forces. The promotion of Gen. Ludlow comes in the nature of a reward for services rendered in Cuba. As has been repeatedly stated in the Journal, it is the intention of the administration to promote officers who were distinguished in the promotion of Gen. Wood. Gen. Ludlow is at present in command of the Department of Havana.

Gen. Young enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment in 1861, and was a member of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and at the close of the war received a brevet for gallantry in several engagements. Since the civil war his service has been most excellent in many campaigns. He was promoted to major-general of volunteers and was soon afterward promoted to major-general. At the end of the war he was mustered out but in April, 1899, was again appointed brigadier-general of volunteers. His distinguished service in the Philippines for several months past is too well known to need repetition.

Gen. MacArthur served during the civil war as a soldier. Four Wisconsin volunteers, attaining to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, receiving the brevet of lieutenant-colonel and colonel for gallantry in many battles. In 1888 he was appointed second lieutenant of the Seventeenth Infantry, rose to captain and was appointed to the Adjutant-General's department in 1890, becoming lieutenant-colonel in 1892. In May, 1898, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and in the following August was promoted to major-general. His record in the Philippines has been unsurpassed, and he has well earned the brigadier's star.

Gen. Ludlow was graduated from West Point in 1884, promoted to the engineers, and served with the Twentieth Army Corps under Gen. Hooker in the Atlanta campaign in 1864, and chief engineer of the left wing of Gen. Sherman's army in Savannah and the Carolinas campaign in 1864-5, and received brevet from captain to lieutenant-colonel for gallantry in battle. He was chief engineer of the Department of Dakota in the Black Hills and Yellowstone expeditions, and later had charge of various works of fortification and river and harbor improvements on the Atlantic coast. He was chief engineer of the Philadelphia waterworks by permission of Congress from 1885 to 1888, and was at different times engineer of various boards having charge of lighthouses and great lake improvements. From 1882 to 1889 he was United States military attaché at London, and in 1895 was president of the Nicaraguan Canal Commission. In May, 1898, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, and afterward major-general. Being mustered out he was again appointed brigadier-general of volunteers April 13, 1899. As commander of the Department of Havana for some time past, he has enhanced his already high reputation.

THE NAVAL GUNS AT LADYSMITH.

The naval men were the heroes on the British side in the early fighting at Ladysmith. There has been much speculation as to the exact character of the guns they used to save the British army from a terrible cutting up from several 40-pounders, with which the British field artillery was out-ranged. The naval guns came from H. M. S. Powerful and Tamar, commanded by Capt. Lambton of the former ship. They were four 12-pounders and two large 4.7-inch. The 12-pounders are of the naval and not field service pattern. They are long and heavy guns, which on shipboard are fixed on a pivot carriage and fitted with a steel shield. The 4.7-inch gun is a far larger gun, which on shipboard are fixed on a pivot carriage and fitted with a steel shield. The 4.7-inch gun is a far larger gun, which on shipboard are fixed on a pivot carriage and fitted with a steel shield.

The ordinary field gun in use in the army is a 15-pounder, of even lighter weight and less power than the above. It does not use metal cartridges, and is not a quick-firer, differing in this from the 4.7 and 12-pounder naval. Its range is very much shorter from the fact that its projectile is shrapnel. The batteries of artillery in South Africa were not supplied with lyddite shell. This, however, carried in the British warships, and was taken up to the front with the naval guns. The problem was so to adapt these naval guns as to fit them for movement on land. The naval carriages are too heavy and are immovably being bolted down to the ships' structure. The ingenuity of Capt. Scott of the Terrible overcame this difficulty. With the aid of Lieut. P. C. A. O'Leary and Assistant Engineer Roskruge, he designed field carriages of rough and simple construction. A pair of wagon wheels were picked up, a balk of timber used as a trail and in twenty-four hours a 12-pounder was ready for land service. Capt. Scott then designed a mounting for a 4.7-inch naval gun by simply bolting a ship's mounting down to four pieces of pile. Experts declared that the 12-pounder would smash up the trail, and that the 4.7-inch would turn a somersault; the designer insisted, however, on a trial. When it took place nothing of the kind happened except that at extreme elevation the 12-pounder shell went 900 yards, and the 4.7-inch (lyddite) projectile 1,200 yards. The men showed their sense of humor by the epigrams which were affixed to the pieces. One of the 4.7-inch bore the

legend: "Who says with me will need a devil of a long spoon." One of the 12-pounders was inscribed: "Lay waste and load me tight; The Boers will soon be out of sight."

THE BOERS' GREAT FIELD GUNS.

The fine artillery practice of the Boers in the recent battles is said to be due to their possession of the Schneider-Creusot 14-pounder, made by the French. This gun weighs 8 cwt. is 3 feet 2 inches long, has a caliber of 2.9, carries a shrapnel shell weighing 144 pounds, and containing 34 bullets, and has a muzzle velocity of 1337 feet per second. The maximum range is 4000 yards. With quick-firing attachment it can be fired from 8 to 10 rounds a minute. The 14-pounders of the British Horse Artillery and the 15-pounders of the Field Artillery are inferior to the Boer gun, at least on paper. The London Navy and Army Illustrations call the Schneider a formidable gun indeed.

The Boer weapon presents some striking points of superiority, notably in rapidity of fire, high muzzle velocity and effective range with shrapnel. It is a quick-firing gun proper, the gun being attached to a cradle sitting on the lower carriage, and a hydraulic buffer. The gun is fired in the unlimbered position, and is attached to the end of the trail to further check the recoil of the lower carriage. The gun is provided with traversing gear, which enables the layer to train it through an angle of 3 deg. on each side independently of the trail, while with the maximum angle of elevation, 20 deg., it is claimed that it can throw a projectile 3744 yards.

The great length of the gun and the narrowness of the track of the wheels—only 54 feet—are considered very objectionable by British artillery experts. In the British army was with a pair of the wheels of all ordinary field carriages has been fixed at 8 feet 2 inches, which is considered the minimum for rendering the carriage sufficiently stable for all practical purposes. The limber, carrying an ammunition chest containing thirty-six cartridges, which are packed horizontally in three rows of twelve. Four gunners ride on the limber and the wagon limber carries two or more ammunition chests containing the number of cartridges required for the service of the gun. It is as follows: A layer on the right, a man working the breech mechanism on the left, a man at the trail with traversing handle, two employed in setting the shell fuses in rear. It should be added that the maximum fire rapidly, 10 to 15 rounds per minute, has been achieved only in exceptionally favorable circumstances; that is on soft ground, and with the piece ready loaded to commence with. The application of quick-firing apparatus to British field guns must still be considered to be in the experimental stage. The batteries already stationed in South Africa possess no such apparatus, but those which have been recently dispatched from home were equipped with one of Sir George Clarke's system.

EFFECTIVE INTERCHANGES.

[London Mail.] With regard to the Boer intrenchments it may be noted that, according to the reports of Boer prisoners, the comparatively small effect produced by the English artillery fire is largely owing to the trenches being made in the form of the letter "S," instead of in the straight line adopted by European armies. This pattern, which has been borrowed from the Boers from the old Basuto methods, affords, it is said, both free movement and greater protection. Many of our present ideas with regard to intrenchments have been learned from the Turks.

PATRIOTS MADE BY BATTLE SMOKE.

War has made more than one healthy conversion and we are not surprised to learn that men who enlisted as rapid anti-expansionists have, after seeing service in the Philippines, admitted the error of their ways. One of these is a man named James H. Gilmore, who went to Manila with the Fourth Infantry. When he enlisted he felt down in this heart that the policy of the administration in the Philippines was far from being what it should be. He has changed his opinion completely since then. In one of his latest letters home he announces in the strongest terms that he is done with the Atkinsonian policy, and that his experiences in Luzon have made him an expansionist.

Gilmore was transferred from the First New Jersey Volunteers to the Fourth while that regiment was at Manila. He is a son of James H. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke), the author, who will be remembered in connection with his peace mission to Richmond during the civil war. The younger Gilmore, who is now about 40 years old, was a soon made sergeant-major of the Fourth Infantry upon its arrival in Luzon, and was recently recommended for promotion to a lieutenantancy for distinguished service in action. His sister, Mrs. A. L. Wheeler, lives in East Orange, N. J. To her he writes: "The Philippines are fighting (when they do fight) in a very half-hearted way, and three-fourths of them are disgusted with the insurrection and gladly welcome the Americans. It is kept up by the leaders for their own ends and the contributions they get are given through fear. We are just beginning now to get enough troops to enable us to do something. They have been so persistently and unmercifully whipped in every fight and every time they have met us, no matter what the disparity of numbers was, that I should think they would be ready to give up, and so they would if it were not for the expectation of something to change the policy of the Americans."

The old Fourth is by this time a regiment of veterans, and I wish you could see them. Regular soldiers take pride in being clean, and you can tell a regular from a volunteer the minute you set eyes on him, not only by his carriage, but by his speech and clean equipment. This regiment is noticeably fine, even among an exceptional number of men, and, averaged them through, they are almost perfect specimens of robust manhood, surmounting uniform appearance, being a pair of wagon wheels were picked up, a balk of timber used as a trail and in twenty-four hours a 12-pounder was ready for land service. Capt. Scott then designed a mounting for a 4.7-inch naval gun by simply bolting a ship's mounting down to four pieces of pile. Experts declared that the 12-pounder would smash up the trail, and that the 4.7-inch would turn a somersault; the designer insisted, however, on a trial. When it took place nothing of the kind happened except that at extreme elevation the 12-pounder shell went 900 yards, and the 4.7-inch (lyddite) projectile 1,200 yards. The men showed their sense of humor by the epigrams which were affixed to the pieces. One of the 4.7-inch bore the

legend: "Who says with me will need a devil of a long spoon." One of the 12-pounders was inscribed: "Lay waste and load me tight; The Boers will soon be out of sight."

MANY TOURISTS ARRIVE.

CROWDS CAME IN LAST WEEK. NEW LOCOMOTIVES.

During the past week the arrivals of tourist passenger in the State must have been not much less than one thousand people. There are three agencies which bring in two parties each week as a rule. These parties number from thirty to ninety each. The Santa Fe has three to five tourist cars attached to the regular passenger train each day, and these bring from ninety to one hundred and fifty people daily. The Union Pacific also runs its own tourist parties to the Coast.

The last Santa Fe limited last week had eighty-nine people on board, and these trains seldom carry less than seventy.

The Santa Fe some months ago ordered twenty immense freight engines from eastern locomotive works. These engines, some of which are intended for use between Mojave and Bakersfield when the road to San Francisco is in operation.

The several branch roads of the Santa Fe west of Albuquerque, being about to be consolidated into one company, all the names of local roads in its equipment are to be replaced with the general name "Santa Fe."

GOLD-PICTED batman with stone setting for late free at Los Angeles. Premium

late free at Los Angeles. Premium

late free at Los Angeles. Premium

late free at Los Angeles. Premium

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RUBBER MANUFACTURE.

[illegible]

Disorders of Men Cured

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100

4.50@4.57 1/4:

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Twenty-five
um lists free
aruch & Co.,

1992

Suits, Waists, Jackets, etc.



The most extraordinary price cutting we have ever indulged in. Every garment in the Cloak and Suit Department is sold at some price or other. Every garment shown is correct in style and making. We have no second-hand old stock. Every season we close out our stock rather than carry goods over into the next season. This is to be the Banner Sale of the year. A sale which means money saving to every resident of Southern California. Among the reduced prices are the following:

Women's Suits

Our \$12.50 tan and gray camel's hair tailored suits, double breasted, \$7.95
 \$13.95
 \$15.00
 \$20.00

Girls' Dresses

An assortment of girls' dresses made of fancy novelty goods trimmed with braid over shoulders and yoke; ages 8 to 14 years; reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.50

Wrappers

Heavy percale wrappers in pretty colors and stripes. Placed waist linings and good width skirts. The quality cut to \$1.49
 All our \$1.00 and \$1.50 flannel wrappers. A large assortment of styles with ruffles over shoulders. To be closed out at \$89¢

Shirt Waists

Wool waists in garnet, navy, cadet and black. Round yokes and handsomely trimmed with ruffles. \$2.00 waists reduced to \$1.50
 Proper style. The waists to be sold at \$45¢

Dress Skirts

Black alpaca and serge dress skirts; well made and perfect hangings; good waists and regular \$2.50 quality; \$1.50
 Entire line of homespun, cheviot, covert and plaid dress skirts, reduced from \$4.95, \$5.95 and \$6.95 to \$3.95
 Beautiful plaid dress skirts made with double-breasted backs; well lined and bound; reduced from \$12.00 to \$7.95

Jackets

Women's and Misses' covert cloth jackets in double-breasted and style; our regular \$5 garment, for \$2.95
 Tan keesey jackets, silk-faced and double-breasted; very handsome garments; cut from \$7.50 to \$4.45
 Tan and gray covert cloth jackets with the new scalloped front, velvet collar and silk lining; reduced from \$13.00 to \$9.95

Golf and Plush Capes

Manufacturers' sample line just received; a handsome assortment of golf capes. To be sold at half price; \$3.95
 Black mohair plush capes, 27 inches long and trimmed with braid; full sweep; reduced from \$4.00 to \$2.95
 Silk and wool plush capes, either plain or handsomely trimmed with braid; 24 inches wide and silk lined; reduced from \$6.50 to \$4.95

Boys' Clothing.



The best chance on record for outfitting boys at money saving prices. We want to sell every suit in the house inside of 2 weeks, and will try our best to accomplish it. Prices as follows:

Boys' middie suits of plain brown cassimere sailor collar 2 rows of silk soutache. Handsome vest with high collar. Trousers have patent side waistband and silk lined; reduced from \$5.00 to \$1.50
 Boys' middie suits of light brown, ladies' cloth, trimmed with five rows of braid. Trousers have lined waist, and elastic waist bands and steel buckles at knees. Sizes 8 to 14 years. \$1.75
 Double breasted jacket suits of all wool cassimere, cheviot and tweed. Navy, tan, tan, mixtures, stripes and checks. Sizes 8 to 14 years. \$1.98
 Double breasted jacket suits of the best all wool Franklin cheviot. Black or blue, with double breasted jacket. All seams lined with seamless Italian cloth. Double seat and knees. 10 to 15 years. Reduced from \$3.50 to \$3.50

Boys' Furnishings.

You never saw anything equal the way we have been cutting prices in the Boys' Department. The following will illustrate the bargains to be found there:

Boys' heavy fleece lined derby ribbed shirts and drawers. French neck, silk fronts, trousers, gray and tan. Sizes 8 to 14; \$1.25
 Children's Tan O'Shaunessy, made of flannel, twill, and German cloth in checks, and solid colors. Patent leather trimmings. Reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.25
 Boys' wool hats in black only. Square crowns with silk ribbons. All leather linings and silk trimmings. Sizes 6-8 to 7-8. Reduced from \$1.00 to 39¢

Banner Shoe Reductions



The man with the axe has been prices to the very bottom notch. These reductions are not made simply to induce people to our shoe department, they are made for the purpose of selling goods. This is the time of year when we make a heavy loss, for the sake of righting stocks and getting ready for the next season's campaign. Every item quoted here is an actual reduction, and can be depended upon.

Women's \$2.50 and \$3.00 hand-made shoes in button styles, either thin or heavy extension. A variety of two-shoes; sizes range from 4 to 14 in narrow widths. Reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.50
 Women's best calf lace shoes of fine leather; most comfortable and durable; regular \$2.50 quality; good style and appearance reduced to \$1.60
 Women's button and lace shoes with white soles and silk or patent leather tops; correct in shape and style; \$2.50 quality; reduced to \$2.25
 Women's regular \$3.00 Dongola kid button shoes with hand-stitched soles, venting soles, patent leather tips, wide rounded toes and low heels; finest quality made; reduced to \$3.95
 Finest quality of hand-tanned lace shoes for women; inside cloth shoe, kid tips, coin soles and venting shape for dress wear; all sizes and widths; our \$5 shoes reduced to \$3.95
 Girls' shoes in sizes 12 to 14; J. & T. Cousin's and Hagan & Hudson's make; button styles, kid or patent leather; a few have cloth tops; either light or heavy extension soles; all sizes and widths; our \$2.50 shoes reduced to \$1.15
 Girls' \$2.50 kangaroo calf button shoes with spring in sole; patent leather tips; durable soles, sizes 11 to 14; reduced to \$1.45
 Girls' seal leather button shoes and dull Dongola kid lace shoes; stock tips and venting heels; good styles; sizes 11 to 14; in wide widths only; reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.20

Cambric Gowns An assortment of fine cambric gowns which were priced at \$1.25 and \$1.50 during the White Fair. And they were cheap at those prices. They have been handled a good deal and don't look as fresh as they did, consequently the reduction. Empire or ordinary styles, elaborately trimmed with laces, tucks, embroidery, ruffles, etc. A large assortment. Reduced to 98¢

Banquet Lamps An assortment of banquet lamps formerly priced at \$5 to \$6 each. All have center draft burners, and are finished in brass or silver. Some have onyx pedestals. They are very handsome lamps and remarkably cheap at \$2.50

100 Silk Shades All colors— at 50¢.

Toilet Ware As handsome a toilet set as anyone could wish for. Beautifully tinted in pink, green, blue and yellow. Every thing pure and under glazed and in the edge pattern. 10 pieces, including fancy shaped pitcher. Our regular \$5.50 sets, reduced to \$4.48

French Flannels Large assortment of French flannels of the very best grade. Every thread pure wool. Patterns suitable for wrappers, tea gowns, dressing gowns, etc. The regular 75¢ quality, at 39¢

Banner Silk Reductions.

In reading the following one will almost be tempted to think that the statements are extravagant and overdrawn or exaggerated. Such is not the case. There is truth in every line, money-saving in every price. The silks are actually reduced as stated. There is an almost endless variety of styles and kinds. A description of each would consume too much space, so we simply list most of the kinds.

15¢ For 30¢ Taffeta Silks. 50 yards of this famous silk will be sold at this price. It is suitable for heavy work, dress, shirt waists, etc. Come in shades of red, orange, yellow, pink, blue, green, olive, etc. It is half silk and at regular price sells at \$1 a yard. The quantity is so limited that we cannot send samples by mail. Orders should be sent direct. On sale while it lasts at 15¢ a yard.

50¢ for 75¢ and \$1 novelty silks Fancy checked taffeta silks. Fancy ombre striped taffeta. Fancy checked silk poplins. Changeable taffeta silks. Changeable brocade silks.

69¢ for \$1 to \$1.50 corded taffetas Corded and striped taffetas. Corded two-tone taffetas. Black satin striped cross grain. Black tulle corded taffetas. Solid colors corded taffetas.

\$1.00 for \$1.50 to \$3 fancy silks Embroidered striped silks. Fancy satin striped taffetas. Heavy taffetas, square plaids. \$1.00 bayadere striped taffetas. Black brocade satins.

Evening heavy brocade satins. Silk poplins, all shades. Graduated striped taffetas. Printed warp dress silks. Heavy black corded taffetas.

Black Dress Goods Reductions.

29¢ For 50¢ Black Creponettes. 25 pieces of black creponettes made of mohair, wool and cotton in large and small mixed effects. The price until now has been 50¢ a yard. It is 26 inches wide. While they last at 29¢ a yard.

59¢ For \$1.00 Black Crepons. 25 pieces of the regular \$1.00 quality of black crepons, made of mohair and wool. Purely British with lots of variations and wrinkles. 26 inches wide. Reduced to 59¢ a yard.

89¢ For \$1.25 Black Crepons. Rich, silky crepons made of pure mohair wool, large and small blistered patterns. The regular \$1.25 quality and 26 inches wide. Reduced to 89¢ a yard.

\$2.50 For \$3.50 Silk Mohair CREPONS: made of silk, flannel and mohair, very rich and elegant, the kind that will not return dust, large and small patterns, only 14 pieces in the lot; reduced to \$2.50.

Colored Dress Goods Specials.

25¢ For 50¢ and 60¢ Suitings. 200 yards in the lot including 48-inch novelty suitings in mixtures, silk and wool, reduced from 50¢ and 60¢ to 25¢ a yard to 25¢ a yard.

39¢ For 59¢ Camel's Hair Plaids. 20 pieces of camel's hair plaid, the real hairy kind in all the new color combinations, a quality that has sold all the season at 59¢ a yard; reduced to 39¢ a yard.

59¢ for 79¢ Fancy Plaids When the desirability of these plaids is considered the reduction of 20¢ a yard is a big one. Mercey plaids in a combination of brown and white, red and black, black and white, dapple and green, etc. 42 inches wide. During this sale at 59¢ a yard.

69¢ for \$1.00 Basket Plaids 15 pieces to be sold at this price. Brilliant color combinations in large and bold plaid effects. Reversible and 44 inches wide. Sold all season at \$1.00, reduced to 69¢ a yard.

\$1.00 for \$1.25 Broadcloth Plaids The swiftest of this season's colorings. 18 pieces of these elegant all wool broadcloth plaids. Reversible and 44 inches wide. Sold until now at \$1.25 a yard. Reduced to \$1.00 a yard.

\$1.00 for \$1.35 Checked Suitings. Tailor checked suitings and camel's hair suitings in brown, gray, blue, etc. all wool and 55 inches wide, 10 pieces in the lot, cut from \$1.35 to \$1 a yard.

\$1.69 for \$2 Venetian Suitings. All the mixtures that will be popular for spring, gray, brown, blue, tan, etc. 54 inches wide, so heavy that no lining is required. Our \$2.00 quality cut to \$1.69 a yard.

\$1.79 for \$2.25 plaid back Suitings Tailored checks on one side and plaids on the other. A splendid quality for blouses, suits, rainy day suits, golf skirts, etc. Requires no lining. 54 inches wide; reduced from \$2.25 to \$1.79 a yard.

Previous to inventory we endeavor to sell and close out as much merchandise as is possible. It is the house-cleaning time of the year. It makes little difference how desirable goods are, it is necessary for the health of the business to sell them. This sale is made for that purpose — to sell quickly.



Household Necessities.

No store is better supplied with common everyday necessities for the household, than is our immense third floor China and Household department. During this sale we will offer the following reductions for the purpose of feeding the surplus stock in the different lines. There are hundreds of other bargains, but these are sufficient to hint at the reductions in effect:

Glassware. No rose bowls, 10¢. No glass wine glasses, 10¢. No glass decanters, 10¢. No glass tumblers, 10¢. No glass or bread plates, 10¢.

Silverware. No plated cutlery, 10¢. No plated child's spoons, 10¢. No plated butter dishes, 10¢. No child's knife, fork and spoon, 10¢. No set triple plated knives, 10¢.

Cutlery. No set steel knives and forks, 10¢. No pair carvers, 10¢. No carving knives, 10¢. No Christy broad knives, wood handles, 10¢.

Petticoat Specials.

We find scores upon scores of petticoats which must be closed out before inventory. We cannot mention all of them, simply hint at the reductions made in this department. There is one particular good quality of black saten made with deep corded flounce and lined with flannel, which has been selling at \$1.00. Price is now 79¢

Petticoats of fancy striped silk, pretty combinations of colors. A good \$1.50 quality which has been running at 79¢. Reduced now to 79¢.

Fancy striped cotton muslin petticoats made with deep flounce, finished with 2 narrow ruffles. Reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.39

Petticoats in fancy stripes, black Italian cloth and plain colors in silk. Many styles to select from. Our \$1.50 and \$1.00 quality, reduced to \$1.50

Extra good quality silk petticoats, deep corded flounce in shades of lavender, new green, royal blue, American Beauty, navy and turquoise. 60 garments, reduced to \$4.98

Women's and Children's Underwear.

A few items taken at random from among the many, just to show the way prices have been reduced in this department. Among them are 10¢

Women's Union Suits of fine ribbed, seamless cotton, very neatly finished; sizes 2 to 14. Reduced from \$1.00 to 48¢

Women's Ribbed Vests, well fitted and neatly finished; sizes 2 to 14. Reduced from 50¢ to 25¢

Women's Wool-ribbed Vests and Pants in white and natural gray, silk finished and our regular 60¢ quality; reduced to 48¢

Lace Curtain Reductions.

The White Fair sale of lace curtains has so broken our stock that we are obliged to close out the small lines at ridiculously low prices. From among the special reductions we quote as follows:

Novelty curtains, 3 yards long; made of figured and colored wools with dainty ruffled edges; 60 inches wide and cross ends; \$1.50 quality. Reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.19

Novelty net curtains, 3 yards long by 40 inches; fine net body with ruffled and lace edges; \$1.50 quality, reduced to \$1.19

Robinet curtains, 3 yards long by 40 inches; beautiful patterns and very fancy ruffled edges; 55 quality at \$1.98

Special Domestic The standard cloth known as domestics suffer a great reduction in price during this sale. The qualities are of the best. Prices are reduced fully 1/3.

Standard apron checked gingham in brown and blue; reduced to 39¢

36 inch unbleached muslin, good quality; reduced to 49¢

One case of figured dress prints in medium colors, assorted patterns; reduced to 39¢

Fancy dress prints, best American make, hand-made dark patterns; reduced to 59¢

Turkey red dress prints, best American goods, assorted stripes and figures; reduced to 59¢

Dark dress percales, a full yard wide, best American make; reduced to 79¢

White checked muslin, suitable for children's school dress and aprons; 27 inches wide; reduced to 29¢

Manicure Requisites While it is generally known that we have a first-class manicuring and hair dressing establishment, it must be fully understood that all necessary manicure articles and supplies are to be found there. The most necessary for manicuring at home are the following:—

Egyptian bath powder, an unequal preparation for softening the nails. Per jar 25¢

Hyacinth cream to cure and prevent the nails and hands. Per jar 25¢

Violet spray for softening and perfuming the nails and hands. 25¢

Best quality nail powder for polishing the nails. Per box 20¢

Box boards, for manicure complete, for the manicure. 25¢

Hyacinth-Electric Face Treatment. 35¢



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The specials in the girls, men, women and children's inventory. Just as good small. Prices as follows:

Misses' all silk mitts in black, white and pure gray silk. Reduced from 50¢ to 25¢

Boys' and girls' black all wool mitts, cut from 50¢ to 25¢

Women's black taffeta gloves, lined with seamless Italian cloth. Reduced from 50¢ to 25¢

Women's black taffeta gloves, lined with seamless Italian cloth. Reduced from 50¢ to 25¢

Women's black taffeta gloves, lined with seamless Italian cloth. Reduced from 50¢ to 25¢

Women's real mink fur long, wide trim at 10¢, reduced to 5¢

Women's real mink fur long, wide trim at 10¢, reduced to 5¢

Women's real mink fur long, wide trim at 10¢, reduced to 5¢

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Women's real mink fur long, wide trim at 10¢, reduced to 5¢

Women's real mink fur long, wide trim at 10¢, reduced to 5¢

W. H. Harrison
SALE TO TRADE

Banner Sale



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This sale means much to those who are economically inclined, to those fore-handed enough to buy goods for advance season's needs and to those who must make a dollar do double service.

Not a price quoted in this whole announcement but is reduced.

Corn's Painless
Extracted 25
MANICURING 25

Clearance of Hosiery.

Every kind and quality is included in this clearance sale. The hosiery stock must be reduced at least half. Prices have been marked accordingly. You never knew of such radical reductions as these.

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| <p>Patent black cotton hose of real mao yarn, size 4 and 1/2 only, reduced from 50c to 25c</p> <p>Misses' fine French ribbed stockings, fast black, double heel and toe, size 1 to 10, cut from 18c to 10c</p> <p>Boys' heavy corduroy school hose with double heel, fast black, reduced from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Women's fine black cotton hose, very fine gauge, extra well finished, reduced from 17c to 10c</p> <p>Boys' and misses' heavy and fine ribbed hose, cut from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Women's fine ribbed top cotton hose with double heel, toes and soles, extra values at 5 for 10c, single pair reduced to 5c</p> <p>Women's real mao yarn hosiery, extra long, wide hem at top, well finished, reduced to 21c</p> | <p>An assortment of the fine hosiery for women including all wool hosiery, real fine thread, fancy open work, black mao cotton, ribbed cotton, smooth pleated and Roman striped; to be closed out at 7c</p> <p>Boys' heavy corduroy bicycle stockings, also fine French ribbed stockings with double heel and toe, cut from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Misses' fine French ribbed fast black stockings with double heel and toe, cut from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Misses' all wool cashmere hose, sizes 6 to 10, fast black, either plain or ribbed, the values for</p> <p>Women's extra heavy cotton hose, fast black and well finished, reduced from 30c to 15c</p> <p>Women's real fine thread hosiery, Italian rib or plain black, half white foot made of Italian yarn, 5c quality at 3c</p> <p>Women's heavy foot and toe in high colors, plaid, stripes, etc., lace patterns, fancy deep stripes, etc., and the qualities, cut to 50c</p> |
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Women's, Men's and Children's Kid and Fabric Gloves.

The specials in the glove department during this sale will include kinds for men, women and children. Gloves which we wish to close out before inventory. Just as good as the day they were received, but the lines are small. Prices as follows:

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| <p>Misses' all silk mitts in black, white and cream, reduced from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Boys' and girls' black all wool mitts, cut from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Women's black leather gloves, which we have always sold at 15c, reduced to 10c</p> <p>Women's black leather gloves, fine quality, shades of tan and dark blue, regular the grade, now, reduced to 25c</p> | <p>Women's heavy little bicycle gloves, ribbed palm and fingers, cut from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Men's and boys' driving and street gloves, full pigskin, stitched, dark red and brown, all sizes, cut from 75c to 50c</p> <p>Women's real French glove with 5 clasped and new spear point embroidery, black, tan, blue, etc., regular \$1.00 quality, now, reduced to 98c</p> |
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Drugs, Medicines and Sundries.

This is not a clearance sale of drugs because of the fact that our drugs are always fresh and pure. The Banner Reductions sale includes every department in the house, therefore drugs are reduced along with everything else. If you happen to know of some cut prices on drugs, you may rest assured that no matter what price is quoted, our price is lower. We will guarantee this. Every article in our drug store will be sold for less than any other store's prices.

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| <p>10c 1/2 inch all silk mitts in black, white and cream, reduced from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Boys' and girls' black all wool mitts, cut from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Women's black leather gloves, which we have always sold at 15c, reduced to 10c</p> <p>Women's black leather gloves, fine quality, shades of tan and dark blue, regular the grade, now, reduced to 25c</p> | <p>10c 1/2 inch all silk mitts in black, white and cream, reduced from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Boys' and girls' black all wool mitts, cut from 10c to 5c</p> <p>Women's black leather gloves, which we have always sold at 15c, reduced to 10c</p> <p>Women's black leather gloves, fine quality, shades of tan and dark blue, regular the grade, now, reduced to 25c</p> |
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Blanket Reductions

Just to illustrate the way we have reduced prices on blankets we quote a few of the cheaper qualities. Among them are Oriental blankets, 54x80 inches in size, suitable for house jackets, slumber robes, etc., handsome oriental stripes, worth 75c; reduced to 49c

Straw

There are some startling values in the straw department. In addition there are 25 yards of our regular 25c China matting, fine weave and extra strong edge, to be sold at 13c

Matting

There are some startling values in the matting department. In addition there are 25 yards of our regular 25c China matting, fine weave and extra strong edge, to be sold at 13c

Banner Reductions on Linens.

The White Fair and January sales of Linens have closed. But there are remnants and odd pieces and lines left over which will be closed out during this sale at special prices. We sold more linens than ever before in our history, consequently have more odd lines left. Buying this week will be accompanied by plentiful money-savings.

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| <p>White towels with colored borders and fringe; barber shop size, 2 1/2</p> <p>White and cream cotton towels with long fringe; worth double, 5c</p> <p>Pure linen buck towels with colored borders and fringe, 7 1/2</p> <p>Beached buck towels 12x18 inches in size; hemmed ends and colored borders, 8 1/2</p> <p>Lower size brown Turkish towels with colored fringe, 10c</p> <p>Heavy quality, hemmed or fringed, 15c</p> <p>1/2 bale of fringed kitchen crash toweling with 1-1/2 inch red border; to be sold at 3c</p> | <p>Beached buck toweling by the yard; 5c</p> <p>Beached linen crash toweling, pure flax, with red border, 5 1/2</p> <p>Beached table damask in assorted patterns, 30 inches wide, to be closed out at 19c</p> <p>Pure linen table damask, 36 inches wide, 39c</p> <p>Cut to 30c</p> <p>White breakfast napkins, heavy round, 69c</p> <p>Beached dinner napkins in small patterns, but large size, \$1.19</p> <p>Beached dinner napkins, medium size, 48c</p> |
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Flannelettes and Outings.

The most needed fabrics of the season are to be sold during this sale at radical reductions from the regular prices. Read the items and you are sure to see something you want, and you can rest assured that the price is 1/2 less than usual.

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| <p>Good quality of outing flannelette, pink and blue stripes and checks, to be sold at 3c</p> <p>Heavy quality of white outing flannelette in assorted stripes and checks, to be sold at 5c</p> <p>Extra heavy Russian outing flannelette in plain pink, gray brown and chocolate, warm and thick; cut to 8 1/2</p> <p>German sideboard flannelette, striped in dark washable in assorted colors, heavy quality, reduced to 8 1/2</p> <p>Unbleached cotton flannelette, the kind used for underwear and children's wear, reduced to 3c</p> | <p>Cream Shaker Flannelette, 28 inches wide, good weight, 5c</p> <p>Turkey Red Flannelette with black polka dots and stripes, reduced to 5c</p> <p>Dark Colored Wrapper Flannelette printed in hand patterns, 8 1/2</p> <p>Satin Finished Wrapper Twills, in red, navy blue and gray, combined with black in stripes and dots, 16 1/2</p> <p>Double fold broadened wrapper goods in garnet, brown, navy, green and tan; reduced to 8 1/2</p> |
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Drapery and Upholstery Goods.

Never in the history of our business have we been disposed to quote such ridiculously low prices as now. There are materials for every purpose. Among them are:

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| <p>Regular size quality of decorative crepe, all the popular colors and effects. Very choice assortment, 3c</p> <p>Black and white crepe, 5c</p> <p>Extra heavy Russian outing flannelette in plain pink, gray brown and chocolate, warm and thick; cut to 8 1/2</p> <p>German sideboard flannelette, striped in dark washable in assorted colors, heavy quality, reduced to 8 1/2</p> <p>Unbleached cotton flannelette, the kind used for underwear and children's wear, reduced to 3c</p> | <p>Cretones in a variety of styles and colors; worth from 10c to 15c a yard; all the latest styles, 9c</p> <p>2nd quality of art burban, so much in demand for upholstery, floor coverings, hangings, etc.; choice of all we have at 13c</p> <p>10 inch upholstery goods; either side can be used for upholstery, floor coverings, hangings, etc.; choice of all we have at 29c</p> <p>30 inch upholstery goods, reversible and very popular for general upholstery work; 30c quality reduced to 39c</p> <p>Silk velvet and plush, 27 in. wide, beautiful for curtains, etc.; regular \$1.00 quality; special at 59c</p> |
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Dress Trimmings.

The reductions on Dress Trimmings are probably greater than the reductions in any other part of the house, for the reason that any line of trimming from which one color is sold or which has been sold down to a small lot, is considered by us undesirable. Our stock must be complete, must have every shade and every kind. There is a vast assortment of kinds offered during this sale. Among them are hundreds of ornaments for trimming revers and yokes, jet, spangles, silk and mohair, which sold formerly at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 each. Choice now from the entire lot at 59c

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| <p>7 different patterns of colored gimp; formerly sold at \$1.50. We sold the 1st yard; to be closed out at 2c</p> <p>100 pieces of colored gimp up to 1 1/2 in. wide, and 100 pieces of black gimp up to 1 1/2 in. wide, priced from 10c to 25c; choice for 25c</p> <p>Cocoon feather trimming in brown and other good shades; reduced from 75c and 80c a yard to 25c</p> | <p>Finest gauze 48 inches wide in evening shades; popular for evening dresses and sold everywhere at 30c a yard; banner sale price 39c</p> <p>Crinkled Liberty silk, 16 and 18 in. wide, different stripes in a large assortment of colors; 39c</p> <p>Black lace flouncings, 48 inches, 6 different patterns; reduced from \$1.00 and \$2.00 to 18c</p> |
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Special Embroideries.

An accident happened these Embroideries. The bursting of a water-pipe flooded them, and of course the prices have to be reduced. These were not included in the White Fair Sale, because only perfect goods were shown then. Not hurt in the least, except they will have to be washed. Some beautiful patterns among them. The very finest of work. Prices as follows:

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| <p>10c qualities at 5c</p> <p>15c qualities at 7 1/2c</p> <p>20c qualities at 8 1/2c</p> | <p>10c qualities at 5c</p> <p>15c qualities at 7 1/2c</p> <p>20c qualities at 8 1/2c</p> |
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Men's Clothing Reduced.

The time has come for the closing out of our entire winter stock of men's clothing. We say winter stock, but it includes all weights. In buying for California trade we select heavy, medium and light. Among these suits are many which are none too warm for summer wear, but the majority are medium and heavy. That is, as heavy as California men wish for. Reductions are bona fide. There is no exaggeration of values. The suits were until now sold at the prices quoted. When we give our word that prices have been changed, you can depend upon what we say. The suits in question are desirable in point of style. They are made of correct cloths, are well tailored, well lined and guaranteed to fit. We have a tailor in the store who makes any necessary alterations. We don't ask you to take the suit until you are entirely satisfied with it in every respect. The changed prices are as follows:

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| <p>Many Sack Suits in brown and gray mixed chevrons, plaid, etc., French faced and cut with silk, well lined, cut to \$5 and \$6.50 suits for \$3.95</p> <p>Sack Suits in brown plaid and brown and blue mixtures, well lined and cut, French faced and cut to \$5 suits for \$4.95</p> <p>Vests and Fancy Cheviot Suits with good tailoring, \$4.95</p> <p>Sack Suits of all wool heavier casimere, all wool chevrons and plaid mixtures. Lined with all wool flannel. French faced and cut. Excellent in every respect. \$12.50 and \$15.00 suits at \$8.95</p> <p>Sack suits of imported and Domestic Worsted, Cheviots, Vests and Suits. Made by the best workmen in the world. Equal to custom in every respect; our \$15 and \$16.50 suits at \$12.95</p> <p>Sack Suits equal to any custom made work. No tailor can show finer clothes or do better workmanship. The materials are imported wools, either single or double. The suits are made to order. \$15.95</p> | |
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Overcoats Reduced.

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| <p>Men's blue-black cheviots overcoats well made and a good quality to wear. Our \$45.00 coats reduced to \$3.95</p> <p>Heavy overcoats made of Fries and Melton, deep shawl collar, top side pockets, extra long and with all the latest fashion. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 only; \$7 and \$8 overcoats reduced to \$4.95</p> <p>Light weight tan overcoats of cover cloth, box collar, lined with tan camel hair, extra long and with all the latest fashion. Very handsome at \$18.00. Reduced to \$6.95</p> | <p>Black, blue and brown English heavy overcoats with wide velvet collars; our \$45.00 coats reduced to \$9.95</p> <p>Imported blue and black heavy overcoats and whip-cord overcoats lined with satin or fur. Some are self lined in nobby plaid effects; \$10 and \$12.50 values to be sold at \$13.95</p> <p>Fine imported heavy, Melton and whip-cord overcoats, hand tailored by skillful workmen. As can be made for \$12.50 and \$15.00. Cut to \$16.95</p> |
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Trousers Reduced.

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| <p>Old pairs of men's trousers which have sold at \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50. Our \$3.00 trousers can be found in the lot. But not all sizes of any one pattern. Reduced to 95c</p> <p>Men's English cut-trousers, the kind that is sewed with linen thread and has riveted buttons. The sort to be impossible to find. \$1.00 quality reduced to \$1.95</p> | <p>Men's all wool casimere and worsted pants in all the regular sizes and colors; our \$12.50 and \$15.00 pants reduced to \$2.95</p> <p>Trousers made of imported and domestic wools, chevrons, casimere and Scotch goods. Plaid or fancy effects in striped and solid colors. Our standard \$3 quality cut to \$3.95</p> |
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Men's Furnishings.

A dozen or so of bargains, the like of which have never been known in Los Angeles. If you doubt the truth of the prices quoted, investigate, and you will find them exactly as we say. It seems impossible to sell goods so cheaply, but nevertheless we do it.

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| <p>Men's natural gray merino underwear, full cut and well made. Our \$10.00 underwear reduced for this sale. 37c</p> <p>Men's camel hair underwear of the soft quality, self finished neck and silk front; reduced from 75c to 59c</p> <p>Men's white unadorned shirts, regular 50c quality, good muslin and good Union linen bosoms; double front and shoulder; sizes 15 1/2 to 17; reduced to 19c</p> <p>Men's percale shirts in 18 1/2 and 17 only; all the other sizes were sold at 75c and \$1.00; choice of these, 29c</p> <p>Black and white striped working shirts made of medium heavy twilled material; extra well sewed and full cut; 50c grade reduced to 31c</p> <p>Men's overalls made of 8 ounce denim, sewed with linen, and copper rivets. Our special 50c grade at 25c</p> <p>Men's crash Fedora hats of fur felt, made in Fedora shape, but so light that they can be folded and put in the pocket; strong, serviceable article; reduced from 50c to 78c</p> | <p>Men's Golf and Yacht Caps. New and most popular shapes and cuttings; our 50c and 60c caps cut to 21c</p> <p>Men's socks in mottled tan, blue and brown. Heavy weight. Our regular 5c grade reduced to 5c</p> <p>Men's suspenders in plain or fancy webs with worked ends and nickel plated buckles; the quality cut to 7c</p> <p>Men's wool socks in Oxford gray with white heels and toes; regular 10c quality reduced to 9c</p> <p>Men's wool and camel's hair socks, full regular finish, and standard quality; 25c for \$1.00 quality cut to 25c</p> <p>Men's hand bow ties in all the new shapes; all silk and the regular 35c quality, light and dark effects; reduced to 15c</p> <p>Men's heavy working gloves with knitted backs and decorative lining; strong, serviceable article; reduced from 50c to 35c</p> |
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Dolls, Games, Books, etc.

All the Toys have been again moved to the Third Floor. Alterations are in progress in the department. New shelving, show cases, etc., are being built. During this sale reduced prices will be in effect. The following are not exclusive Christmas goods. They are useful all times of the year. Ours is an all-the-year-round Toy Store. In it can be found every wanted article.

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| <p>Jointed dolls with fat bodies, 18 inches high, blue and curly wig; reduced to 17c</p> <p>Dressed dolls with stuffed bodies, blue heads, curly wig, very realistic and very pretty. 25c</p> <p>1 1/2 inch dressed dolls with jointed bodies, curly wig and blue heads, very realistic and very pretty; cut from \$1.50 to \$1.00</p> <p>1 1/2 inch, dressed dolls fully jointed, brown heads and curly wig; cut from \$1.50 to \$1.00</p> <p>Old lot of all kinds of dolls, worth up to 25c each; to be closed out at 5c</p> <p>24 pages of National History, 24 pages of descriptive matter illustrated by 12 pictures, 24 pages and printed on fine paper; reduced from 50c to 50c</p> <p>Large volume of games worth up to \$1 each, suitably bound by the Christian Science Publishing Co.; reduced to 10c</p> | <p>Assorted camera work up to \$1.00 including prints, negatives, etc.; reduced to 25c</p> <p>Wood kitchen set of serving plates, including rolling pin, salt cellar, etc.; neatly bound cut from 50c to 19c</p> <p>7 1/2 inches completely furnished; size 14 x 18 inches, reduced from 25c to 25c</p> <p>Children's red riding cap, large size; reduced from 50c to 10c</p> <p>Hanging brass and wagon; horses move their feet automatically; reduced from 25c to 25c</p> <p>Doll's car, 18 inches long, reduced from 25c to 13c</p> <p>Black's toy carpet sweeper, a patent sweep-up machine; can be used for gas, etc.; reduced from 50c to 10c</p> <p>Rubber toy, made of German rubber, best quality in the world, including animals, etc.; cut from 25c, 50c and 75c to 25c, 50c and 75c</p> |
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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

JANUARY 21, 1900.

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RIGHT IN PLAIN SIGHT, IF HE WOULD ONLY SEE IT.



Democratic Party: "Vere ish dat tam dog?"

SCOPE AND CHARACTER

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 8, 1927

RUSSIA'S OPENING DOOR.

It is true this Coast is not especially a manufacturing section, but with a market thus brought practically to our door, without the necessary expense of transportation across our own country, and with the cheap fuel which our petroleum product is furnishing, there is no reason why considerable manufacturing industries may not be profitably created here. In reference to prospective demand in Siberia for present products of the Pacific Coast, William Mitchell Bunker, the special correspondent already referred to, wrote more particularly than does Mr. Teplow. He expressed the opinion that farming in Eastern Siberia, under the most favorable Russian conditions, will not reduce the

With such conditions as these prevailing there is much encouragement in the Siberian outlook for the interests not only of this country in general, but of the Pacific Coast in particular. It is time for our business men to be considering the ways and means by which the most may be made of the opportunity which is about to open before them.

CANNOT SPARE THE NEGRO.

In the value of the negro laborer to the South lies one of his strongest guaranties of just treatment in the future. The time is probably not far distant when the reign of mob law throughout the South will cease, and when crime will be punished, as it ought to be, solely through the chosen instrumentalities of the law. And in proportion as the value of the negro to the South is made apparent will the tendency grow to accord him all the civil and political rights to which he is entitled.

AMERICA'S DESTINY

"By a war for humanity, the irresistible spirit of the age has pressed the nation onward to another stage of that evolution which is working toward the highest civilization."

"But this is an age of light. Despite the efforts of the emissaries of darkness, the civilization will search all the areas of the world, ignoring ignorance and superstition before it. For centuries, millions have hopelessly groped in the darkness, but a new day has dawned. America is as obvious as the effulgence of the sun, and the fulfillment of its mission is as plain as the sun in the sky. It is none but the simpleton can doubt it."

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT

[Philadelphia North American:] South Carolina abolished the saloon and substituted the law. Now proposes to establish hospitals for drunkards. Drunkenness will be treated as a disease. If along with the quinine and tonics the cat-o'-nine tails should be administered to the inebriates who neglect or abuse their wives, the innovation would work wonderful cures. The danger of dealing with drunkenness as a disease will be forgotten that drunkenness is also a vice.

THREE ANGELS

Men do lots of things inside
Even argue with a woman,
But what's the use?

WHAT'S THE USE?

But what's the use?

Have You a Favorite Book? By Robt. J. Burdette.

Had to Pick Them Out.

A DAY or two ago one mail brought me two letters, one from Ohio and one from Alabama. The letters, mailed on the same day, were twins by different parents. The Ohio man asked me to send him "my favorite book," the Bible, and the girl in Alabama wanted me to tell her "my favorite poem." And I had to disappoint both of them.

For how do I know my "favorite poem?" A man of my age? Oh, there was a time when I had a "favorite poem," and a "favorite author," and a favorite "friend." I am not going to tell you what my favorite poem was. "Because you would laugh at me?" Not by a long, long rope, oh, so much my young friend. But because I would laugh at it. And that would hurt your feelings. Not because it was my favorite poem, but because it is your's today. That's why I won't tell you. I rather think the "favorite days" belong to youth. The judgment of youth is so much more nearly infallible, more "rapid fire and hair-trigger," so much clearer, stronger, than that of age. Well; if that sounds a little too strong, suppose we amend by striking out all after the "y" in "trigger." The house will accept the amendment as amended, without a division, I think. If I ask a venerable sage his favorite author, he has to pause and think a long time over a long, long list of lifelong friends who have sat with him through the experiences of half a century or longer. He hesitates a great many times before he speaks, and then he speaks slowly and with many qualifications. But if I ask his grandchildren, the answers are ready as crickets in harvest. I learn that "Geary" is greatly to be praised because of his fidelity to fact—and I guess that's so, as his hundred odd books are all written with the same stentail—being "mortalized for time," as the old newspaper cuts used to run; that Poe is clearly an imitator of Conan Doyle; that there never was any such thing as Scotch dialect in literature until after the "Window in Thrums" and the "Bonnie Brier Bush," although their grandfather, now in his dotage, purr and body, pretended to have memories of Scott and Burns. It is pleasant to hear them. It is a pleasant, happy time of life. Not the happiest, pleasantest, or best time, but still, it is very delightful as all lifetime is. For me! My first novel was "Thaddeus of Warsaw." Did I read it clear through? Well; I can remember just one passage in it. Upon one occasion Thaddeus came near to getting into a scrap over some affront offered to his boots. Nothing came of it, however, and I made up my mind privately that Thaddeus was a chump, and saved my young life by declining to pursue the fortunes and misfortunes of the hero any farther. My sisters read it, however. They also, one of them at least, read "The Children of the Abbey," also "The Wide, Wide World." I did most emotionally not. I switched off on "Pilgrim's Progress"—the edition with the good old wood cuts, and I think I have read it once a year ever since. An aunt in Virginia, having heard, from my dear mother's letters, no doubt, what an extraordinarily bright and exemplary boy I was before reaching my teens, sent me the "Memoir of John Mooney." John was a holy terror. To me, at any rate. It is just as well that he died in his fifth year, after he had been preaching not longer, as I remember, than eighteen months, because if I had ever met that remarkable youth I think I would have killed him, anyhow. I used to have to read him, Sundays, when—and it is difficult for me to do at this day, how that ever happened—I had been bad. And I didn't, and don't, believe a word of that book. "Robinson Crusoe," of course, I did, as do all right-minded boys. But then, that is a book anybody might easily believe. Do you remember "The Berber," old man? And "Dick?" They came later, of course, but I just happened to think of them as my mind was running back over the books we read on the nursery side of 13. There was another book used to be laid upon me instead of the rod, when I had performed certain fantastic tricks before high heaven when I was reasonably sure that nobody else was looking and heaven wouldn't mind—or at least wouldn't tell on me. That was "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy." Had to read it to my father, Sunday afternoons. Had my choice between that and a whipping. One afternoon in a spirit of bravado and experiment, I chose the whipping. Got 'em both. And you old boys, of my own age, can imagine with what affectionate reverence I regard the name and memory of Martin Farquhar Tupper even unto this day. But one day, a long summer afternoon, prowling about in the attic of an Illinois farmhouse, I came upon an old hair trunk, locked, and full of books. You could smell the books. And the lock told what manner of books they were. It didn't take a boy long to unlock a panel in the bottom of that trunk, and I got out a promising-looking book with red covers. It was better than its premises—Wilkie Collins's "Crock of Gold." Smoke of the pit! There was a book for you. I sat up in that room and read until the garret became so full of evening shadows I was afraid to move. You couldn't smooth my hair down with a curry comb. It might have broken off, but that was all; the stumps would bristle. Since then I have read several creepy books. But they only crawled, in comparison with that one. I have never seen the book since. And I suppose I would laugh at it now. It was not only the story, but the boyhood; and the long, dim room; the buzzing mud wasps busy with their masonry in the rafters; the knowledge that I had no business with that book and would get a scolding with frills to it if anybody should catch me save my grandfather, who never scolded me himself nor permitted any one else to do so—that made the book what it seemed to be. Well, that horrible book was my "favorite" while I had hold of it. Or rather, while it had hold of me. But it isn't now.

And Juveniles.

And somebody gave me a "book for boys." You recall it, I guess. It was "Frank." That was all; just "Frank." He never had any other name. I think he had nothing but a first name and an uncle. Uncle had no name at all. He was just "uncle." An English book of course—all our

juveniles were. "Frank" was a puzzle to me. I had never heard of a boy who remotely resembled any type of boy that would faintly remind you of something like him, at all. I really enjoyed the book, much as I enjoyed algebra, but it worried me, trying to make out what manner of boy "Frank" could have been. I have never been able to decide whether he was 9, or 19, or 90 years old. There was a line in his age, I think, and on some pages he was one, sometimes the other, and occasionally all three. There was a colored servant in the book, named "Mungo," I think. Perhaps there may have been a negro—though I think this one was a "blackamoor," whatever that is—named "Mungo," but I never believed it. Don't yet. He spoke a mirth-provoking dialect. Not mirth-provoking because it was so funny, but because it wasn't funny a little bit. But then after "Frank" came "The Rollo Books." Blessed old Abbot! His name should be spelled with the single "B" and he deserves a halo for the "Rollo Books." They were the earliest of American juveniles I can remember. Mr. Holiday was a sort of prig, and we made fun of his preaching habit, but the books were clean, wholesome, with a vein of pleasant, easy instruction that many of their successors have somehow failed to catch. And, not only were, but are. You can buy the Rollo Books at the stores and not five days gone by I lounged against the shelves in a book store and read "Rollo Learning to Work" nearly through, and sighed when I laid it down. I was a boy in long trousers when I first read that book. Which means that I was much younger and smaller than the small boy in knickerbockers today. I wore a tunic that looked like my sister's shirt waist with a skirt to it. And I wore a cap. Helmet of Hector—what a cap! It went with the Rollo Books. "Rollo" wears one just like it, in the pictures. It was a circular "mortar board," with a visor. And a tassel. The prettiest tassel. Long; it hung down to touch my shoulder. The first day I wore it to school a rude boy made no end of fun of it, and pulled it like a bell rope. I ran at him, pushed him with both hands, and he fell down. It was my first fight, and I was victorious. I ran crying to the teacher, cold with the fear that I had killed the boy. But I hadn't. He lived to make me wish that I had. Then after the "Rollo Books," came the "Frasconia Stories." But I think perhaps there were too many girls in them, and "Beechnut" never did measure up to "Jonas." "Jonas" was a demi-god. I think he stands as the prototype of Riley's "Boy at Lives on Our Farm." To read how "Jonas" straightened a nail by laying it on the edge of an ax and hammering it with a hatchet, was a revelation in the science of manual training. And when, finding that the smoke blew in his eyes he built the fire on the other side of the log—that was little short of magic. When he "choked" the wagon wheel with a stone—that was Napoleonic. And then when he drew from his pocket the very bit of twine that was needed—that was a miracle. I admire, with some wonder, of course, Edison. And the builder of the Corliss engine. And the architect of the Brooklyn bridge. And the architects of the World's Fair—there never was but one. But after all, "Jonas" stands in a class by himself. To this day, whenever a problem in domestic carpentry, of roofery, or locksmithing confronts me, there rises before me in my helplessness, as I set about to perform the task, the figure of little Rollo, with wondering eyes, and the ready-fingered "Jonas," pulling "things" out of his inexhaustible pockets and doing with a nail, a piece of twine, and a bit of wire, what I am trying to do with a plumber's outfit, blacksmith's kit, and carpenter's tool chest. "Jonas" was the father of all such as work in anything.

Unstable Favoritism.

But how about your "favorite book?" Well; I don't know. Is it the one you read oftener? I read Scott and Thackeray oftener than any other books on my shelves, but I'm not at all sure that they stand any higher in my favor than some others. It depends on my own mood, and the weather, and the wind, and circumstances, who my present "favorite" may be. Today "I loaf, and invite myself" with a fellow who will grate on me tomorrow. Won't be his fault, I know, but I can't help that. I drop my work this morning to dream over a poem for which I will have no use tomorrow. To have a "favorite" poem, I find, is usually about as enduring as these marginal notes you read in the old-fashioned autograph albums—"Remember the day on the boat." Two years after that ink is dry, neither the owner of the album nor the writer of the memorial will have the slightest memory of the day or the boat, and they will jointly wonder to what the words referred to. Once upon a time, I, in the days when I had as much hair on my head as I have wrinkles on my face now, wrote in a girl's album, a verse of hand-stitched poetry, with a walt down the side for an acrostic, and on the corner of the page I wrote, "Lemons." How we laughed over that "Lemons." How we laughed! Oh, how we did laugh! It was too all-killingly funny for any thing, and we never, never could forget that word and all that it called up in memory. "Lemons"—Oh, ha, ha, ha, he, he, he, ho, ho, ho! "Lemons!" Years twenty and a quarter have sped since then. I can see the page, and I can see "Lemons" written cresscross in the corner; I can hear our laughter—there were half a dozen of us giggling and haw-hawing over it—and just for curiosity I would give a dollar if I could call up the faintest idea of the vaguest thing that "Lemons" refers to. How happy it is to be young and giddy and a little bit soft, and pulpy, with a heart in tuse for laughter in any key and any time, and a memory about as long as a sigh. And as the memory grows longer, life is dearer and better and brighter. When it gets to be about fifty years long—what a book it is! And you begin to think how blessed it will be when it has a thousand year-long pages. No, children, I have no favorite poem, and no favorite author. Not now. Used to have.

The Old Stories.

Everybody loves old books. The older the better. Children of 5, and 9, and 40, and 70 years love best of all the stories with which they are most familiar. A man begins

life with one book; the shelves expand up to a certain climax, then they begin to wane, until at last he goes out of life leaning upon one book—"the Book" he has learned to call it by that time, as though there was but one book in all the world of many books. And we love best—always we do—the book and the story which tells most about our own experiences. You know that, don't you? When I was a boy, I was much given to entertaining a small audience of my brothers and sisters with narratives of our own lives, which I touched up with flesh tints, dark eyebrows, age-lines and wigs, as the dramatic exigencies and the taste of the audience demanded. And "Tell about the time the skiff upset in Kickapoo Creek," the "house" used to call, as the winter evening wore to a close, and it was about time for the curtain to fall. And they listened eagerly, because a part of the audience had been of the crew of the ill-fated craft, which careened and "turned turtle" at the very time the captain should have been in school. They listened to the story of how the captain swam ashore, and waded home with his telltale raiment soaking on his shivering frame, and the blabbing boots "squish-squashed" on his feet as he walked into the house amid the unheard chorus of "He's been to the creek and you told him not to!" They laughed with uncounterfeited glee as the narrator told with eloquent pantomime, how he had prepared to receive the punishment of the rod with forty stripes or so, plus as many more as the rod would stand, with his jacket on, and how, at the first whack, the soaking jacket had sent a cloud of blinding and chilling spray all over the executioner and the shrieking group of juvenile spectators, inasmuch that the well-merited castigation broke up in a tumult of laughter and commiseration, and the culprit was promptly soused into a hot bath and rubbed down and fed on hot things, and coddled, and the story became a page in family history. That's the way books are made. When the boy is gray-haired and the girl has locks of silver, these are the stories they love, the tales of yesterday—the real stories, that actually happened in the morning time, when the world was young, and day was new; when fairies were real, and ghosts were commoner than electric cars.

Your Own Story.

How much of your own life is a story! There isn't much theory about it. It isn't, as a rule, a "motive story." There are a few years of "moralizing" in it. Some happy days of sentiment. A few quiet starlit hours of reflection. Some joyous moons of romance and poesy, tender, and dear, and true. Some thrilling chapters of prophecy and hope and ambition. Now and then comes a sun-crowned day of rapture and exaltation. Once in a while a storm-swept day followed by a starless night. Now and then a day bitter with defeat—somewhere or other that chapter always comes in. So every day the story you children are writing goes on and on. Every day there is action. Every day you do something; go somewhere; plan something; see somebody. You live, and you love, and you suffer. You lay careful plans and they work out perversely and wretchedly wrong. You build, and fire, or cyclone, or earthquake shock topples down the house of cards, smites into ruins the castle in Spain. And how the "action" in your story interests the readers! People who don't care a straw what you think or say will lose a whole precious morning watching through the chink of a half-turned shutter slat, to see what you are "doing." You know that. People don't want your moralizing, your sermonizing, your theorizing, but they are intensely interested in the "action" of your story as you develop it before them. You don't care a cent what your most Christian neighbor thinks about cats. She would bore you to death if she should come over some day and give you her "views" on cats. But if you should see her come out of her house some morning when you were so busy you didn't have time to breathe, carrying a cat in one hand and a baseball bat in the other, you would drop book, broom, or sewing, and never leave the window until you knew what she was going to do—say, until you knew what she had done with that cat. And when you told about it afterward, you would not go into a metaphysical investigation of her motives for dealing with the cat as she did. You would tell, with appropriate gesticulation and dramatic emphasis what you saw her do. Now, to make your life story interesting, you must put a great deal of action into it.

My Favorite Text.

Nearly forgot the man who was waiting to hear my "favorite text." Well, that depends. When the day is raw and sormy, I want a cloak, warm and stormproof. When the day is bitter cold, the sunny side of a wall is my favorite. When the way is dusty and hot, I like a shady path by the river side. When I am hungry, a little passing shower of manna pleases me about as well as anything, and when I am filled—"the full soul leatheth the honey-comb"—and a little exercise, such as climbing some Hill of Difficulty is best for me then. When I am tired, I long for an arbor of rest. Going down the dangerous slopes that lead into the valley of humiliation, I want a pilgrim staff. Sometimes I want a weapon, a sword—"a right Jerusalem blade." Sometimes I am faint-hearted and frightened, and I need a trumpet blast that makes the leaves quiver; then again I am sore hurt and I need words that are healing balm. One day I want to be coaxed; another day I must be restrained; and then again I must be sent on under whip and spur. On my stupid days I must be patiently enlightened, and on the days when I know too much I must be cautioned. "My favorite text?" Oh, man, you might as well ask me which is my "favorite eye?" Whichever one I might happen to lose, of course. Which is your favorite finger? The thumb with the felon on, of course. That's the one that everybody and every thing hits, and it's the one you want to use the oftenest.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Blank Spaces on the Map of the World.

REGIONS STILL UNKNOWN.

A FAMOUS EXPLORER TALKS OF TASKS YET TO BE DONE IN AFRICA AND ELSEWHERE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE latter half of the nineteenth century has been remarkable for the many geographical novelties that explorers have brought from Africa. In less than five decades this long-neglected continent has been opened, converted into civilized States and protectorates, become thickly dotted with Christian missions and fairly prepared for civilized enterprise.

In the first decade—1850-60—we had the sources and course of the Great Zambesi River, with its wonderful Victoria Falls made known to us. The Tanganyika—the longest lake in Africa was also discovered.

During the second decade—1860-70—we obtained a rough outline of the Victoria Nyanza. The Nile was thence descended throughout its whole length. The Albert Nyanza, another feeder of the Nile, was discovered, and soon after Lake Nyassa appeared to grace our maps.

The third decade—1870-80—was still more fruitful of results. We had first the sources of a new river of the first magnitude, and its lakes Mweru and Bangweulu revealed to us. A short time afterward this river was proved to be the Congo, by a descent along its entire course. Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika were circumnavigated. An ascent of the snow mountain Kilima Njaro was made, Kenya, another snow mountain of similar magnitude, was discovered, a better knowledge of the Lower Niger and its principal tributaries was gained; the Ogovai was explored; the gorilla haunts of Northern Gaboon were visited.

its human myriads, who were discovered to be past their savage state, and already developed into industrious barbarians. Nyassa Land, which in the sixties was deserted for its deadly record, took a new start, and became a land of promise for coffee planters.

In the present decade the scrambling for territory ceased, and most of the governments have begun the development of their African possessions. They have ringed them with customhouses and garrisoned forts, and are jealously policing their frontiers. Regiments of natives have been drilled and uniformed, missions, schools and churches are flourishing, while every symptom of the slave trade, which was fast devastating the interior, even in the eighties, has disappeared. The enormous area of Inner Africa, which only twenty-three years ago was only a blank, is now known to geographers and governments as the Uganda, and East African protectorates of Great Britain, German East Africa, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Angola, Congo Française, the Cameroons, Nigeria and Southern Soudan, which are administered by their respective governor-generals and thousands of European officials.

It will thus be seen that geographical novelties have already become scarce, even from Darkest Africa. Geographical societies still hold their seances, but their halls are no longer crowded with breathless audiences thrilled with stories of startling discoveries, and applauding the newest thing from the heart of mysterious Africa. It is now the period of railways and telegraphs and steamers. The Congo's broad waters are disturbed by hundreds of steamers—the Nyassa is rapidly becoming like a Swiss lake with its many steam ferries—the Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza have already seen the pioneers of the steam fleets which will appear before the next century dawns. The Congo, the Uganda and other railway lines now in prospect make mystery and novelty almost impossible and narrow the field of the pioneer explorer.

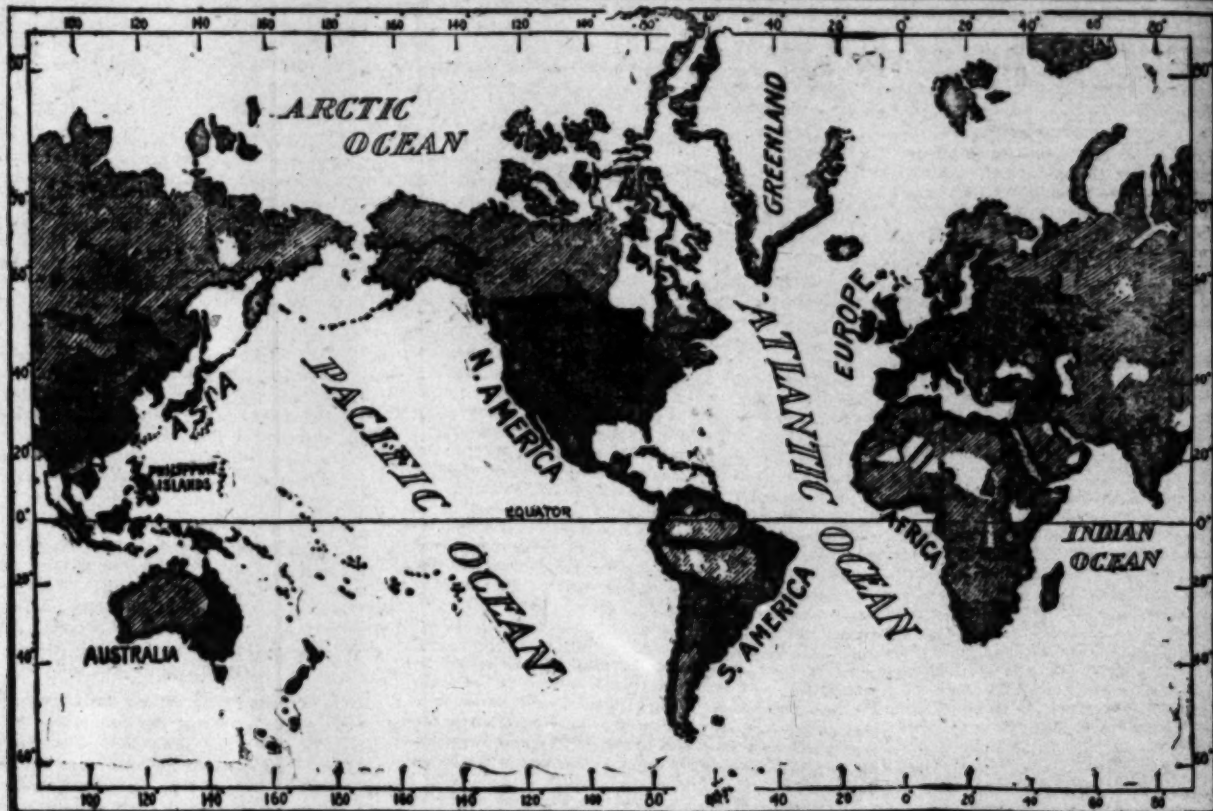
And yet the first decades of the twentieth century may

complete. The twentieth century is destined to achieve within the next decade or two, the triangulation of a large portion of the continent by the method of theodolite and aneroid. For the more the various States and protectorates ripen under the influence of their civilizing governments, the more will exact surveys be needed to settle conflicting international claims, as well as for revenue and administration and the security of the inland. Good work of this kind has already been done in Somali Land, along the Anglo-German frontier in Africa—between Nyassa and Tanganyika, along the Portuguese boundary line south of Zambesi—in Nigeria and Abyssinia. If this work is pushed on, we shall have to wait many years for an accurate map of the continent.

Meantime, however, there are certain regions of an interesting character which might well be the scene of means and character. Those who are fond of alpine climbing, and aspire to do something worth while, might take either of the snowy mountains of Kenya, Mfumbiro, and explore it thoroughly, in the style of Hans Meyer who took Kilima Njaro in 1892. There are peaks also in the Elgon district, near the Victoria Nyanza, over 14,000 feet high, which well repay systematic investigation. It is not the who "went up a mountain and starts for home to write about it, that is wanted, but the intelligent explorer who undertakes to make his mountain his own, and will give us a full and accurate monograph of its lofty heights which is the not distant future, and to be often resorted to for the recuperation of the lowland toilers in the tropics.

Sections Awaiting Exploration.

British East Africa contains two sections about which we are very ignorant. One embraces all that region



WORK YET REMAINING FOR THE EXPLORERS.

A Decade of Delimitation.

The fourth decade—1880-1890—was still richer in results, and so great was the progress of exploration that all the civilized powers responded to a call for a general conference to decide the ownership of the territories discovered and to formulate certain rules and principles for future procedure. Out of this the Congo Free State came into existence, a free trade zone was delimited, the French Congo was defined, and the limits of Portuguese claims made clear. At the conclusion of the conference the European powers commenced a scramble for African possessions which lasted several years. German warships coasted round the continent and seized upon the Cameroons, the Gold Coast, Namaqua and Damara Land, and a large section of East Africa. French travelers distinguished themselves by annexations to the north of the Congo and the Western Soudan, until many countries hitherto unknown by name had been converted into a French colonial empire of unprecedented extent. Italy entered Abyssinia, established Erythraea, and made the whole horn of Eastern Africa an Italian protectorate. Finally England became infected with the land hunger, and, though reluctant and protesting, extended British rule from the Cape to the Tanganyika, absorbed a large portion of East Africa and expanded her West Africa possessions.

This was also the period when South Africa advanced in popular esteem by leaps and bounds on account of its increasing outputs in diamonds and gold. The Congo disclosed its wealth of ivory, rubber and hard woods, and a forest which rivaled that of the Amazon in extent and possible productions. The Congo's tributaries were explored and new lakes were found. Almost every month something new and strange was told of its hydrography and topography. The Niger region became also prominent because of

reveal to us astonishing things from Africa. While the world lasts we shall never quite exhaust the region. Even at this very moment there is a company being floated in London to utilize the discovery of a nitrous deposit just found near the site of ancient Memphis. If any spot on earth may be called old, surely that one may, but even after 6000 years of human occupation it has rewarded the explorer.

Africa's Remaining Secrets.

Therefore, though Africa's main geographical features are fairly familiar to us, in its recesses are to be found many a secret yet. Nay, I venture to say, despite my preamble that the continent remains for most practical purposes as unknown to us, as when the Victoria Nyanza and the Congo were undiscovered. The names of mountains, towns, villages, settlements and tribes have been written on the blank spaces of the maps, but what of that? They are but the distinguishing terms of their respective localities, and are useful for reference. This work has occupied twenty-five centuries, and the devotion of countless explorers whose object was not to examine details, but to reach some objective—and who had no time or opportunity to do more than note the more prominent features along their routes. Thus English travelers and settlers in South Africa passed over the diamond fields and occupied farmsteads above the gold fields for scores of years without suspecting the immeasurable wealth beneath. Thus several travelers whose business it was to explore came within viewing distance of Ruwenzori without once suspecting that its snowy crown might have been seen three miles above their heads.

The work of the old class of African explorers may be said to come to an end with the last year of the nineteenth century, though there remain a few tasks yet in-

between the Jub River and Lakes Stephanie and Rudolf. The other extends from Lake Rudolf to Fashoda on one hand and Southern Abyssinia on the other. Our knowledge of these two regions would be increased by the main routes taken by the ancient immigrants, Abyssinia, and whose blood, blending with the primitive tribes south, has produced the Zulus. Exploring expeditions, well conducted, would discover the sources of the Jub and the Sobat, define the reach of the Mau Plateau and the southern limit of the spurs extending from the mountainous mass of Abyssinia. Between these some interesting lakes may be found.

Another promising region extends between the Tanganyika and Albert Edward lakes. A dozen expeditions have touched the edge of this region, but only one has explored it. His intelligent observations have rather excited the allied interest. We wish to know where is the line between the head of the River Basin and the Tanganyika. We are told of active volcanic clusters of mountain peaks of unusual height. An investigation of this part would discover the sources of the Nile and the eastern sources of the Congo. The people inhabiting the region would be found among the most interesting of any in Africa. For we are much mistaken, they are relics of a prehistoric migration cooped up in that peculiar region by the Tanganyika to the south, the mountains to the east and the great Congo forest to the west. The war-loving races marching to the south, and then, apparently unheeded and unheeding,

The next bit of real interest for the explorer is a strip barely fifty miles wide but 700 miles long, between 28 deg. 40 min. E. and 29 deg. 30 min. E. and between 4 deg. N. and 8 deg. S. Earnest and

JANUARY 21, 1900.]

EXPLOIT OF A SPANISH HOBSON.

By a Special Contributor.

IN A MINIATURE and somewhat flaccid way the exploit of Lieut. Hobson in sinking the Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago Harbor was, during the bombardment of Manila, repeated by a Spanish Hobson on the River Pasig. The destruction of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Dewey on May 1, 1898, was followed by the bombardment of Manila on August 13, and the surrender of the city and its defending forts a few hours subsequent to the opening of fire. During the interim, however, the land and the rivers had remained in the possession of the Spaniards, and the latter were extensively navigated by them in launches, tugs and small steamers, a number of which, captured on the day of the battle, have since been converted by Gen. Otis into most effective machines against the Filipinos and given the designation of the "tin-clad fleet."

Anticipating the use which the Americans would make of these vessels should they pass into their hands, the Spaniards, when they saw the city must fall, undertook a wholesale destruction of them, and during the entire afternoon, following the hoisting of the flag of truce, which occurred at 10 o'clock on the morning of the bombardment—the Spaniards were busy blowing up and breaking up the small craft on the river, sinking all they could not demolish.

This action was true to Spanish instinct. The Castilian notion of honor is a queer quality, and our navy met with manifestations of it in every seance it had with them from the commencement of the war. They would infinitely prefer to take their chances of losing their lives while their craft was being broken up beneath them, rather than surrender anything which could be regarded as useful property to the enemy. This was observable no less at Manila Bay than at Santiago Bay, and on the Pasig River in August the Spaniards carried out with their small craft the instincts which had found expression in the wanton destruction of so many of their larger vessels.

The largest, however, of these "tin boats," as our officers called them, was a steamer of about two thousand tons burden, and perhaps eight feet draft of water, called the Cebu. She was a queer built craft, with a big hump amidships and might attract attention by reason of the ungainly character of her construction. Nevertheless she was a useful vessel, and just such a ship which for transporting supplies up the river, the Americans would have been delighted to have had.

It was not the purpose of the Spaniards, however, to permit this vessel to become a prize of the Americans, and yet it was desired to dispose of her in some more strategic and striking way than merely knocking in her bottom as she lay beside the beach. The exploit of Hobson very probably suggested her disposition. A picked crew of Spanish "braves" were put aboard her and she was steamed down to the mouth of the Pasig.

The mouth of this river is inclosed between two moles, and while fairly wide, yet the channel is narrow. The sinking crosswise of a steamer like the Cebu, nearly two hundred feet in length, would undoubtedly prove a most serious obstacle to navigation on the river, and especially would it impair the ready transit of the stream at that time demanded by the Americans with their boats.

Accordingly the Spanish Hobson moved to the mouth of the river, dropped a bow anchor, and as the ship swung around with the current let fall an anchor from the stern, which held her broadside to the stream, whereupon she was ready to go down. But if she had been sunk in this manner the Americans would have been able to raise her and still have an excellent ship. It was therefore determined that the vessel should be rendered unsuited for use, even if she were rescued from the water; so the gallant navigator, just before leaving with his band of heroes, set the ship on fire. In half an hour she would burn out and the heat would warp the plates so she would spring large leaks, fill with water, and settle easily in the mud of the dreamy Pasig.

The mooring of the Cebu and the ascending smoke and flames from her hatches were observed by two United States vessels, the dispatch boat McCulloch and the tender Callao. They each sent yaws loaded with marines to the ship, one boat's crew boarding her from astern, while the other crawled over the rail along the forward part. The men made a hasty examination of the vessel and fell to the pumps to raise water to extinguish the fire. Much of the vessel's internal construction was wood, and the flames had gained strong headway. So intense was the fire amidships that the two crews were cut off from communicating with each other, or from passing fore and aft upon the deck. With the pumps set to work, however, there is no doubt that the fire could have been gotten under control and subdued, but just after the hose had been successfully spread an announcement was made of a discovery in the after magazine which created a panic among all those on board.

The forward receptacles had been found to contain no combustibles whatever; but in the one aft there were suspended from the roof of the room by ropes, three torpedoes of large size. They were of the percussion-head variety and they hung heads down. They were evidently placed so that as soon as the fire should char the ropes by which they were held they would fall, striking with their fulminated points the steel floor spread six feet below, and thereupon they would explode and blow up the vessel.

"Three big torpedoes in the after magazine!" was the cry set up by the startled discoverer, and this went from mouth to mouth, the men aft yelling it at the tops of their voices to get it above the roar of the flames to those of the Callao who were on the forward deck. The announcement produced a stampede. The visitors did not wait to descend decorously into their skiffs, but they precipitately jumped overboard, swimming to their boats, which they excitedly directed to push away from the vessel.

There was, however, some cool-headed as well as modest

sailor—for his identity has never been discovered—among the boarding party who, during the interim of the inspection, had discovered the sea valve, and just as the alarm about the torpedoes went up, he gave this thing a wrench with the result that the bilges, or scuppers, were opened and the vessel was scuttled in a moment. Hardly had the last man in the water been picked up by his boat when the Cebu was extinguishing her fire with the waves amidst which she was sinking, and before the two boats were half a mile away the waters were closing over her fore and after parts, and only the camel's hump and her great barrel of a smokestack were sticking above the fluid surface in direct communication with the Pasig mud.

But the Cebu was needed by Admiral Dewey, and she had scarcely gotten comfortable in her bed of mud when the navel constructors and pontoon men were at work alongside her, patching her and pumping her with divers walking over her bones like a swarm of parasites. In a few days she was afloat again and moving painfully on her way to the Cavite dry dock.

One of the first precautions taken immediately she was pumped dry was to locate and remove those torpedoes in the after magazine. They were taken carefully out and as cautiously inspected. Imagine the astonishment of all concerned when it was found that the supposed torpedoes were without powder or explosive content, and that they were and at all times had been as harmless as tanks or buoys.

A great laugh went up at this disclosure and speculation was rife as to the motives which had prompted the Spanish Hobson to perpetrate "such a guy as that upon anybody." It was thought at first that the torpedo cases were merely shells stored in the magazine for possible use, but the fact that in such case they would not be suspended by ropes showed that there was design in such disposal, and this theory proved correct, for it was afterward ascertained that the Spanish officer, one Capt. Bernabe del Diego, fully expected the vessel to be boarded by the Americans. That he did not fill and prime the torpedoes was owing to the fact that the Cebu had not been used as an armed vessel and had no powder aboard, nor was it possible to obtain any. After the Spanish fleet had been destroyed and torpedoes and submarine mines were rendered useless, the powder contained in all torpedoes was taken out and devoted to other uses.

The torpedo shells were placed aboard by Capt. Diego in pursuance of a profound scheme of his own. He reasoned that in order for the Cebu to become totally worthless to the Americans she must burn up before sinking. She would not be permitted to burn up, however, if the Americans got the pumps to working on her, or if they turned to raising and throwing water in buckets themselves. One of the first things they would do, however, when they got aboard, would be to examine the magazines. If they should therein find a brace of torpedoes, adjusted to explode almost at any time, they would cut short their fire-fighting and leave the vessel. The vessel being thus abandoned, the fires would uninterruptedly burn, the plates would bulge and break, and the scheme of el Capitain would be accomplished, "to the glory of Spain and the great honor of the intrepid officer who so gallantly displayed the bravery of her sons."

The fact that there would be an American among those who should board the ship, who would be shrewd enough to hunt the sea valve and have the nerve to twist it, was a possibility wholly overlooked by the brave man from Spain; and to the fact that the particular person requisite to meet the situation came aboard was due the defeat of the Spanish project. The vessel was sunk to be sure, but she was raised without difficulty and without damage; and she has since been one of the most valued and useful vessels which Gen. Otis has had in operating against the Filipinos along the banks of the Pasig and the shores of the Laguna de Bay.

JOHN E. BENNETT.

AN ODD RELIGION.

THE SABBATEANS OF SALONICA, AND THEIR PECULIAR BELIEFS.

[Pall Mall Gazette:] Surely one of the oldest religions in the world is that of the Sabbateans of Salonica, of whom M. Danon has lately made a special study. The sect takes its name of one Sabbatai Cevi, a Smyrniote Hebrew, who flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, and so muddled himself by constant study of the Cabala that he gave himself out for the Messiah. Thanks to some bogus miracles, thousands of Hebrews flocked to his standard, and a serious revolt was on the point of breaking out, when the Pasha of the district captured him and offered him the choice of accepting Islam or being instantaneously shot. The story is that he chose the former alternative, and that his followers, disgusted by his apostasy, abandoned their belief in his Messiahship and returned to their former faith.

M. Danon's researches, however, show that the sect is not so extinct as has been thought. He had much difficulty in getting the information, and it was only the lucky accident of one of the faithful sending his waistcoat to be mended, without remembering that a sort of prayer book was stitched in the back, that threw any real light in his way. As it was, the tailor had just time to show the document to a friend, who took a copy, now in M. Danon's possession. From this it seems that the Deumeh (or converted,) as they are called by the Turks, still worship the God of Abraham under his Cabalistic name of the Infinite, and acknowledge as their "Lord and King" Sabbatai Cevi, whom they call "the true Messiah and their Redeemer." They are not to take false oaths in the name of God or His Messiah, are not to murder, "even though they hate any one," to bear false witness, nor to covet other people's goods. But they are to keep their faith a profound secret, and to live like Mussulmans, keeping the Moslem fasts and observing all their ceremonies without any scruple until the day when they are to "take vengeance for Israel," after which they will become angels. The mixture of gross and life-long hypocrisy with the practice of real virtues—it is especially said that there are no poor among them, every member of the community being willing to help at any time any of the others—is very typical of these apocalyptic sects. And in this faith more than a thousand families of Salonica believe.

much in this part of the Congo Free State would settle many geographical questions, such as the exact line of the great equatorial which occurred at the subsidence of the great tangle of the Lakes Albert, Albert Edward, Kinu and Tanganyika. From the western slopes of this long range, which is believed to be now mainly forested, rise the headwaters of the Welle-Muhangi, Aruwimi, Chofu, Lualaba, Lualaba, Luama and other rivers. How far east does the forest extend along this line? How far west do the plains reach? In what part of this region should be the center of the seismic disturbance, which made the great earth rent? How many volcanoes are still active along the gigantic mole which has been piled up in the chain of lakes? Though several explorers have traversed this region, their traverses are mere threads of thread, and disclose but little of its character.

We must not forget that the great lakes of Africa also offer tempting objects for intelligent research. We have seen as yet of the nature of their beds, or of their shores, or of their fauna, and their outlines have been but roughly sketched. Yet these lakes cover about seventy thousand square miles of Inner Africa. Moreover, it is only time that some explorer should come forward with the determination to ascertain the altitude of the Victoria Nyanza or Tanganyika by the theodolite and spirit level, and to make a trustworthy survey of these lakes.

South American Tracts.

The president of the Royal Geographical Society lately said that South America contained a larger unexplored area than Africa. Though the statement should not be taken too literally, it is certainly true that there are considerable areas awaiting exploration. West and Northwest Brazil contain several parts as little known to the European world as the darkest parts of Africa. The debatable territory between Ecuador and Southeastern Colombia; parts of Cuzco and La Paz, in Bolivia; the Peruvian Andes, the upper Basin of the Pilcomayo, and an extensive portion of Patagonia are regions of promise. A great part of the Andean Cordillera is completely unknown, both as to its topography and its geology.

The secrets of the plains of Argentina, of its renowned Patagonia, and of the Patagonian tableland are still waiting to be revealed. The fauna of the Andean lakes is still a mystery, those who are engaged in the study of the past history of mankind would find an ample harvest in those South American mountains, and finally those who should investigate the economic value of the physical conditions of that country would be well compensated for their labors of exploration there.

Old Asia.

Of late, since Col. Frejvalsky's explorations in Mid Asia, the world has been interested in the exploits of explorers like those of Younghusband, James Rockhill, Littledale and Ben Hedin, who have found something new even in that old continent. The twentieth century will not find Central Asia so difficult of access as it was during the nineteenth.

The great Siberian Railway will afford many a starting place for explorations to the south and the fifth part of the Asiatic continent which lies between Lake Baikal and the Himalaya range, furnishes a very large field for them. Ben Hedin has made a brilliant record in traversing the heart of Asia, and it would be singular if his successful expedition should not stimulate others to emulate his method and daring. Tibet has long withstood the attempt of travelers to penetrate it for a systematic survey. Our knowledge of the country, though, on the whole, considerable has been gained furtively and by snatches or in bits, and resembling somewhat the manner in which Europeans during the early part of this century attempted to reach the interior of Africa. Malaria and other man opposed them everywhere, just as the jealousy of the Chinese and superstitious ignorance of the Tibetans to modern travelers. Perseverance will conquer in the end and both Tibet and China will have to yield. Arabia of Persia await the Wallins, Palgrave, Burtons and others of the future, wise and tactful travelers acquainted in the languages of Oman and Ajim, learned in the history and saturated with eastern lore. The work of such will be to resurrect the dead past, delve into old ruins, revive the forgotten histories and formulate the methods by which those venerable races may be brought into touch and communion with the busy world of the twentieth century.

There are many tracts in Australia still unknown, but they may safely be left for the Australians, who have shown themselves peculiarly qualified in every way to solve all geographical questions affecting their interests.

Those of the twentieth century who may be inclined to explore the icy regions will have ample chance to test their powers. The last half of the nineteenth century has been exceedingly indifferent to polar lands and seas, though we are not altogether without splendid examples of what we could have done had we been so inclined. Kane, Greely, Peary, Nordenkjöld, Wiggins, Nansen and others have done marvelously well, and the map shows only too clearly what territory we have gained from the ice unknown north. Still a vast region remains. North of the 60-deg. parallel of latitude lies Greenland, Baffin Land, Northern Canada and Alaska, which contain large blank patches. The last years of the century have witnessed a growing interest in the northern extremity of our globe, and we are yet in doubt as regards the fate of our Arctic and his companions. In 1900 we shall probably hear of the departure of an Antarctic expedition to explore that vast circumpolar area extending over 30 deg. of latitude which lies in the southern hemisphere.

In this necessarily brief sketch of the explorations yet to be accomplished by the bold spirits of the coming century it must not be imagined that I have included all the tasks that must engage explorers. Hundreds upon hundreds will find ample work in correcting, revising and re-doing the hasty work performed by pioneers in Africa, America, Asia and Australia, until the highest point of accuracy and precision has been attained. There are signs that the world is getting impatient with sloven and inaccurate work, and expect superior merits in the explorers of the future. This is but natural, after being satiated with novelties, and another reason is perhaps that the increase in the number of geographical societies has been so great that the geographical public has become more learned and fastidious in its tastes and requires the best that can be obtained. As the societies are so willing to cough in exploring explorers and prepare them for their tasks, I have no doubt that such men as they need will be forthcoming and so amply endowed with physical powers and mental resources as any who ever ventured into the unknown.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

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SCHOLARS WILL MEET.

INTERUNIVERSITY ASSEMBLY TO BE
HELD AT PARIS.

By a Special Contributor.

PROF. PATRICK GEDDES, now in America, comes as a sort of envoy extraordinary in behalf of one of the most remarkable social and educational movements of the closing century. Though himself attached to the Scottish universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, he is the representative, for the time being, of M. Greard, president of the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, sometimes called "the mother of universities." The success of Prof. Geddes's mission will be followed during the coming exposition by what he terms "the vastest interuniversity assembly that has been held since the Middle Ages." Translated, his unique letter of introduction from M. Greard to the institutions of learning in the United States reads as follows:

"To the Faculties of the Universities of the United States of America, the President of the Council of the University of Paris—Gentlemen: Permit me to introduce and to accredit to you Prof. Geddes of the Scottish University of St. Andrews, whose task in the United States is to propagate the idea of the International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts and Education."

"As president of the French group of that association, and as president of the council of the University of Paris, I have it at heart to support with all my power the action of Prof. Geddes, in the firm hope that the work in which he asks cooperation will have as its result the establishment of more intimate relations among the universities of all countries, and, in particular, the strengthening of the bonds which already exist between the universities of the United States and those of France."

Unprecedented Hospitality Offered.

This letter only hints at the magnitude of the project referred to, and it would be impossible to do more than outline its manifold aspects in a newspaper article. In its furtherance unprecedented hospitalities will be extended by the University of Paris to students and scholars attending the exposition from every land. Assurances that these hospitalities will be accepted by the university men of Great Britain have already been received by Prof. Geddes. He has reason to expect an equally cordial reception of his proposition in this country, and there is no doubt of their acceptance in Italy, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Russia, the Scandinavian countries and Germany. The importance of all this can hardly be overestimated. It will lead to the association under favorable conditions of tens of thousands of cultivated men and women from every civilized country in the world who otherwise would not be likely to meet at all.

Perhaps the most striking feature of all is the circumstance that the magnificent new buildings which form the present home of the University of Paris, built since the reorganization of that ancient institution, are to be thrown open, virtually as a sort of club, to all who accept the Sorbonne's hospitality.

This, however, is by no means the most important element of the programme. Other noteworthy features are a great summer assembly to be held in the Palais des Invalides and the Trocadero, the zoo or more congresses of specialists, a series of specially-arranged excursions under the auspices of the University of Paris, a students' camp in the forest of Meudon, and so on.

It is worthy of note, by the way, that the forthcoming summer assembly, indeed, the entire programme, in a way, is a direct outgrowth of our own world-famous summer assembly at Chautauqua. Prof. Geddes himself was the first trans-Atlantic scholar to be attracted by the Chautauqua gathering, and it was through him that the summer school of the University of Edinburgh was established. It has been due to his influence, also, that a number of French educators have served as lecturers before the Edinburgh assemblies. They are now working side by side with him in furtherance of all the plans for what may almost be termed a universal reunion of students and scholars.

An "Open Door."

Although the initiative in the formation of the International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts and Education (under which title the project has been organized) was taken by university men, and while more university men will probably take advantage of the facilities offered than others, these facilities will by no means be restricted to professors, undergraduates and alumni. Any who wish may attend the lectures of the summer assembly or the sessions of the various congresses, and proper registration, showing such attendance, will carry with it the right to all the hospitalities offered by the Sorbonne.

And as there will be two commercial congresses in which many business men from various countries will be interested, four financial congresses that cannot fail to attract bankers, an assurance congress, an actuarial congress, a journalistic congress, and scores of others arranged for the benefit of men in all sorts of vocations, there is reason to expect that thousands, not university men at all, will avail themselves of the Sorbonne's "open door." The general plan and scope of the congresses follow the models set up in Chicago seven years earlier, which easily excelled in value all previous gatherings of the sort. But, profiting by the experience of the Chicago managers, the Paris authorities hope to make theirs even more valuable. There will be two women's congresses, an "Americanist" congress and a peace congress, and it is expected that these will be especially attractive to Americans.

"Congressists" and "Cookists."

There is one feature of the project put forward by the new international association which is distinctively novel, and likely to be found extremely valuable. It was suggested by Prof. Geddes and involves the utilization of many specialists from outside France who may attend the

exposition. Nearly all these specialists may fairly be expected to take part in the congresses, therefore Prof. Geddes classifies them roughly as "congressists." The mass of the exposition visitors will probably visit Paris under the guidance of the various excursion agencies, and these visitors the professor classifies as "Cookists." The novel feature of his project will be the employment of the "congressists" to interpret the exposition to the "Cookists."

Thus, one who is attending the forestry congress may act as guide, philosopher and friend in the department of forestry in the exposition itself; an anthropological "congressist" may fulfill a similar function in the big show's anthropological section; a geologist whose chief object in visiting Paris next summer is attendance on the geological congress may make himself useful to "Cookists" desiring intelligent guidance through the geological exhibit.

The advantages of this plan are obvious. It will furnish "guides"—if you choose to term them such—who possess thorough knowledge of each department, and of much greater intelligence than the guides of any previous world's fair. Moreover, through this plan Americans may be directed by men whose native tongue is English. Germans may be guided by Germans, and so on to the end of the chapter. The "congressist" guides will probably act in relays, so to speak, the tourists receiving interpretation from them being passed from the specialist in the geological section, for instance, to another specialist in the section devoted to railways, and, in like manner, from one to another till the entire round of the big show has been made. Of course, the presence of the foreign specialist as a guide will shut out neither the French specialist who wishes to act in a similar capacity nor the ordinary professional guide.

Recruiting For the Congresses.

Prof. Geddes believes that this scheme will add immensely, if indirectly, to the attendance of clever young men at the congresses. Many of the best-known lights in each department of human endeavor will attend the exposition and take part in the congresses, as a matter of course, and the value of their participation in these gatherings is fully appreciated. But at the best they will not be numerous enough to "go round." There are in



PROF. PATRICK GEDDES.

every land, however, many young specialists, clever, ambitious and well learned. These will be the Edisons, the Kelvins, the Faradays of the future; they are wanted at next summer's congresses quite as much as the gray beards of science. The "intelligent interpretation" feature of the Sorbonne's scheme will make possible the presence of many among these who could not otherwise afford the time and expense involved in a visit to the exposition.

Prof. Geddes considers his work in "recruiting" for the congresses second to no other part of his efforts. He landed in New York late in December and has spent most of his time since then in conferring with the authorities of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Columbia. In New York he was the guest of the League for Social Service. The remainder of his stay, which will last until some time in March, will be devoted to conferences with the authorities of Cornell, Chicago, Oberlin, Ann Arbor, Madison and as many other American universities and colleges as he can find time to visit. At all these institutions he will be on the lookout for bright young men possessing of special aptitudes with reference to their becoming congressists in Paris next summer. He will also arrange to have the search continued after his return to the other side. The great distance to be traversed will preclude his visiting the Pacific Coast, but he will place himself in communication with the universities of the Slope before leaving this country.

Prof. Geddes and His Work.

Patrick Geddes is an important factor in the world of education and affairs abroad. Besides being prominent in university work, he is virtually the prime force in the remarkable movement for the reconstruction of old Edinburgh, which has attracted world-wide attention in recent years. This movement has resulted in the wiping out of many of Edinburgh's most offensive slums, and eventually will do away with all of them.

Prof. Geddes is slightly below the medium height. He is still a young man, being only 45. He wears a full beard and mustache, and his head is crowned with a thick mop of hair, which stands out as if electrified. His features are striking. His cerebration is remarkably rapid. He believes thoroughly in whatever he undertakes. On the other side he knows nearly every one worth knowing, both in Great Britain and on the continent, and his American acquaintance is also extensive.

As a matter of fact, it was Prof. Geddes who started

the present project of the University of Paris. He suggested to him soon after the London Peace Conference that Englishmen to boycott the Paris Exposition. The Times also advised a usual joint meeting of the British Association and the French Association for the Advancement of Science. Prof. Geddes prevented the adoption of this movement for which he is now laboring with opposition at first, both in Great Britain and in France, and the result was the organization of a national association he now represents, with M. Greard, late Minister of Education and a member of the Hague Peace Conference, and M. Liard, Minister of Education, as secretaries. Being a man of education, as a university man, Prof. Geddes strove to attract interest persons not wholly academic in their views, with complete success. M. Maunou, the president of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, and the banker, being among them. The French group of the association, with M. Greard as president, followed, and then came the work of the British group. It also was successful, and the members includes many of the best known of the subjects. Prof. Geddes is himself secretary of the group, while James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and Sir Archibald Geikie, president of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, are members.

One of the most annoying obstacles first encountered was the impossibility of getting space convenient for the exposition authorities for the summer assembly was due to the tardy beginning of the work was not undertaken till virtually all the space was apportioned. But the result was unexpectedly since it was what led to the throwing open of the Sorbonne, the Trocadero and the Bois de Boulogne to the assembly. In these beautiful and spacious structures this gathering will be more magnificent than any previous summer assembly has been. Meetings will be held in the Sorbonne's grand hall decorated with Puvis de Chavannes's famous murals of mural painting.

The formation of an American section of the international association is an important part of the mission here.

FROM THE FRONT IN AFRICA.

THE VARIED CAREER OF A YOUTH WHO HAS
THE NATAL MOUNTED POLICE.

[London Leader:] One of the most interesting of the Natal mounted police today is a youth of 25, George Whitten, who has managed to crowd 25 years of his young life with the varied experiences of choirboy, cowboy, artist's model, sailor and soldier. His mother is the daughter of the late Viscountess of the British navy. His mother married a clergyman in Natal, but after his death she came to New York, where the Church of England was the Brothers of Nazareth, educated the boy. He was to be a clergyman. The nearest he got was to be a boy at a fashionable New York church. At his clerical fervor suddenly evaporated and he turned himself to a western ranch man. He soon tired of that and moved on to Florida, where he tried to join the Rough Riders when the Spanish war broke out. He was 14, so they wouldn't have him.

Meantime his mother married Gilbert Gaud, an artist, and returning home to nurse the mother who had been wounded by the stigma of infidelity, posed as an artist's model for his stepfather's original of the wounded gunner's boy in Gustave's "The Turret." He next tried to get in the British navy, but his English birth stood in the way, so he contented himself with second steward's mate on an African steamer, which he deserted at Durban.

The next his mother heard of him was that he had joined the mounted police, where he was to be a Kaffir laborer. One day last month his mother received a letter dated October 7, in which George called that "I have joined the mounted police, so you see, I'm not a Kaffir laborer. I've been in the force for three years for three years at least, I've been in the front." There the record ends for the perfect

HOW INDIAN APPROPRIATIONS ARE MADE.

[Washington Post:] "We have a unique situation in the Indian Affairs Committee," Representative Curtis of Kansas, "for preparing the Appropriation Bill. The chairman, Representative Curtis of New York, has sent out notices for the committee next week. I suppose we will be able to get the bill in a few days, where once it used to take months as long. Some years we have been able to get the bulk of the work in one day."

"In the earlier days, especially when the late Representative Holman of Indiana was chairman, the committee proceedings were followed. When the bill was placed before the members, the Indian Commissioner and certain of his subordinates were summoned to the Capitol. They were heard, and the committee made inquiries. But always there were delays, and the members would want information that the official would give offhand. It would be necessary for them to go to the records in the bureau, and accordingly they would have to wait till some other day."

"More recently we adopted another idea. We had the Indian Commissioner to fix up a room in the Capitol where the committee could assemble. Now, ready to make up the annual bill, all hands were down to the Indian Bureau. There the official records at hand. We can ask questions and get answers. Any subordinate or division chief who wanted to enlighten the committee in its work can be summoned immediately. Thus our work is dispatched, and out of the way in short order."

COULDN'T HEAR IT.

[New York Weekly:] Hostess. Did you hear "Lohengrin" performed in Paris?
Returned Tourist. No. I was in London at the time and the wind was blowing the wrong way.

AN IDLER'S NOTEBOOK. IN A MEXICAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

By a Special Contributor.

Every day before I had climbed the Pyramid of the Sun and the Pyramid of the Moon at Teotihuacan; that day, breakfasted, I had gone to the Flower Market, and to mass in the great cathedral; I had afterwards, unceremoniously, all over and around about the altitudes of Our Blessed Lady at Guadalupe, had accumulated in the market places a large collection of jewelry for friends in the States.

The facts as set down in this preamble produced a certain humor, as well as an inordinate longing for a good dinner. The longer, I can now see, was foreordained—I felt, that I might look with rapture and enforced attention upon a Mexican banquet, but that one gringo might sit down and eat thereof and arise triumphant, with no permanently impaired.

When late in the afternoon, I reached the hotel, and was told that the special car for the S— Minister's ball left within an hour, I was, indeed, dismayed. There was no margin whatever for a siesta, nor for a pilgrimage to the monument; there was hardly time for a bath and a change of dress. We stuffed part of our fixings into a party trunk, and made frantic haste, and we just missed the car. But, ere we had slain ourselves, before we were well started in lamentations, our generous hosts, who remained coolly at home and read a copy of *Don Quixote* (he remained coolly at home and read a copy of *Don Quixote*) donated the modest sum of five dollars for our car fare, and we four were soon jogging toward the country house of the S— minister, a private street-car of our very own.

On the way, when we reached the village of our hosts, an ancient and picturesque one, about fifteen miles from the capital city. The cobbled and grassy streets wound distractingly between high, stone walls, over which drooped branches of strange trees, dripping in the noiseless rain. We were not so very, very happy as we groped along. The great darkness and the silence seemed ominous. There were great lanterns (three, to be accurate, and swinging from massive iron brackets) above the entrances to country-houses that threw weak, yellow rays down the black and glistening streets; but amidst fantastic shadows and only momentarily dispelled the fear of lurking brigands in long cloaks, with gleaming daggers. These two dark, muttering figures before us—were they poisoners and assassins? The setting of the sun was not reassuring.

A Royal Mexican Welcome.

At last, and before our gowns were quite crushed and our faces weary, we arrived. This fact, evolved so tediously, was announced with the greatest possible satisfaction through the medium of the big iron knocker. (It was a good knocker, a very good, old knocker, and I noticed that it was much riveted to one of the massive doors.) Journeying by rail, by stage-coach, by canoe and by mule are common experiences, but it is the arrival that in Mexico is particularly charming. The servants and the dogs are all so glad to see you, and the host and his family are so sure you, over and over again, not of your welcome, merely, but of your ownership of everything in the house. Then the maids and their children and their grandmothers all look after your comfort in the most gratifying way. In Mexico, there is no chill moment connected with the arrival.

We were too late for the dinner, and the amateur orchestra which preceded the ball, but (and I thanked my hosts) we were in good time for the supper. Thirty hours, of course, and fate had given me but two little red roses and some mere dots of sweet cakes and a mouthful of chocolate over at the sacred well of Our Lady—plus two delicious while dressing for the ball. This would have been niggardly, had it not been positively munificent; the sticky chalybeate water made it magnificent. Taken liberally, one drop of that liquid is a slight draft on the host for another trip to Mexico. Very unfortunately, the perfectly-consoling fact was not revealed to me until daylight had elapsed. Therefore, when the procession moved for the supper-rooms on the other side of the house, and a Mexican young man, in powdered wig and eighteenth-century regimentals (he had been hoping for a minute) entreated me to honor him with my company thither, I could have wept with delight. But I only smiled, and tried not to look ravenous.

This country place of the S— minister was indeed charming, even on a black night and in a dreary rain. Two centuries and more ago, it was the property of a Spanish Marquis—him who planned the pleasure-garden, which, on that wet, moonless evening of the ball, we were not permitted to see. Of course, the village rambled in the approved Mexican style all around four sides of a big patio, or paved inner court, beautiful with rare trees and flowers and festoonings of delicate vines. A stroll along the corridor on two sides of the patio brought us to the supper-rooms, lofty, Frenchified apartments, softly lighted with candles and echoing with merry small talk in many languages.

Some Discussed in Diverse Tongues.

The long table, with its candelabra, its superb roses, its glittering array of tall bottles and unfamiliar viands—red, too, with all those un-American faces opposite—seemed like nothing but a French print. It was very, very decorative, but it was so unreal; nothing seemed distinctly real, but my individual hunger.

At my right was a Mexican gentleman, whose English, translated by an interpreter, was limited to an interjection "He" and a variety of bows; next him, was the charming hostess, who spoke everything except English; on my left, was a vivacious little lady, who, I joyously discovered, knew six English adjectives and two nouns. I could boast scores of Spanish nouns and adjectives and adjectives, together with three verbs, we naturally be-

came much attached to each other during the progress of that feast.

Now, chemically speaking, a Mexican party-supper is equal to the sum total of the first rabbit of the boarding-school miss, the young wife's first fritters, and to hot pie for breakfast, plus tripe and amateur lobster salad and wedding cake for supper. It would seriously upset the digestion of a goat, certainly that of any gringo that ever came to the republic, unless preceded by a thirty-hour fast. There were, I remember, twelve sorts of meats, many, many wines and eight dulces, not one of which was an old acquaintance. I lost count of the other experiments, many of which, though spiced and garnished very mysteriously, I essayed and regretted not. My accumulated hunger was certainly my physical salvation.

After a time, I was impelled to whisper to the little maid for a cup of water. In some way, alas, the host heard of the heresy, and came with a perturbed expression begging to be informed if I were ill or the wines not pleasing. My preference for distilled water (of which there was less than one quart in that great establishment) was, in Mexico, actually incomprehensible, and I felt that I had disgraced myself, and had annoyed the most royal of hosts. He was famed locally for his rare wines. At last, however, through a great American diplomat, an explanation was made that satisfactorily explained, and, later, when making our adieu, I was cordially included in an invitation to dine with the Minister, and family on the very next Sunday. We left the ball very early, at about 3 o'clock, while most of the others remained to breakfast in the garden. It was only on leaving that I was made to understand that adieu at a Mexican party must not be stinted, but made to each guest, while all the others frankly stare. It will be quite impossible to forget that long, white and gold room, with the blaze of lights at each end, the corners deep with chaperons. These chaperons would have embraced me after the fashion of the stage-parent, and have kissed me on cheeks and forehead, had that not been my first appearance; it was a pretty ceremony to watch. The floor was thronged with young men and maidens with compound names that I could not spell even phonetically. The next time, I shall certainly remain to breakfast.

A Day of Delight.

Very unfortunately, the Sunday-dinner invitation had to be regretted, but later on came an entire day in this country home, with the Minister's charming but non-English-speaking wife and his talented, merry daughters.

There were wine and French cakes in the salon, immediately on arrival; and a distressingly long powwow in Spanish, of course, and so mellifluous, so elaborate, that the mere thought of the dialect of the Hoosier State and the Bowerly was a positive refreshment. And then, we had a half hour of Wagner and Schumann, very admirably interpreted by a native daughter of the republic, just back from her school in Germany.

Most of that delightful day was passed in the green twilight of the splendid old garden—a pleasure-garden of exceptional beauty, planned by a Spanish nobleman of taste and wealth, two hundred years ago. There were possibly forty acres in the high-walled inclosure, and along the broad walks and under the great, strange trees that arched high above, were enchanting tangles of the rarest shrubs and flowers. There were the ruined baths, the mossy arches draped with rose-vines; the bowling-alley—grottoes, summer-houses, and, at an intersection of many shady paths, there was a ruined shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The tender, green gloom of such a garden—and its great and eloquent peace—inspired a pleasing melancholy; it is so very sweet to be sad sometimes—when there is no occasion whatever for sadness.

As she led the way to the dining-room, the hostess phrased a graceful yet earnest apology in Spanish, supplemented by her daughters, in a sprightly chorus of French, German and English. I was much obliged for the English, and, of course, pained extremely to learn that the cook-lady of the household, having attended a fiesta in the city, was already several days behind schedule time. She had evidently mixed her pulque with a potion that made her forgetful of common little things like Time and Duty; so the cooking in the Minister's household, devolving upon young sub-cooks, of more certain habits, but reputedly less talent, the gentle hostess feared we would find nothing really fit to eat. If one has a vast sympathy for the down-trodden and distressed, if he is skilled in the ethics of consolation, he should abide in Mexico, and give ear to the jeremiads of the Mexican housewife with a household of servants.

A Simple Luncheon.

It was an unusually simple luncheon we had that day, and we sat at table only one hour and twenty-five minutes, for there were only eight courses. The simple luncheons of Mexico are a composite of French, Spanish, Italian and native cooking that makes a plain Yankee apprehensively yearn for plain bread and cheese and applesauce. In spite of the interrupted romancing and dreaming in the ancient garden on the other side of the patio, the gringo portion of that luncheon disappeared in a manner quite disheartening to a lary cook. Here is a true and faithful copy of the menu from my notes, scribbled that evening, when we had returned to the hotel in an unexpected and drenching rain—my umbrella, a parasol of white silk and chiffon.

Soup.

Spiced rice.

Sardines. Eggs scrambled with tomatoes.

Mutton chops. Summer squash chopped and fried with chilis and tomatoes.

Roast pork with boiled potatoes. French bread.

Cabbage roses fried whole. Green-chili sauce.

Frijoles.

Dulces. French cakes. Three wines and beer.

I sent my regards to the sub-cooks, when the dulces were taken away, but I considerably withheld the private opinion that promotions in that kitchen were in order, and the return of the chief-cook a matter of merited indifference—for the young ladies of the household could not be induced to eat of the pottage prepared by the humble little subs.

A Day Dream.

Then we strolled out into the dreamy old garden again

to a summer-house near the big fountain, where we had fruit and coffee, and where we listened to the legend of hidden treasures and ghosts. I greatly preferred the ghosts. The shadows grow longer and longer, and the cool, violet-scented air gently tossed the greenery, which rioted along the mossy, yellowed wall. And then, as I lazily stirred my coffee and grudgingly paid conversational tribute, I espied in the green gloom of the distant paths wraiths of certain beautiful ladies and brave lords—they who once lived in the pages of old Spanish romances and Italian ballads—they who once lived and tragically died (most of them) in old-time dramas. They strolled nearer, after a time, plucking roses and jasmine sprays. They paused at the fountain's edge, with clasped hands and exceeding tender glances; before tearfully parting, some of them knelt at the little, old, blue and yellow shrine. (One of the tiles from that shrine now does acceptable service as a paper-weight on my writing desk; it was, I beg to explain, a gift from the youngest daughter.) Their happy laughter, their extravagant protestations, their reluctant farewells, I distinctly saw, but heard not; for, in the sun, those fine ladies in soft brocades and agleam with jewels (fine ladies wore diamonds even to breakfast in those days,) cast no shade. Neither did their cavaliers, so handsome in doublets and hose, with velvet Romeo cloaks and plumed caps and dangling rapiers.

Yes, while I made a pretense of sipping black, syrupy coffee—while the others were eating blue figs and merrily punning in four languages—I distinctly beheld, trooping up and down those ancient garden paths right before us, dainty ladies and bold lords of the picturesque long ago.

The memory of that old Mexican garden is, to one gringo, a great and an unchanging joy, a memory ineffaceable.

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

THE LAST BANDS IN BATTLE.

USED TO LEAD THE BRAVE BULGARIANS ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE BATTLE OF SLIVNICA.

[Pall Mall Gazette:] The short though sanguinary campaign between Bulgaria and Serbia in the autumn of 1885 witnessed the last instance of the employment of bands during active hostilities and here, too, the example set by Skobelev was pushed to a truly startling extreme. The third day of the battle of Slivnica found the Servians apparently impregnable posted on the steep hills in the neighborhood of Dragoman. Nothing daunted, however, the brave Bulgarians formed for frontal attack, and Gen. Banderoff issued the extraordinary order that every battalion of infantry would be not only accompanied but headed by its band playing the "Djumi Maritsa," the national air. Accordingly the charging battalions toiled up the ascent in this formation, the bands never ceasing playing for one instant. A German officer attached to the staff of Prince Alexander of Battenberg in recording his experiences, states that the progress of each unit could be easily followed by the crescendo and diminuendo of the music. In the most exposed places the air became thin and ragged, and the rattle of the bullets on the brass instruments was plainly audible from the valley below. Then, when the crest was reached, and the Servians broke and fled, the "Djumi Maritsa" swelled forth again in victorious volume. Strange to relate, though, the casualties among the musicians were nothing like as serious as one would have expected.

Since 1857, when the "Queen's Regulations" have laid down that bandmen are to be effective as soldiers, to be perfectly drilled, and to be liable to serve in the ranks in any emergency, the bands of British regiments have discarded all musical responsibilities when accompanying their units on active service. But there is one comparatively recent instance—it is the last on record—of a British military band finding themselves in action with their instruments about them. At the present juncture the engagement at Bronkhorst Spruit, on December 30, 1880, possesses peculiar significance, and the details of that treacherously-planned disaster are, alas! too familiar to need recapitulation. Therefore it only concerns this paper to point out that the band of the ambuscaded Ninety-fourth Regiment, under Col. Anstruther, was in its usual place at the head of the column, and was abruptly stopped playing by the terrible volley which so unexpectedly commenced the first Boer war. The musicians, indeed, suffered heavily in this one-sided affair, for their instruments and comparative helplessness rendered them an easy target—a circumstance of which the Boers took every advantage, as the casualty returns will testify.

THE ORIGIN OF "HOW!"

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] They were all sitting around a table in the Gibson House café, Fanny and a few other congenial spirits. Some one ordered a drink, and when it came and every one was about to raise his glass Fanny said: "How!" It is an expression that is heard in a café hundreds of times a day, and yet few people know its origin. Seated in the crowd at the table in the Gibson House was an army officer, and some one said: "Where in the world did this expression 'how' come from?"

Then the army officer laughed and said: "Draw close, my children, and I will tell you." And he did.

"How" is an expression used by every man when he drinks, but it had its beginning in a joke. Years ago, when the army was engaged in driving the red man further and further toward the setting sun, the officers had many experiences with the Indians. Many powwows and meetings were held, and at those assembled many Indians who could speak but a few words of English. Army officers are proverbially hospitable, and at these powwows they always produced a bottle and asked the chiefs to drink. In those days the officers said to the chiefs: "I drink to your good health." The chiefs, who knew but a few words of English, always replied, "How." The thing started as a joke, but every army officer fell into the habit of saying "How," and now it is recognized as the proper thing to say when drinking, particularly when doing so with the sons of Mars.

HE HAD NONE.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] "Mammy, did Gawge Washington hev any chillen?" asked little Ephraim.

"Naw, chile," said Auntie, solemnly, "he died fatherless."

X-RAY DEVELOPMENTS.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT,
Author of "Mariposilla," "The Broad Aisle," etc.

XII—THE LIVING EPISTLE OF TRUTH.

A YOUNG mother sewed upon a little frock, and her heart sang with her voice. Children played about her in the room with innocent joy. She often looked up from her work to watch them. How rich I am, she thought. What a great part in life has fallen to my share. I am a wife and mother, loving and beloved! What more have I to ask for?

The open door darkened. A shadow fell before it like a somber curtain. A large, impressive woman stood within the frame, and the pleading sunshine stayed without. The stranger's rich, heavy garments filled the narrow space, and chased the dancing beams of light from the threshold.

"I have come to enlarge your angle of vision," the stylish apparition frankly announced. "I am your neighbor, and have long felt your need of personal contact with some broadening influence. Your domestic environment has narrowed your life!"

The astonished little woman arose from her sewing. "Will you be seated?" she said, politely.

The visitor complied. She folded her large, white hands with satisfaction, and gazed about her.

"Do you dust all these things every day?" she asked, pityingly.

"Cleanliness approaches godliness," the other quickly rejoined. "My mother taught me the beauty and sweetness of an orderly home when I was but a little girl."

The large, dark woman smiled compassionately. "Times have changed," said she. "Your poor mother's angle of vision was doubtless very narrow. The day has passed when women live to hunt cobwebs and polish pewter plates. The husband's stomach has declined with the Roman empire. Now a man may only eat to live; his judicious, well-informed wife has wisely decreed that he shall not live to eat. It gives me such pleasure to meet with young matrons," she went on, calmly. "So often they are influenced by the foolish prejudices of domestic mothers. These good women are still noble relics of their narrow time, but for those of us who have reached out after truth there is a different destiny. Our atmosphere is charged with virile force. Truth is knowledge; knowledge is truth. The fin-de-siècle woman has passed beyond the dull limits of her household. Now she gives out, and receives from others in return. The new century hangs above her, and already she hears the chimes of progress sounding forth the long-hidden truths of the next hundred years!"

Happy children galloped through the room. The glorious prospectus for the future seemed rudely challenged, and the speaker frowned. The young mother motioned the little ones to go outside. Obeyingly, and with joyous laughter they pranced into the garden's sunshine.

"Whoo! whoo!" cried the eldest boy. He drove his twin sisters in a merry team, hitched with a pair of scarlet, knitted reins. Tiny bells jingled as they ran, while a baby brother abounded in the rear. The dark, large neighbor shook her head in grave concern.

"The little girls should drive the boys," she explained. "The time has passed when women draw the ox cart. Our sons should be taught the equality of their sisters' rights, then as husbands they will respect the individual interests of their wives. As I was observing, when the children broke the thought, progress whispers to our awakening era. Billions of electric eyes flash greetings to new-born opportunity, and the piercing X-ray darts forth truth. Science, philosophy and art stand alert."

A shriek from outside checked the eloquent flow, while a child with a bleeding nose rushed in. The baby had fallen before the mad heels of his wild-horse sisters, and reckless brother Jehu was soon accounting for the unfortunate accident as best he could.

"I told him to keep out of the way," the frightened driver explained. "He just would get in front of the team, and, of course, he fell down."

The mother gathered her weeping son in her arms. "Excuse me for a moment?" she begged, nervously. She left the room with her weeping burden.

When she returned the sorrows of the little one had fled. The blood had been cleansed from his dimpled face, and his tongue had loosened with the realization of fresh importance.

"Me not like bad Henry," he declared, resentfully. "Me stay with mother and eat sugar."

"Brother's very sorry that the horses ran away," the mother explained gently. She placed the little fellow on the floor, and gave him a cube of sugar from the dainty tea table. The small, white teeth went to work in high glee, and the undaunted visitor resumed the broken thread of her gratuitous argument.

"Motherhood is sadly distracting," she observed. "I always feel an intense sympathy for the young woman hedged about with the necessary restraints of the nursery. I ever exhort her to patience, but I also enjoin the casting off of unnecessary care."

She leaned forward and scanned the little frock upon which the young mother was sewing.

"All this work is quite useless, my dear, dear woman!" she reproved, severely. "I am the apostle of simplicity, and I long to see the white woman's burden rolled over the precipice of reform into the deep abyss of the unprogressive past. All these needless stitches are distracting to your mental growth. You should eliminate petty vanities, and dress your little ones entirely with a view to hygiene. Figuratively speaking, a little flour sack with a string at the top would answer every purpose of the child's necessity. Simplicity! simplicity! I cry it to all foolish young mothers. I am a living epistle for truth and simplicity, and I long to send my message broadcast. I live to convert willing female slaves to the higher service of progressive times."

The young mother looked earnestly upon the dainty frock. The crime of its prettiness had not occurred to her before. She had cut and made the little garment in odd

moments, and the material had cost but a trifle. As she fastened the last stitch on a tiny baby buttonhole, the realization of her incessant, patient, womanly economies began to fortify her timid spirit. She glanced covertly at the expensive costume worn by the imposing apostle of simplicity. Her own plain gown, blurred from notice before the rich creation of her truth-loving visitor. The tailor's arbitrary lines had marked the woman's proud, full figure for his own. The gown was perfect. The swish of silken linings and the gleam of satin petticoats beneath sent a quick flush to the young wife's cheeks. She had never dared to aspire to a similar outfit. The irreproachable elegance of the unbidden guest was a burlesque upon her free epistle. The market value of the caller's simple equipment was possibly less than \$3000. A golden wedding band and one pure gem dressed the younger woman's industrious hands; the long fingers of the apostle glowed with tiers of jewels. Her large, demonstrative members smote the humble air with flashing fire as she argued for the broadened scope of feminine opportunity.

"No woman can afford to neglect the absorbing questions of the day," she continued, blandly. "Take, for example, the dramatic issue now in process of discussion in regard to the actual moment of the new century's birth. Our husbands, our fathers and our brothers huddle in vain about this truth. A sovereign pits his stolid opinion against the autocratic voice of the press, while the world waits impatiently for woman to decide the momentous matter. Woman, the author and finisher of enlarged intuition, must come to the front and dauntlessly face the pros and cons of the impending quarrel. Do you suppose that the young mother who bears a son between the present date and the first of next January will submit for one instant to the mad, dogmatic opinion of Emperor William of Germany? No; she will stand up firmly for the fin-de-siècle census, and herald her child to the world as a nineteenth-century boy."

Thus far the young matron had made no attempt to do otherwise than follow the brilliant remarks of her guest. She was not expected to reply to unanswerable statements, but from force of foolish habit she began to question the grace of her hospitality. Possibly she was related to the kind sisterhood of Martha, who have done much serving from the beginning of the populated world.

"While you talk I will draw you a cup of tea," she interrupted, bravely.

Her guest smiled a pleased acceptance of the refreshing service, and the young hostess left her sewing and went to the tea table. She started a spirit lamp beneath a shining kettle, and the stranger resumed:

"We catch again the thread of our interrupted thought, and pass on to the deeper import of the pending discussion. There is so much behind the simple question of the century's actual birth. If women are not strong enough to decide the issue, it will never be positively settled. Decades hence the countless children born upon our own and distant continents during the present important year will be unable to substantiate the true era of their existence. Imagine, then, the opportunity for a decrease in morals. At one time a young woman may deem it an advantage to place her birth in the nineteenth century; at a later period she may dissimulate, and knock off from her life twelve full months by the simple statement that she was born in the twentieth. If you follow the thought through all of its devious windings you will readily see the force of my argument. If truth be absent, all is lost. Imagine the moral influence of the young woman's conflicting statements. In her foolish desire to become of age she adheres tenaciously to the sensible edict of the Los Angeles Times; later, when she has passed beyond her adolescent bloom, she embraces the rash, dogmatic opinion of the German Emperor, and places her first innocent veil in the annals of a later century. She easily deceives a blinded lover, but as time advances the far-seeing husband begins to doubt the age of his wife. Fruitless discussions arise. Controversy, and then undignified quarrels ensue. The sacred portals of the home are invaded with dark doubts and grim suspicions. The husband grows morose, and the wife hysterical. Outside parties attract the attention of each. Affections are gradually estranged, and sooner or later comes divorce!"

The kettle was now steaming gayly. Its domestic purr sang double time to the serious intoning of the Living Epistle. The young housekeeper filled a dainty cup with the amber beverage she had just drawn, and brought it timidly forward.

"Do you take lemon?" she asked, somewhat nervously. A befeathered hat, and a large, white, jeweled hand waved affirmatively. The little hostess dropped a thin, yellow circle into the tea, and quickly intruded a plate of tempting nut cakes. Her guest responded absently, while she dangerously poised the beautiful Dresden cup and saucer upon her agitated knee.

"You have doubtless followed me, and I dare say you are beginning to understand the vast importance of my plea?" she questioned, with a presumptive smile. "I confess that I came to you almost with reluctance. Now I perceive that you respond delightfully." She smiled again, with a broad, humanitarian influence, and clinched her large, white teeth upon a crisp, sweet cookie. It fell to the floor, and the alert baby scrambled after it. He caught up the prize gleefully, but in the act of gaining full possession he struck against the Living Epistle's knee, and sent the Dresden cup and saucer to hopeless ruin.

"Naughty boy!" the mother chided, in deep dismay. She gathered up the broken china with rising embarrassment, and then brought forward a fresh cup of tea.

"Never mind," the guest said, calmly. "It was a pretty cup, but the tea will taste as delightful from another. These little matters are soon forgotten when we begin to reach out after that which is really important. I always endeavor to impress the young housekeeper with the luxury of simplicity. 'Don't burden your entertainments with elegance,' I entreat her, earnestly. 'Behold me,' I often say. Behold the Living Epistle of simplicity and truth, who, after long experience and divers hospitality, can now assemble her friends to a feast of reason and a flow of soul. A simple cup of hot water and a tablet of malted milk are all-sufficient for the requirements of an afternoon tea. I often draw choice minds about me with even less; and, my dear, young friend, hearken to my little sermon."

The Epistle leaned affectionately forward. She placed

the tips of her fingers upon the arm of the deep, highly-polished nails and flashing jewels fell in dazzling entreaty.

"Dear, dear child," she implored, with a higher scope—

The telephone sounded from the next room. The harassed young woman arose with a new, very sorry, but my husband wished to see me at 4 o'clock."

The Living Epistle bowed stiffly. When conversation flourished through the "phone," acutely, and soon drew intelligent conclusions. The wife hung up the receiver, she knew that she was not coming home to supper. A noble opportunity at hand.

"Does your husband often remain away from his meal?" she questioned, sympathetically.

"Very seldom," was the concise reply.

"So many young husbands do," she rejoined. "Mine is the exception to the rule," she declared. "This evening he expects to dine with an old college friend. He would have come home to a simple supper, but our cook has a vacation, and he considerably remonstrated with little children and no nurse maid, it is not to entertain a perfect stranger."

The Living Epistle coughed. "I trust I am a distant friend?" said she.

The young mother smiled politely, and the eldest son. "Father wishes you to go away for a few moments," she explained. "He is bringing something home, and also meet his old friend. Go wash your face and hands, and brush your hair, and be in a lower voice."

The handsome boy obeyed eagerly, and his brother and the twins escorted him to the front porch as clear once more, and the Living Epistle burst forth afresh.

"These husbands are a grievous anxiety, and the standard is so mediocre, and his angle of vision narrowed down to the wretched realism of the other spectacular vulgarities. It is so difficult to the higher consciousness of our masculine world. I sometimes feel that woman, with her higher and higher ideals, might soar far beyond the intelligence if only she could find release from the tradition of ages. If only she might remain pure, no contaminating, weakening, distracting influence, what heights of intellectual development might be attained? Science has stopped just short of the breath. The X ray now reveals the deepest secrets of the body. Is it reasonable to believe that the day give out the vital spark which produces you examined your husband's heart with the X ray?" the Living Epistle asked, with dramatic conviction.

The young wife's cheeks flamed scarlet. She doubted the true beat of my husband's heart, perfect confidence in his love," she answered.

The Living Epistle of Truth smiled again. She took a small electric battery, with a small attachment, from her pocket.

"This little case contains the most powerful direct truth in existence," she explained. "I will show you how to discover the truth of your husband's sickle organ."

"My husband's heart is all my own," she replied loyally. "I have never yet stolen a march upon his of his vital property. I consider it a hand proceeding to suspect the pulse of the heart, I faithfully toils for the support of his family, and for one instant that the fractional part of my own. I would rather die than acknowledge one. I have always been his honorable wife, never kissed him to see if he had been unfaithful. I assure you that I will never avail myself of an amateur battery to discover either my husband's infidelity."

The Living Epistle was thoroughly satisfied. The young woman's spirit moved her to fresh words.

"My dear child," said she, "you appear to be the very unjust character of an enemy. I come to you in the interest of truth, and I look upon things as they really are, not as they seem to have them." She spread the broad palms of her hands, and waved them each way with a convincing grace. "I am frequently misunderstood," she said. "The sorrows of the public woman are first lesson in reform is to control herself, to come deaf and blind to the harsh criticisms. Her personal feeling must be set aside, and she must come the living epistle of truth. As I have said, dear, I come to you this afternoon through the most unselfish motives. I never thrust my unwelcome ear." She smiled with tightened lips, her white teeth gleamed in relenting sympathy. She put away the little battery, if you desire, with me, believing that you would be interested in scientific search after truth. Its discovery is my aim, and I had hoped to show you the skeleton in my closet."

"My husband has no skeleton in his closet," the wife stoutly affirmed.

The dazzling teeth of the Epistle shone, and the dear, foolish, little woman," she resumed, with compassion. "Your husband has not only a skeleton, but also a secret closet in this very house, where he has whitened bones of his riotous past." She smiled slyly; and, as she fully expected, the young wife burst into tears.

"I will not believe you," she sobbed. "There is no closet in this house. I have swept and dusted every space in my home with my own hands. My posture was returning. She wiped her eyes with the Living Epistle of Truth with quiet dignity. She have you to embellish my happy life with your demands, fiercely. "Spring and fall I come from garret to cellar. I go through each room with wifely care. Not even a moth has been comfortable hiding spot in my husband's wardrobe. There is no secret cranny on these premises."

not unusual. It is impossible that a closet should exist in this house without my knowing its exact location. I returned the house in which I live entirely, and my unselfish husband made no suggestions."

"You are innocent, dear child," the Epistle answered. "Your confidence in your husband is very sweet, but later you will grow wiser. If you do not gradually prepare yourself for the acceptance of truth, you will find your life enmeshed with the overwhelming billows of sorrow and loneliness. Believe me, dear friend, you should not shrink from the simple truth. It weakens your character to close your eyes before the unavoidable. Look your destiny directly in the face. Accept your horoscope with womanly composure, and as time passes you will rise beyond the petty annoyances of temporal things. You will be able to see beyond! beyond!" She gazed impressively before her.

The young wife turned quickly, perchance to catch the pathetic vision that appeared to float outside the open door. Her four children came racing down the street. Their little arms were filled with flowers, and the Epistle of Truth frowned. The interruption was most unfortunate. She toyed with the pocket battery in nervous haste.

"Would you like to see the secret closet and the hidden skeleton?" she presumed afresh. "My time is pressing."

"Mother! mother!" the children cried, in happy chorus. Their joyous clamor filled the room. In the West the sun was sinking to a kindly bed of gold and crimson, and the little ones appeared to radiate his dazzling smile. Each glowed brightly, while dancing eyes implored the mother with wondrous beams of innocent love. "We've brought you all those flowers," they shouted. "Father sent the roses, and his friend gave us all these violets to give to you ourselves," the eldest boy proudly declared. They held their young mother's arms with charming nosegays, and so far as all rested their father's crimson roses. The heavy wife stood like the queen of June among her children. "Father will not be home until after the theater," her son explained. "He says you must not wait for him," he unfortunately added.

The Living Epistle of Truth raised her heavy eyebrows. "Do you not see the deception implied in those crimson roses?" she asked, coldly.

"No," cried the wife. "I do not understand your hateful meaning, and to prove my husband's innocence I defy you to show me a secret closet in this house."

The Epistle reached down and took up the pocket battery from the table. "You must come into the dark," said she. "You cannot see a skeleton in the sunlight."

The young wife led her sadly from the room. The door closed upon the children and their joyous laughter. In the darker passageway she clasped the flowers to her trembling breast.

"Come," said the Living Epistle of Truth. "Give me your hand, and I will lead you to the secret closet."

The wife and mother faltered. "I cannot give you my hand," said she, "my arms and hands are full of flowers." She looked down sorrowfully upon her fragrant burden, and the crimson roses seemed to deepen with a mute appeal.

"Cast the rubbish aside," the impatient guide commanded. "Roses fade in an hour, and violets are the blossoms of the tomb. Strengthen your character in the face of foolish sentiment, and embrace the beauty of truth. My little battery is already working. The electric fluid is wasting, and if you tarry longer the charge will fall. If you wish to see your husband's skeleton you must subdue your stubborn will, and submit to the divine power of truth."

Outside a fountain trickled in the the courtyard. Its gentle splash seemed to call the flowers.

"Wait until I put my blossoms into water," the unhappy wife implored. "It will take but a moment, and I cannot let my husband's roses die." She buried her face in the crimson mass and wept.

"Decision is the ruin of character," her tormentor said. "Why should you fear to look upon the truth?"

"I dare not," the poor victim answered. "Let me bring a pail of water from the fountain," she implored, piteously.

"When I have given my flowers to drink, I will wait no longer; I will, indeed, go with you, and behold the hidden closet."

The fountain is distant, and the charge from my battery is wasting," the obdurate stranger replied. "If you do not care to see your husband's skeleton, I will go my way. Time is very precious, and I cannot trifle longer with the divinity of truth. To the right the fountain plays its dribbling sentiment! To the left is the hidden door of the secret closet—choose between them, once and for all!"

The wrathful Apostle of Truth drifted from the young wife's side.

The odor of the crimson roses awoke her bewildered senses, and fresh love and hope burst within her loyal heart. An almost invisible veil enshrouded her youthful womanhood, and an unseen angel touched her brow with the mark of nobility. Then the children trooped before her.

"We want our supper!" the little ones cried.

The happy mother led them forth from the dark passageway.

"I shall never enter this gloomy place again," she said, solemnly. "We will ask dear father to cut a large window at the end of the hall, and then the sun will keep out ugly shadows."

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MARKET FOR AMERICA.

A BROAD FIELD TO BE OPENED BY THE TRANS-SIBERIAN ROAD.

BY VLADIMIR TEPILOW, Russian Consul-General at New York.

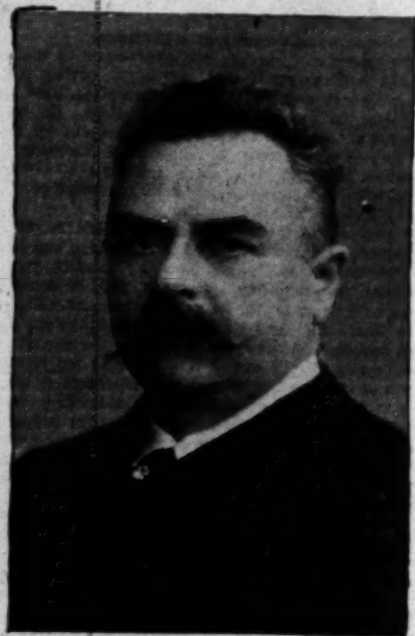
NEXT to Russia herself, no country in the world will reap as much benefit from the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad as the United States. The benefits it will confer on this country are so vast that I am surprised that the facts have not been made clear to your people long ago.

See what it will do—this railroad. It will throw wide to your commerce the portals of a country as great in area as the United States itself. In that country dwell millions who must depend upon their neighbors, at least for many years to come, for their manufactures. And the nearest of these neighbors among manufacturing nations, who will they be? The people of the United States. It will be as though you had continued your own great transcontinental railroad lines—which now end at the Pacific's eastern shore—to Asia, the Pacific steamships being only links in the chain, mere ferries.

The new country that will find its outlet at Vladivostok is purely agricultural. Its manufactures, like the manufactures of Russia herself, are comparatively unimportant. Our great wealth lies in our forests and fields, and for many years this state of things must continue. The United States, then, as the most accessible manufacturing neighbor, must be looked to as the source from which we may procure the machinery necessary to develop and work our great area of agricultural and wooded lands. To the United States, also, we must look for the machinery with which we shall develop the great mineral deposits that surveys show exist in Siberia and the adjacent territory.

A Bit of Prophecy.

From the day on which the first through train is hauled over the new railroad, I expect to see the result I predict



VLADIMIR TEPILOW.

manifest itself both in your Pacific Coast cities, and inland, at your manufacturing centers.

Much of the material for the construction and operation of the completed sections of the road has come from the United States. Already, then, you have had great benefits from the enterprise. But what you have had is merely a drop in the bucket. The real benefit will come when the road is regularly opened for business, when communities are building up along its line, when areas now uninhabited and undeveloped shall spring into life under the magic touch of immigration. American capital and American enterprise will be tremendous factors in Siberia then, and there will be no section of your country, North, South, East or West, that will not be affected favorably. Your millionaire and your workman will equally feel the stimulus.

At the present day Russia imports from the United States many times as much as she exports to this country. Last year we took from you products worth more than \$65,000,000, while you took from us products worth only \$1,000,000. This shows how much we need your products, and how glad we are to get them. You sent us principally machinery. We sent you a small part of our agricultural crops.

Now, when this new railroad is finished, we shall not only add vastly to your field, but we shall also bring our markets to your very doors. No other manufacturing nation is so situated that it can reach this new commercial area to so good advantage. The United States, through its Pacific ports, will then enjoy privileges that, coupled with the conditions which have given you such an important place in the world's commerce, will enable you to do business under favoring circumstances that other nations cannot change, either in the immediate present or in the years to come.

Russian Friendship for America.

Not the least of your advantages lies in the fact that America's people and America's products are alike immensely popular with the people of Russia and her possessions. This feeling of good will exists alike among the masses and the classes. An American is always welcomed

in Russia, whether he visits the hut of the peasant or the palace of the noble. In town and in country; in St. Petersburg, and in the farming districts, we all speak of Americans as our "brothers across the sea."

This feeling is literally all-pervasive. It may not be easy to trace its origin and growth, but it is easy enough to demonstrate that it exists. No observant American who has ever visited Russia can have failed to notice it. We seem, in our country, to grow up with a strong love for the enterprising people on this side of the world. This sentiment is as strong with the individual as it is with the nation. I suppose that with us, as individuals, it is largely because we as a nation took sides with the United States at the time of her severest struggles.

A Historical Reference.

This must naturally have had its influence on us as a people, and with the passage of time our good feeling for you has spread among us, until now, as I have said, the peasant and the noble, the merchant and the farmer, all alike, look upon all Americans as their brothers. The sentiment manifests itself in all sorts of striking ways. No American warship ever visits our waters that is not received with enthusiastic demonstrations, both on the part of our people and our authorities.

When, during the civil war, some of the European governments were almost actively hostile, while nearly all were apathetic, Russia never wavered for a moment in her friendship for the United States. She showed clearly and clearly where she stood. How much influence her action had in moulding public sentiment at a critical time in the European courts, it is impossible for me to say. Perhaps I cannot justly assert that our stand had any actual value or influence, but it certainly showed, as had so often been shown before, that we are something more than fair-weather friends.

Remembering that such feelings underlie our relations, it should not be hard to understand how the building of the trans-Siberian road means much to America. To Russia the advantages accruing from its construction are chiefly strategical. To America will come enormous advantages from the commercial and financial standpoint.

REPAIRING THE "BLOODY TOWER"

MODERN ADDITIONS TO LONDON'S ANCIENT MONUMENT REMOVED.

[London News:] That venerable part of the Tower of London known as the Bloody Tower is undergoing considerable repairs at the hands of the masons. The upper portion of it, which faces Traitor's Gate, has been refaced in parts, pointed and colored to resemble age. The building is to be restored all around. Chalk, in large blocks, enters largely into the composition of the inner parts of the wall, and is declared by the masons to be as hard, if not harder than ever it was. Some parts of the wall by the Tower are fourteen feet thick.

The greater part of the outer surface of the Bloody Tower, like that of the Bell Tower and some others, has since the year 1833 been plastered over at various times with Roman cement, into which shallow portions of flint have been superficially imbedded. This was in rough imitation of the old solid flint work of ancient times, which actually formed parts of walls, and is seen in perfection in St. Saviour's, Southwark; and as it was calculated to deceive, and became dangerous through its rottenness—the flints falling, and so on—it was all removed. The lower portion of the Tower, built of square blocks of ashlar stone, has had a lot of superfluous Roman cement stripped from it, and looks somewhat incongruous in comparison with the upper part, which is of the irregular order of masonry; but that is unavoidable, and may in a measure yet be remedied.

Restorations and repairs have often been carelessly done in much earlier years. For instance, the doorway that led from Raleigh's Walk directly to the room in the Bloody Tower, in which the infant Princes were supposed to have been murdered, had been bricked up from the inside to give support to a portion of the Tower. This has all been removed, and the Tower strengthened in a more reverential way. The old oak door, with its heavy fastenings, which had been covered by the wall, lies now on its side on the wall, and, when the rottenness at the bottom is repaired, is to be restored to its place. It was through this doorway that Dighton, Forrest and Tyrell are said to have passed to their fearful work. Raleigh, Cranmer and Ridley have certainly passed through it when prisoners here in the Tower, and Cranmer often, when he daily took his dinner with the Lieutenant of the fortress. So say the authorities. Portions of the old houses which are to be seen above that part of the battlements known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk, which connects the Bell and Beauchamp towers, are also undergoing restoration. It is said that Queen Elizabeth used this walk when she was a prisoner in the Bell Tower, hence its name. The old houses had sunk quite fifteen inches, and had to be raised to their proper height by hydraulic means. Had they not been seen to in time they would in all probability have tumbled down and buried the esteemed lieutenant of the Tower, who lodges in them, in their ruins.

"I ADMIRE" AND "I WONDER."

[New York Tribune:] Many Englishmen have said that the phrase "I admire," with the meaning, "I wonder," is a "vulgar Americanism." But the Boston Journal notes the fact that in a letter written by a Londoner to Joshua Barnes in 1693 the sentence occurs, "I admire you should take 'clerk' for a law term, which is nothing but 'clericus';" and the Buffalo Commercial adds that "admire," in the sense of "to like very much"—"I should admire to go"—has been used in New England, and it is thus used today. John Pickering in 1816 said, "It is never thus used by the English." He was mistaken. The word has been used commonly in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire: "Ah should admire to see 'er well took-to" (I should be delighted to see her well scolded); "I should admire to go to London to see the Queen."

Paul Ristelhuber, a celebrated Alsatian writer who died recently, has bequeathed to the National Library of France 40,000 volumes, largely comprising works treating of Alsace.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

[New York Tribune:] The twentieth century, which will begin on Tuesday, January 1, 1901, will have twenty-four leap years, the greatest number possible. February will have five Sundays three times—1900, 1948 and 1976. The earliest possible date on which Easter can occur was March 22. The last time it occurred on that date was 1822. The latest that Easter can occur is April 25. It will occur but one time in the coming century on that date—1904. The middle day of the century will be January 1, 1950. There will be 360 eclipses during the coming century. In 1955 there will be seven eclipses. There will be eight solar eclipses visible in the United States—1918, 1924, 1935, 1941, 1954, 1976, 1984 and 1994. There will be seven transits of Mercury. There will be no transit of Venus until 2004.

HEUREAUX'S CRIMES.

ASTOUNDING DEEDS DONE BY THE LATE
DICTATOR OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SANTO DOMINGO, Dec. 10, 1899.—Ulysses Heureaux had no historian, and perhaps did not want history to go into details concerning himself. Prior to his assassination it was death to speak ill of him. Now a terrorized people is beginning to have courage to talk. Many are the stories coming to light each day of the fearful shedding of blood by him during his reign. Toward the last, when his financial policy had run its course and downfall was certain, he became more bloodthirsty than ever in an effort to maintain his worthless currency. At the same time, he grew more irritable, and his death stayed the execution of scores of men. A young dentist of Santo Domingo City was unfortunate enough to incur the ill-will of Heureaux by too great politeness to one of the President's friends, for whom he was doing some dental work. The woman did not complain of insult, but simply remarked that the young man was gentlemanly. This was enough to excite the jealousy of Heureaux, and a young soldier was ordered to assassinate the dentist as he came from his doorway. Ten days was given in which to do the work. The soldier was a friend of the dentist, and a note was slipped under his door cautioning him to remain within. Three days before the President left for Moca, where he met his death, he sent word to the soldier that he would expect to find his order executed on his return. This soldier and the dentist had arranged to leave the country, and were on the eve of departure when the news came of the death.

Two months before a soldier was sent to Moca to assassinate a prominent man who had made some remarks about the currency. He was promised a piece of property as a reward for the deed, for Heureaux always used the double pressure of hope of reward and fear. The soldier went on his mission, but did not carry it out. He received a message to return to the capital for the reward, as it was taken for granted he had obeyed. He was promptly shot on his return. During his later months he had a man shot who had given some slight offense ten years before, when Heureaux was less bold. All these executions were without trial. The President himself accused the victim of political intrigue, and ordered his soldiers to do the shooting. His order went direct to the individual soldier, so that there could be no shifting of responsibility. The period of mourning is long here, and remote relatives are mourned for with the same formalities accorded those closer. As a result, most of the women wear mourning, and much of it is worn as a result of Heureaux's political executions. Whether or not he ever had a twinge of remorse as he walked the streets of Santo Domingo and saw these testimonials, is not recorded. A young lady in black attracts attention. She is in mourning for her brother, who was shot two months ago by the President's orders, is the information given. The offense, well, a friend of the President said this boy tried to flirt with her. Did he? Possibly, or the young lady had some grievance, or the President thought him dangerous.

At Santo Domingo the owner of a café rented a house owned by Heureaux. It had belonged to the government, but the title got into Heureaux's name. The rent was \$40, gold, monthly. The President sent some officers to board there, naming a figure that would cause a loss to the owner. He refused to take them at the figure named by the President, and the next day received a written notice that his rent had been increased to \$100, gold, monthly. He was a citizen of Germany, but thought it best to take no chances on having his remains made a matter of national complication. He was all ready to move to Hayti when the change came.

How many bodies lay in the bay no one knows. It was only after his death, when the prison, supposed to be full of political prisoners, was found empty, that this means of vengeance became known. The soldiers confessed that the helpless victims of his wrath were tied together in twos and threes and shot chained to their feet. When the night was dark a little sloop sailed out to sea, and when it returned there was a decrease in the number of passengers. It was a veritable reign of terror, and the citizen as he talks now glances over his shoulder anxiously, and hesitates, lest after all there has been no change and he is courting death.

Heureaux was an imitator of the Sultan, but he did not go to the expense of harem when powder and shot were so cheap. To some of his favorites he gave homes of luxury. Others received no special mark of distinction, but had freely of the paper money that Heureaux gave, but he, himself, took in gold. His rents were payable in gold, and he acquired most of the valuable property in the island. He made no improvements, and the thoughtless tenant who suggested any was ordered to make them at once, and generally did so. He seldom assassinated his tenants, for that would have interfered with the renting of his property, but the tenant once in through his favor learned to fear him. Rents were paid promptly, and the occupants did not ask to have the house papered every spring. Heureaux gradually acquired all the gold and silver of the island, leaving the business men with paper as surplus capital. When he was unable to maintain the credit of this longer, there was practically universal bankruptcy. Only the smaller business transactions, based on actual necessities, were possible. The exchange of real estate practically ceased. No matter what the emergency of the owner of a tract of land, there was nothing for him in a sale. His answer to a purchaser's inquiry would be that he had enough food for the day, and tomorrow would have to take care of itself. And the gold went out for the gunboats built on the Clyde, for which there was not the least necessity, and for interest on foreign loans and for Parisian bric-à-brac, of which his house was full when he died.

Young Men His Tools.

Heureaux recognized, as did most of the tyrants of old, the vigor of youth, the energy of the young men. Them

he sought to corrupt. He made his army and navy of them, and paid them in this paper money, which they were to popularize with the lavishness of youth. The promising young men of the cities were appointed to sinecures, with large colonies, and nothing to do but make paper money flow freely. The young man who gained an audience with the President on some question of personal interest received a shake of the hand, and on his departure found a \$50 bill sticking to his palm when he stopped outside to examine the slip of paper. Heureaux was either counterfeiting or illegally issuing the government paper, or he was buying it up at an immense discount, so prodigal was he with it. The outstanding paper of record amounts to \$4,000,000. No one professes to know whether this is the actual amount or not, and the new government, striving to reestablish credit, is noncommittal on the subject. The government, though, is taking it up by monthly auction sales of gold to the extent of \$10,000, gold, payable in paper not to exceed 50 cents on the dollar, but this has only brought the paper up to 18 cents average at these sales, and it can still be bought for 5 cents on the dollar privately. The brokers who have resources, and who bid at these sales, purchase at a very low figure, since there is a general fear that the government will not be able to complete the redemption, or will be forced to abandon it by a discovery of the magnitude of the undertaking. Then the silver coin, with less than 10 per cent. of silver in it, supposed to be outstanding, is \$2,000,000. This is receivable, according to a government order, at four and one-half for one, American money, but the current business rate is five to one.

It was a capital offense, not by law, but by practice, to refuse to receive this money at par, to dishonor it in any way, or to speak disrespectfully of it. It kept Heureaux busy bribing the young men and executing the old without success. Incipient revolutions had to be determined by the innumerable salaried spies, pledges of redemption were given from time to time, and the bill for ammunition must have been considerable. Thus Heureaux sought to maintain his honor and his currency, a currency that had no integrity of any kind back of it. And an island of immense acreage, of unbounded resources, rich in minerals and agricultural wealth, retrograded, with less than one-tenth of its fertile soil cultivated. One man alone prospered, and he died—and the government confiscated his wealth.

Columbus never dreamed of a Heureaux.

The genius of Columbus was phenomenal in that it developed and sprung from a people not having the vital energy to recognize it. Like most men of his kind, he was in jail or in disrepute most of the time. He was imprisoned here in the tower that still stands by the sea. He had as a successor to conquest of discovery, not a Spaniard, Heureaux, who gives to history, to civilization, to his country nothing of which he can be proud. Such is genius and some of its results.

It was not the ignorant blacks who were the victims of Heureaux's eccentricities, but the prosperous and educated Dominicans. Near the city was a plantation that some foreigner wanted to buy. Heureaux heard of it and interposed, offering to buy it for paper money, intending to sell it for gold. The owner refused to sell for paper, and the next day he was found with a bullet through his heart. The issue of paper money was made as the result of a threat of Heureaux, who demanded the business men that they make him a loan of \$7,000,000 gold. They demurred to this, and he told them he would force a loan from them. He had his Congress pass a law authorizing the issue of \$1,000,000 paper, and this became \$3,600,000 of record under his manipulation. Another source of personal revenue he found in the defalcations. When he found an official was stealing he took pains to get an idea of the amount. When he thought the opportunity was ripe, he sent for the man and said to him: "I think I will need \$50,000 in gold in a day or two, and I want you to get it for me." The official took the hint, and the arrangement became a partnership. At each turn the country became more impoverished, and the foreign debt greater. What became of the gold no one seems to know, except to a limited extent. A debt of \$20,000,000 in gold was created without any gold in the country, and with but very few permanent improvements. It was observed that with each new foreign loan less than one-fifth of the gold came into the country. There are those who think Heureaux had immense deposits in French and American banks, and that he intended eventually to sell the island to the United States, and retire to some foreign land a many times millionaire. Others express the opinion that he was simply crazy. The truth probably is that he was without judgment, made mad by his unlimited power, and that he became the dupe of every one who pretended to be his friend or who flattered his vanity. Fifty people may easily be found to whom, in the last year of his rule, he expressed the wish that he might be found dead on the street the next morning. That was not the expression of a man with method in his madness. It rather indicated that he realized that he had ruined his country, and that he himself could not hope to escape anywhere with a dollar. And this probably was the case, for while he died worth millions, all tangible property has been seized by the government, and foreign creditors are hunting the world over for individual assets. And the thousands thoughtless who lived off of his bounty and poverty staring them in the face.

A Rash Expedient.

Probably one of the rashest of his later expedients to maintain his currency was when the importation of necessities of life became impossible from lack of gold or its equivalent. In the city of Santo Domingo he selected six merchants, whom he permitted to import goods duty free, and from whom he took the paper money, paying in gold at 6 per cent. premium. This drove out of business all other merchants, and cut off customs receipts. One merchant who imported 500 cans of Copenhagen butter sold it at the current price, \$1.25, Dominican money. When the draft for it became due it cost him \$5.25 per can Dominican money to pay for it. This was in the earlier days of the downfall, and is only one instance of many thousands of the losses of those who had faith in and did not understand the financial policy.

With the assassination came a revulsion of feeling. In Santo Domingo City the young men, a thousand or more,

gathered in the plaza, and made a bonfire of the name "Heureaux," which he was so fond of. The places, was effaced, cut from the streets, the parks. Heureaux Park was named, the houses of his relatives and the balconies were filled with flowers. He called his own guards were stationed to organized committee of safety, and they were the wishes of the ministers. The next day he made haste to resign, and the revolution provisional government was announced, and the constitution was ordered, and justice without opposition.

Down in the river, a few hundred yards from the two or three warships Heureaux had bought, preceded Heureaux on to the rocks a small boat. That was the one he kept nearly always on the shore, near the palace, in anticipation of any construction must have seemed a premonition of where he and the old colored woman, whom he trusted, lived, an auction sale of his possessions on daily. No friend is there, no relatives, a crowd examines this article and that, and an auctioneer cries the sale. One woman who driver of 16, a general at 30, a man who native soil, acquired such an exquisite taste, offered for sale two dozen of the finest French stoves, of all sizes and shapes. Then there are of statutory that cost a hundred or so apiece, a wine set of cut glass, encased in an ebony with pearl. A box of silk suspender, made from 312 (gold) per dozen. Comes next a bottle cognac, with a label of 1847, sells for \$100. The walls are oil paintings yet to be offered. He adorns the reception-room. Fine furniture, pianos, is to be put up. There is no end to the bric. The cattle driver of 16, unable to read, became a President at 37, talking fluently French and displaying perfect taste in art, manner, never left the island after he became president.

The world accorded Heureaux the credit of his administration, because he maintained order for years in a country given to revolution. In recent history it is doubtful if that could be given. It is true that he put down eight revolutions prevented a dozen times as many more, for the good of his country that he did by increasing the per capita of his currency by population will hardly meet the approval of a commentator. On the other hand, Heureaux conceived as an ambitious revolutionist. He did not look it. A staid, portly business man, Prince Albert coat, gold eye-glasses of his birth, but of foreign ancestry, white, was not a man given to revolutions. It would be correct to call him the liberator of his country, doubt his movements were actuated by the condition of affairs Heureaux had created. Influence has already been felt by the new gold is the basis of the currency, and order are restored. Political executions have ceased, and the people once more breathe freely. There be no reason why the island, more fertile than Puerto Rico, with only one-tenth of its land cultivated, should not prosper under a new administration. No city in the western hemisphere has attractions that Santo Domingo does to the

GUTTA-PERCHA RICH

NEW SOURCE OF WEALTH IN THE
MATERIAL FOR CABLES AND

By a Special Contributor

Rich as the Philippines were known to be a product that they promise to be of great importance. A monograph just published in Germany, on the Philippines are among the few places in which the trees from which gutta-percha is flourished. The value of this statement is rated for two reasons: One is that gutta-percha is a dispensable material for the making of cables and golf balls; the other is that the trees of Borneo, from which the chief supply has been drawn, are almost entirely exhausted. The exhaustion lies in the primitive and destructive which were formerly employed for gathering the commodity. The natives, who never have the morrow, have ruthlessly cut down the trees, so that they might scrape the gutta-percha nothing but the sap from inside the bark. The destruction, carried on for years, has greatly reduced the annual crop, but the discovery that it can be successfully cultivated in the Philippines has given hope that a new mine of wealth has been discovered as soon as the islands are properly developed.

The discovery of gutta-percha goes back to 1847, when Sir William Jackson Hooker and Werner von Siemens announced not only the discovery of this valuable product, but also that it was a material of great importance in the isolation of wires along which electric currents pass. When it is considered that without the progress of the last half century the ends of the earth together by the lightning have been impossible, the importance of the discovery is easily appreciated.

While the chief use of gutta-percha is in the isolating covering of electric wires, it is also used for the manufacture of golf balls, for which material seems so well adapted. Its hardness has been submitted to the proper pressure, and it makes it the only golf-ball material yet known. The amount of cable laid since 1856 is some 1,000,000 miles, representing a cost for the cables alone of \$100,000,000, and as the prospects are that in fifty years many more cables will be required, the demand for gutta-percha is almost insatiable. The wealth which gutta-percha in the Philippines represents is in proportion to the

FEBRUARY 21, 1909.]

THE CHINAMAN. THE IMPORTANT PART HE PLAYS IN OUR INDUSTRIES.

By a Special Contributor.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that a large majority of the intelligent voters of California favored the Chinese exclusion act, it was not from any feeling against the Chinaman personally, but merely opposition to the principle that any people, in numbers practically unlimited, should overrun us at their own expense. They thought the open-bosom business had been carried far enough, and the line was drawn on the Chinaman because of his immense numbers and the quantity with which fresh swarms poured forth from the great hive. Probably a large majority of those who cast the overwhelming vote of 1878 wished that the Chinese could be drawn somewhere else.

As an individual the Chinaman has commanded the respect of all who know good citizens. As such he has been a member of fifty years of which any people might be proud. During this time he has submitted to wrongs and abuse from hoodlum boys, rioters, and some more prominent classes of Americans that would a thousand times have roused any of the other emigrant classes to anger or extreme violence. There have been hundreds of cases where a Chinaman would have been acquitted by any jury had he treated his persecutors as any white people would have done. But through it all he has remained the most peaceable of our citizens, and he has proved time and again that it was not from cowardice. It is for the same reason that you can camp alongside of a thousand or more of them and leave everything in your camp lying open all the time with perfect safety:

for the same reason that any one can go unarmed among any number of them in any place without the slightest danger, as long as he is half a gentleman, because they are naturally gentle and peaceable.

The vices of the Chinaman have been used as a lever in favor of the exclusion act. But those who have done so have probably indulged in a private blush when they thought of the hypocrisy of howling about such trifles. The vices of the Chinaman are all his own. He makes an entirely private matter of them. Those who see them have to take special pains to penetrate into the mysteries they so decry. They roll over and look like refined idiots for several minutes after a few whiffs at the opium pipe, but in comparison with the white man's "drunk" or young America's "toot" it is gentility itself. The first principle of the drunken white man is to annoy some one. In all his vices the first principle of the Chinaman is to annoy no one, but keep out of the way. His gambling, over which such a fuss is sometimes made, when the police at stated intervals have to do something to prove their existence, is quite as respectable as American dice, and does not have one hundredth part of the effect in setting young men crazy that American poker has.

The great argument against the Chinaman has been that he crowded out white labor. Almost every fruit grower, farmer, contractor and engineer in the State will say that some of it ought to be crowded out, and that had it not been for the Chinaman California would be a long way from what it is today. There were many years when white labor could not be had because the attraction of the mines was too great. There are many kinds of work today that only the very lowest kind of whites will touch. There have also been times when the fruit crop of the State would almost have rotted on the trees had the Chinaman not stepped into the breach. There are thousands of farmers and fruit growers solvent today that would have been bankrupt had it not been for the fact that when you buy Chinese labor you get the worth of your money every time. Time and time again the farmers and others have said: "Now, we don't want to employ Chinamen. We would much rather employ white men. There are

thousands of young men and women in the cities who can pick our fruit. For heaven's sake, do try and do us a good job now so that we can keep on employing white labor."

About nine times out of ten the fruit grower mourned over his experiment and the next year sent for the Chinaman. While the Chinaman does not equal the white man in average work, he does not ask as much, and he gives an exact equivalent. He does not assume that every man with a ranch is a nabob to be skinned and picked in every way possible. He does not go out fruit picking as he would to a picnic, to throw fruit at the girls and then giggle over his smartness in putting it in the box to spoil the rest because it is bruised. If a man tells a Chinaman he wants his lemons handled like eggs they are so handled, whether he thinks the man fussy or not, and when he wants fruit well assorted the Chinaman is ready to do it, even with a fine comb, without calling his employer a fool the minute his back is turned.

It is much the same with contract work. Every contractor would prefer good white men. But he must know what he is getting for his money. He knows that whatever number of Chinamen he has on the work, every man of them will be there at 7 o'clock Monday morning, shovel in hand and "dead sober." What does he care what the Chinaman does in his tent after the day is over, as long as he makes himself a faithful machine the moment he comes out?

This is the way the white labor is generally "crowded out." Good white labor is more economical for most things than Chinese. But the Chinese labor is all of the same quality. The employer knows just what he is getting for his money. He would prefer the white, but until he has tried it he does not know what he has. He has no picnic of existence, as many seem to think, and has to figure on the return of his dollar as closely as any one. It is after all a simple question of business, and the Chinaman gives more certainty with less trouble in the long run than the devil-may-care element, which is too often mixed with good white labor. If the whites would weed this out, and imitate the business tact of the Chinaman, there would be little chance for him to compete with them, for good white labor is everywhere considered the best.

T. S. VAN DYKE.



A Family Group



In The Chinese Mission School



Interior of the Chinese Gambling House



Scenes in Chinatown

UTILITY OF SHELLS.

By Mrs. M. Burien-Williamson.

PRETTY shells rival flowers in attracting our attention and sharing our admiration; but if they have neither beauty of color nor artistic form they are seldom noticed by others than students and collectors. Yet in their antiquity shells far outlive flowers. Before there were any mountains with cool cañons to shelter wild flowers, even before there was any soil to give a resting place to plants, there was an ocean so rich in shells that this early period in our earth's history has been called the "age of mollusks." So important is the study of shells in the life history of our globe that no school geology fails to mention and picture them.

It is well known that shells form limestone, for carbonate of lime is their principal constituent, and this in time hardens into limestone of commercial value. Lime for agricultural purposes, on the seacoast where shells are plentiful, is often obtained by burning shells. They are also a component part of chalk, and with the shells of minute forms of life they form the cretaceous or chalk period, which supplies our schools with chalk and the useful arts with a commodity.

Valuable information has been gained in reference to primitive man by studying the immense shell heaps known as "Kitchen Middens." These mounds of kitchen refuse are sometimes hundreds of yards in length and are composed of shells of edible mollusks mixed with ashes, broken pottery, and domestic implements made of stone or bone. But shells, or shell-fish (the term is synonymous,) not only supplied man with food in those primitive times, but, even in our own æsthetic age bivalve shells furnish dishes fit for the table of an epicure, for the luscious oyster has a world-wide reputation. The value of the shell fisheries of the United States is estimated at many millions of dol-

tirely paid for with these shells! But we do not have to visit the North American Indians nor the native tribes of Africa to find examples of barter in shells, for conchologists the world over exchange shells and fine cabinets are built up through their purchasing power.

Nacreous, or mother-of-pearl shells, are used for so many economic and ornamental articles that an enumeration of them would become tedious. From the clumsy-looking fishhooks made from the umbo of the pearl oyster by natives of the Pacific Isles, to the finest inlaid work of the Orient we are continually reminded of the possibilities of shells for use and beauty. Spoons, knives and forks, are common objects in our curio stores, while pearl-handled knives and Damascus inlaid tables are dear to feminine hearts. The river mussel furnishes the trade an important industry in the manufacture of pearl buttons.

The South Sea Islanders are not the only ones to wear shells as ornaments, for brooches and cuff buttons are frequently made of the opercula, or trapdoors, of trochids; although the wearer may not know that the chinalike brown, green and white setting of the brooch is the work of a shellfish.

As household utensils shells have been useful; a trumpet shell has been used as a teakettle, or for any purpose to which a teakettle could be used by inhabitants of an archipelago near the Loo Choo Islands. A large limpet shell that attains the size of from eight to fourteen inches is frequently used as a wash basin in Central America. A native of Wales told me that the common milk skimmer of his locality in the British Isles was the large scallop shell known to conchologists as *Pecten maximus*. A Yankee woman informed me that the largest scallop shells of the Atlantic Coast were often used for various purposes; that she had used one as a "sugar scoop" for thirty years. One shell on the Pacific Coast of Mexico is so well adapted to the purpose of a drinking cup that it is known as "St. Thomas's cup." Nature has supplied this shell with a depression that, we have been told, was intended for the use of the thumb when the shell was dipped in water, thus allowing the hand to take a firm hold on

Caladonia, and when he was not particularly expected to look his own life.

Shells have been cut to imitate the chrysoberyl, or "catseye," the Chinese, among others, being used for this purpose.

Pearls, the product of shells, have been valued alike by aborigines as well as the most sophisticated. The finest pearls command an almost incredible price. A jeweler having a strand valued at \$500,000, California supplies a black pearl that lately has been a valuable gem. River mussels also furnish pearls ranging in color, white, pink and brown.

There is a tradition that it was the fumes of the Great Britain that tempted the Romans to the dominion. The pearl fever of 55 B. C., like the gold fever of the Klondike, was due to exaggeration. The yield may have been disappointing to Caesar and the impress of the Romans in that country is still visible.

We are told by conchologists that the purple of the ancients was the product of shells at one time they were used so extensively for the making of these shells form masses large enough to be used, in one place, the name of shell money.

Pictures done in sepia are familiar, yet few know that sepia is a product of a mollusk. The ink of that supplies sepia is provided with an ink sac, and of use to them in covering their retreat when pursued by the enemy. Sepia from shellfish is said to be valuable in color, it having been well preserved in the "fish bone" that we hang in the cage of the bird is the pen of the cuttlefish.

Ambergris, formerly a popular perfume, was obtained only directly produced by whales, as it is said to have come from their consuming certain species of a mollusk that exhale a strong odor of musk.

During the Crusade in Europe the pilgrims to the Land wore, on their return, the scallop shell, which Jacobus (Fig. 7.) as the badge of their pilgrimage, and in our day the pious devotee touches the shell in benedictions that are the valves of a giant clam.

ATTENDING THE WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Never have the arrangements for dealing with the wounded been in so thoroughly satisfactory a manner as they are today. During an engagement, as the troops advance, the wounded are sought out and, if possible, their wounds temporarily treated. Figures temporarily splinted and any other treatment given that may be necessary. Indeed, in the campaign, each soldier carries with him a small first aid kit, so that he may be able to temporarily arrest bleeding, or give such help to a comrade. After "first aid" is rendered the wounded are borne on comfortable litters to the "dressing place," where they are sheltered from the elements and the litter is usually in the rear of the artillery. Here they are examined by the surgeons; hemorrhage is arrested; bullets which can be easily and quickly removed are taken away; foreign bodies and splinters of bone, if loose, are removed; limbs so severely injured as to require amputation are amputated; and, if necessary, any other operation is performed. No big operation is done at these spots, except in case of limbs so shattered as to require immediate amputation. The surgeons at the "dressing place" do not do any absolutely necessary, and then the wounded are transported to the field hospital. (Church's Paper.)

HENRY SAW THE POINT.

Representative Clayton of Alabama used to be Attorney in his State. He was one of the "pointers."

It became Clayton's duty at one time to go to court for making illicit whisky. It was a serious infraction of the law, but the old lawyer had been reckless in his open violation, and it was necessary to make an example of him. He was brought to court, and after the government had stated the case against him, who had no lawyer, asked to be allowed to answer the stand. He was told that this would be liable to answer any questions, but he insisted on "any whisky in your still?"

"Well, Uncle Sam," said Clayton, "did you see any whisky in your still?"

"Henry," replied the old man, with pathetic earnestness, "I voted for your pa every year for Judge. And, Henry, your pa would never let me no question like that!"

The jurors laughed, the Court smiled, and the old man drove home that night—his pocket full of money.

JEWELED WAISTCOAT BUTTONS.

[New York Dispatch:] One of the fads of the winter is a set of jeweled buttons for the waistcoat. The buttons are of plain gold, white gold, with diamonds, pearls or amethysts. They are set in movable shanks, and can be changed as often as the wearer dictates. The young woman who makes a present to a friend of the opposite sex a set of jeweled buttons is always welcome, and she has plenty of chance to exploit her taste in the matter. Not only that, but the maiden can have a set for her own costume, and she can outshine "Coco" in the fanciful and ornate style of her buttons. Buttons can cost anything one likes to pay, up to \$100.

MR. KRUGER'S CARELESS TOILET.

[London Chronicle:] Mr. Hunt, a Pretorian, has been writing about the Boers in a hairdresser's shop at the Transvaalers, naturally enough, as a standpoint of his own profession. "Kruger," says the rest of the Boers, is very careless about his hair. He has never yet visited a hairdresser; he cuts his own hair and shaves himself, and Mrs. Kruger cuts his hair. Trade in Pretoria was kept very busy for some time giving the burghers a command hair cut—like a Boer's.



lars, and while oysters represent the bulk of this industry, yet the large fisheries of clam, mussel, scallops and abalones, run the figures of these last-named into hundred of thousands of dollars a year. (Fig. 1.)

It is said that natives of the Florida Keys and the Bahamas use the large shellfish found on these shores, known as "conch shells," to such an extent for food that they are often called "conchs," a term equivalent to "poor whites." (Fig. 2.)

A pleasing sight on the beach during vacation is that of men, boys and girls hunting for clams in the shallow water of the ocean when the tide is low, and, clambakes and clam soup are pleasing adjuncts to the delightful days of vacation by the sea. Nor are we the only consumers of mollusks. Quadrapeds attack the opening shells of fresh water mussels when they lie uncovered by water, and birds, bugs and ants eat the land snails. Some fishes in the ocean swallow shells to such an extent that they have been called "conchologists," because rare shells have been frequently found in their stomachs. I have in my collection a species of shell (Anomia) that was taken from the stomach of a codfish caught in the English Channel.

A common sight on any wharf where men and boys are fishing, is the presence of a number of broken shells thrown aside after the soft part has been taken out for "bait." But worst of all some shellfish are carnivorous and kill and eat other shellfish.

As a medium for barter, or exchange, the North American Indians used shells, or pieces of shells both as money and as ornaments. A writer on conchology says the Friendly Islander wears the "orange-cowry" shell as a mark of his chieftainship and that most of the specimens of this species found in museums have been used for such a purpose. The native tribes of Africa use tons of the little cowry, commonly called the "money cowry." In British India a church that cost £4000, was en-

the shell. (Fig. 4.) It is recorded that shells are used for windows in Manila, the Governor's house not excepted.

The immense valves of the ponderous "giant clam" are often utilized for various purposes. The largest I have seen about three feet in length, are in a private park in one of the big California ranches; but some idea of the hardness of its composition may be inferred from the fact that "axes of great size, weighing seven or eight pounds, are made from the thickest part of this shell by the natives of the Caroline Islands."

The interiors of bivalve shells are frequently used as plaques on which landscapes and figures are painted by amateurs in painting. The use of shells for walks and borders of flower beds is a common sight at the various seaside resorts. Abalones form an ornamental part in the exterior decoration of summer cottages on the Pacific Coast.

Some bivalve shells fasten themselves to the rocks by a byssus, and this byssus is mixed with silk and is spun and knitted into gloves.

What is more beautiful in art than the fine Italian relief cameos done on shells? These shells being composed of layers of different colors and having a difference of hardness and texture in them are well adapted to this action of the Glyptic art. A collection of cameos cut on the shells of the helmet shell, or pink conch, represents an array of colors, tints and artistic skill worthy of a place in any museum. (Fig. 4.) Battle scenes and historic representations are often engraved upon mother-of-pearl. I have seen some fine examples of engraving upon mother-of-pearl shells framed and hung in drawing-rooms, and these were not eclipsed by anything in the salon. George Kunz says that the finest examples of pearl engraving on shells were done by a French artist who was a steel-plate engraver, and by some forgery was sent to New

Stories of the Firing Line ❖❖ Animal Stories.

All Asked the Same Question.

LEUT.-COL. POTTER, of Gen. Merritt's staff, took a heavy part in the capture of Manila, relates the Saturday Evening Post. From the place of landing near the bay to the inner city the soldiers were obliged to march through the Spanish and native lines, and although the battle had not yet broken out between the natives and the Americans, battle was expected every moment. The Potter marched through the lines about one hundred yards ahead of the general and his men and entered the city alone to deliver his message. Every one expected him to be assassinated, but when his comrades reached the headquarters arranged for them they found him safe and very much amused.

"What's the matter?" they asked.

"I met some native officers," he said, "whom I expected to challenge me or shoot me, and I met some Spaniards and half-breeds, and they all asked me the same questions. What do you think they were?"

"What?"

"How tall I was, and I told them 'Six feet seven odd inches,' although I think I am a bit taller. Then they asked if all my people were as tall and I said 'Yes,' and then they asked, 'Why are you so tall?' I replied: 'Because we can't grow any taller.'"

"But" and the Afghan.

THE following story on Lord Roberts gained great currency in the British army a few years ago. The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial, and it is said that on one occasion Gen. Roberts captured a soldier who was so exceptionally dirty that it was thought necessary, for the safety of the whole camp, that he should be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkinses were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner and scrubbed at him for two hours with formidable brushes and a large quantity of soft soap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain.

"What is it, men?"

"Well, sir," they replied, somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that 'ere Afghan chap for two hours, but it warn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blessed if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes!"—[Collier's Weekly.

New Hussars Got Their Name.

HUSSARS do not derive their name from any sort of a flower or cheer. The name is from the Magyar word *huzsar*, meaning the soth.

Hussars, as cavalry soldiers, were at first confined to Hungary. In 1445 the crown passed a law compelling the peasants to supply one man out of every twenty of their number, and that man a horseman, to the army of the state.

The first hussars were recruited from the inhabitants of the immense Hungarian plains—strong, hardy fellows, with sinews supple as steel, who spent their life in the saddle. To the present time the Hungarian hussars are considered to be the finest body of light horsemen in Europe.—[Stray Stones.

They Found the Road.

THE foot race now at its height in Luzon causes some embarrassment to participants because of the great quantity of roads or trails. It is possible to find one occasionally in the daytime; at night there is but one reliable means of deciding whether one is on a road or in the woods. Innumerable tells of a party of soldiers journeying to Imus at night. They were in doubt as to whether they were on the right road or had wandered away from it.

"This is the road to Imus," said the lieutenant, "there ought to be an insurgent sharpshooter somewhere around." Suddenly there was the report of a rifle and a Mauser bullet popped overhead.

The lieutenant laughed. "That settles it," he said. "This is the road to Imus."

Which it was.—[Omaha Bee.

The Dust at Ladysmith.

WRITES a private of Sir George White's force: "For all the dirty, filthy holes, commend me to Ladysmith. Nothing but dust storms, day in and day out. In fact, I ate more dust than ration. The last night we lay there was a beauty. We struck camp in the afternoon, bivouacked out at night. About 6 p.m. the wind seemed to collect to give us a parting salute. It blew something awful the whole night through; roofs were blown off houses. All the time had been collected and placed in stacks. These commenced to have a race across the camping ground in the night, chased by helmets, boots, and light articles of clothing, with heavier articles, such as blankets, waterproof sheets, etc., in the rear. In fact, it sounded as if the devil and all his legions were having a night's jollification at our expense."—[Westminster Gazette.

Tales from the South African Front.

THE son of E. Lunn of Kirkgate, Wakefield, writes as follows:

"I was in company with a sergeant in charge of some wounded Boer prisoners. One of these was lying on a stretcher and was being carried in when he whipped out a revolver and aimed at an officer near. The sergeant was carrying his gun on his shoulder with the barrel in front of him. He quickly dashed the revolver out of the Boer's hand, clapped his own face as he would a striking hammer, and dashed the prisoner's brains out where he lay. He was not satisfied with one blow, but had three, and beat the man's head to a pulp. The captain did not see what the prisoner had done, so ordered the sergeant's arrest. A comrade slipped out of the marching line, and asking to be

excused, saying he thought the sergeant's circumstances needed some explanation, told the captain how things stood. The captain gave the order for the sergeant's release, congratulating him, and thanking him for saving his life."

The same writer continues:

"I saw a Lancer who pitted an old Boer because of his gray hair and whiskers. The Lancer said that when he pushed him out of the way, he could not give him the thrust because at the moment he thought of his old father. Well, the Lancer got five yards or so past him, when the old boy aimed and fired at his preserver, but the bullet missed. A comrade, who saw the act, rode back, and thrust the Boer through the heart with his lance, giving him a second thrust to make sure."—[Westminster Gazette.

Too Much of a Salute.

WHEN we were at Camp Merritt, in San Francisco, last summer," said I. E. Welles, late of the Fifty-first Iowa, "there were a number of amusing occurrences. You know, among the first things taught the recruits is to salute all officers. If the soldier is unarmed at the time of meeting the officer, he brings his hand to his hat at six paces. If armed, and doing sentry duty, say, he brings his rifle to a 'present' until the officer has passed. To thoroughly understand my story, you must also bear in mind that when the grade of general is reached the form of the field uniform differs from that of the officers of inferior rank. The cut of coat and collar is different, and there are more buttons. In this particular case an exceptionally raw recruit was doing duty when a brigadier-general came along. From his uniform the newly-enlisted one felt he must be of high rank, and for that reason something exceptional in the way of a salute was his due. So, first, he stood stiffly, with his rifle at present; but as the general drew nearer he evidently felt that it was no ordinary occasion, and that he must make a more ceremonious salute. Rapidly shifting his rifle to his right shoulder, as the general came opposite to him, with his left hand he almost swept the earth itself with his cap, so low was his bow. The general, who was a thoroughly good fellow, said nothing to him personally, but next day I noticed that a general order was issued in that brigade that none but experienced and trained soldiers should thereafter be placed on sentry duty."—[New York Tribune.

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Monkey That Learned to Sew.

A CORRESPONDENT sends The Times the following story:

One of our most interesting pets when I was a child was a very small monkey. She was so small that she could easily sit humped up in a little bunch under one's elbow and not interfere with one's sewing. It was while sitting thus in my mother's lap that she must have learned the trick of sewing. The way we discovered her new accomplishment was this: One Sunday when the family all went to church, Miss Jacko was left in the sitting-room, tied to the stove leg. When we returned the corner of our street coming home after church we noticed that our curtains were all strung up askew, and knew at once that Jacko was loose. When we opened the door of the room, such a sight met our view! Every picture was hanging crosswise, all the rugs were dragged up around the stove, and every chair and other light, movable article in the room had been hauled out of place. The monkey had evidently been up on every curtain cord and every picture. Then she had seated herself in the middle of the table, and pulled the cloth all up in a heap about her, and, having found a needle sticking in the cloth, had amused herself by sticking it into the soft cloth and pulling it through with her teeth! She was so very busy that she took no notice of us, and kept right on with her work, just as if it hadn't been Sunday.

But like all bad children, who go fishing and do other wrong things on Sunday, and get drowned and otherwise punished, she was hurting herself at every stitch (?) because she jabbed the needle into her poor little finger every time; and at every jab she would squeak out a little "oh," as nearly as she could, but kept right on.

After that we provided her with a piece of coarse rag—braided I believe it was—and a dull pin. And she would sew by the hour, sticking the pin through the braid, from her, man fashion, and turning her work round, pulling the pin through with her teeth; and all the time so solemn that we knew it was of great importance, and she had to get it done.

Novel Nut Gatherers.

UNCLE BILLY MASON, a rheumatic old bachelor living near this city, makes a living by keeping bees, picking berries, fishing, hunting and trapping a little. Besides, he tames small wild animals, which he sells for pets.

Several years ago he caught a pair of young squirrels, which, under his skillful training and care, became so tame that he allowed them to run at large about his log cabin, knowing they would return at night to sleep in a box in the attic, where he had raised them. They entered the attic by way of a knothole in the gable end. During the fall he noticed that the squirrels made a great many trips from the attic to the hickory woods beyond the little clearing around the house. On the return journey each always brought a nut in its mouth, which it carried up the wall, into the hole and deposited in the box. After a while, as they did not go to the woods any more, Uncle Billy went up into the attic to see how many nuts they had stored away for winter. He found that they had completely filled

their box, leaving only room enough to squeeze in themselves. Thinking to make them more comfortable, he removed part of the nuts. Bright and early the next morning the squirrels were at work again as hard as ever, carrying nuts. Uncle Billy's curiosity was aroused, and determining to see how many nuts they would gather he removed a few each day. When the snow put an end to the squirrels' labor Uncle Billy had nearly two bushels of nuts and the squirrels had their box full.

The next summer there was a whole family of young squirrels up in the attic, and that fall they all carried nuts, as their parents had done the year before. Uncle Billy fixed up as many dens as there were pairs of squirrels, and each pair filled its box, whereupon he took away a part. Undiscouraged, they continued their nutting, and did not give up the apparently never-ending task until snow covered the ground. That fall he had a dozen bushels of the choicest kind of nuts to sell.

He now keeps about twenty squirrels, and the nuts he sells during the holidays bring him in a neat little sum. As squirrels gather none but sound ones, the nuts sold by Uncle Billy are in great demand by city customers and command fancy prices.—[Pleasanton (Iowa,) Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dogs That Dive.

SAYS a lover of dogs: "Some fourteen years ago a gentleman living near my house had a Mount St. Bernard dog of the best blood, that would dive into any depth of water for objects thrown in for him to retrieve. I have seen him myself dive into a pool called Bromborough Pool (which was not deep enough in water to cover his large body, but the mud was very soft and very deep,) and retrieve stones. Even if he had no previous knowledge of the pool he never refused; and often have I seen him with head covered with mud, but he always brought out what he was sent for. It was wonderful to see him mount a bridge to have a clean, fair dive into deep water, and more wonderful the time he would spend before he came to the surface again. There is a very funny tale told about him, which is, as far as ever I could find, true. One night the police officer on his rounds heard a noise in the stable yard where the dog was kept, and thought he would just go round and see that all was right, but never gave the dog a thought; but when the dog got him in position for attack, he just got him, the officer, on the ground, and made a bed of him till help arrived in the shape of his groom, who rescued the watchman, who was quite stiff from cold on one side, the other nice and warm. Once I had a liver-and-white common spaniel dog that would dive after and capture water hens under water, and once he made a mistake and took hold of a half-submerged branch of an oak tree, and would have drowned himself if I had not entered the pond to make him loose his hold."—[Nashville Banner.

He Remembered the Dog.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS is not such a bad Christmas present, even when brought by a dog. Five years ago A. A. Martin of this city was hunting snipe on the James River, above Richmond, Va. With him was his big Newfoundland dog, Colored Boy. A cry of distress was heard and Colored Boy sprang overboard and began swimming toward an object in the river. It proved to be a man, and the dog brought him to the shore.

Martin followed in his boat and the man was brought back to consciousness. The man said his name was Jenkins, and he offered to buy the dog. Martin refused. Since then Jenkins has tried to purchase the dog on several occasions, but his owner refused to part with him.

Yesterday Martin, who has worked on the Norwich line boats and in hotels here, received a telegram from a firm of Richmond attorneys, telling him Jenkins had died and that \$2000 was left him in cash, as well as some valuable property on one of Richmond's principal streets.

Another telegram came this morning, and Mr. Martin will leave for Richmond early in the week to receive his property. The dog will go, too.—[New London, Conn., Special to the New York World.

Novel Charge Against a Dog.

SAMUEL RAVITZ, who deals in junk at No. 113 South Eleventh street, mourns the loss of a pocketbook containing \$18. He believes that a bulldog belonging to Archibald Harvey, a colored expressman, living at Eleventh street and Capitol avenue, committed the theft. Yesterday Ravitz appeared in Police Court and wanted to have the dog arrested for highway robbery. The statutes never contemplated against a dog a crime of so heinous a nature, consequently provision for such an arrest was never made. Ravitz, however, swore out a warrant for Harvey's arrest, charging him with harboring a vicious canine.

Ravitz avers that he was engaged in harnessing his horse on New Year's day, when the animal suddenly broke away from him. He followed the horse into Harvey's barnyard, where a ferocious bulldog was chained. Ravitz believed that the dog was securely fastened in one corner of the yard, but he had no sooner entered than he discovered that the dog's chain was attached to a trolley-like arrangement, which made it possible for the canine to reach any point in the yard. The dog attacked Ravitz, so he asserts, and, after masticating portions of his clothing, fastened his teeth in his hip pocket. The frightened junk dealer succeeded in pulling away, leaving between the dog's teeth a portion of his trousers and the pocketbook.

When Harvey arrived at the scene of the fray he pacified the dog and drove Ravitz's horse out of the barnyard. He denies that he saw anything of the pocketbook and does not believe that his bulldog made a New Year's meal of it.—[Omaha Bee, January 3.

DELFINA.

By Isabel M. Austin.

(Continued.)

THE morning of December 6, 1886, dawned dark and gloomy in the picturesque little town of Santa Barbara.

The fog lay in great fleecy banks on the sea, and the mountains were invisible. Old Garcia Lopez peered out of his store and smiled—in fact, Garcia always smiled. A stream of people, mostly Spanish and Indians, were passing on their way from the early high mass at the Mission, their gala dress in strange contrast to the dull, gray morning.

Juan Bautista dashed up on one of his lank mustangs. He, too, was already decked out for the day, in his gay vaquero costume.

"Ay, Garcia," he shouted, "have you a drop of whisky for a frozen man? Caramba; this air is like San Francisco," and he blew his breath out to see it form a little cloud before his face. Garcia appeared with a small glass of whisky, which Juan tossed off with a grand air.

"A bad day for the fiesta. The people will have to build bonfires to warm the town."

"Hi—tut—tut," exclaimed the old man, impatiently; "you young ones are fast getting like the Americanos, who are never content. A good Californian minds not the fog; but the Americano Holy mother! All he wants is shine, shine, shine, from the sky;" and Garcia strutted in, leaving Juan to spur his horse and go on.

By 10 o'clock the whole town was moving. The sun had come out and shone with the peculiar brilliancy that follows a fog. The yellow and red of Spain and Mexico were everywhere, and the new California seemed to disappear to give place to the old.

Crowds gathered at every street waiting for the grand Spanish parade. Anselmo Gonzales, mounted on his beautiful Chico, and arrayed in the splendor of his grandfather's court attire, waited with the throng at the hotel. Don Gaspar Orena dashed forward to where he stood.

"Señor Gonzales, I come to beg a favor of you. We have just heard with sorrow that our leader of today, Señor Patricio Moraga, is taken with a sudden illness, and will be unable to appear. Could you honor us with your presence as commander of the parade? We would esteem it a great favor."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be of service to you, Señor Orena," said Anselmo, lifting his sombrero and bowing with dignified grace.

"Buena, señor; then we will go at once; they wait for us;" and he disappeared in the crowd with the venerable Spaniard.

The band struck up in new enthusiasm, and the procession began to appear. And it was a revelation to the tourists! First came the distinguished leader and his aids, at the head of a dashing company of cavaliers and beautiful señoritas, their horses dancing and their quaint, massive saddles heavy with silver and leather carving. The slashed jackets of the men were of the finest velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, shining over dainty white finen and lace, the deer skin or velvet botas closely wound with silk and silver cord, and their enormous sombreros glistening with white or gold threads. The women were lovely in soft fluttering skirts of flowered silk and richly-embroidered bodices. Dark eyes gleamed from the gay reboso or mantilla, draped over the head with the inimitable touch of Spanish fingers. The old-time cadets and soldiers came next, with their guns and pikes, and the ancient ox carts, their rude boxes and enormous disc-like wooden wheels lumbering by, with the curious plows used at the haciendas of long ago. A band of Mission Indians carried aloft a large picture of their beloved Junipero Serra, and a merry cavalcade of Spanish musicians, in quaint costumes, played their guitars and violins as they rode along.

Soon a great shout and cheer arose, and some one cried: "¡Romón! ¡Romón! ¡Alessandro! Brava Ramona!"

She came, a beautiful young girl, mounted on a golden-brown pony. Her blue-black hair hung in two massive braids over her shoulders to the front, and fell in shining tasseled ends as low as the horse's stirrups. On her small, proud head was an Indian basket, and pinned across her breast a fine Indian blanket. On either side of her horse swung two enormous, packed nets, the coarse-mesh grass nets used by the Indians for carrying burdens, while at her side, leading his jade horse, walked a tall, grave Indian. His sinewy figure was wrapped in a worn serape, and he was bareheaded. Now and then he looked up into her face with an adoring gaze, and spoke her Indian name, Majella.

Delfina had no fine silken robe and lace mantilla to wear in the parade, and she had read Helen Hunt Jackson's famous book, "Ramona." The happy thought struck her—why could she not be Ramona? And Tormel Sinagrit, the young Indian student at the Mission, he Alessandro; and they would represent the lovers as they looked, fleeing from Camulos to the mountains.

The procession moved on gaily, the children in their quaint dress of long ago, the boys wearing long hair like the girls; the heavily-loaded packed burros and the dashing vaqueros swinging their lariats wildly over their heads. But none were cheerier like Delfina, the pretty bride of the Indian, Alessandro.

As the long line neared the Mission the old bells rang out a clamorous welcome, and the queer Spanish cannon boomed their salute. On the broad time-worn stone steps of the ancient church, the fathers of a dozen counties stood in solemn state. An impressive historical address was given by the devout Father Vincente, and then the merry throng turned and rushed into the cañon, where a young ox was already roasting in the ground for the barbecue.

It was the last morning of the great fiesta. Already, on the foregoing days, wild cattle had been driven in and lassoed and thrown and branded by the eager and daring vaqueros. Two or three bulls had stamped and roared and fought till they lay writhing in their own blood. The soft-eyed, brown-skinned youths had climbed the greased pole and captured the graced pig, amid tumults of laugh-

ter; and half a dozen game cocks had pecked and clawed each other to death. And the enthusiastic throng of spectators had shouted themselves hoarse over this revival of a picturesque life, brought from an Arcadian past.

But this was the day of the famous vaquero riding. Juan Bautista was on the field early. He rode up and down in a fever of rage. His blue and silver costume, with its broad, red sash, tied jauntily, ill-befitted his fierce visage under the broad sombrero. His mustangs stood shining and bony in a neighboring corral. All was in readiness; but a formidable rival had risen in the field.

Miguel Ruiz had also driven untamed horses from the Conejo, and his were fatter and more unruly than Juan's. Miguel also rode up and down on the opposite side of the track, carelessly swinging his riata. At last Juan's pent-up wrath burst all bounds, and he spurred his horse and dashed up to Miguel, not even waiting for a salutation.

"Who gave you the right to bring horses to the Santa Barbara races?" he shouted, hoarsely. "This field is not for every thieving stranger who chooses to steal in at night with his accursed brutes! Begone, vagabond! thief! I—"

"Another word of your vile slander and I shoot!" Miguel plunged forward, his hand on his pistol. "I have here," and he pounded his chest violently, "a letter from my uncle, Don Gaspar Orena, bidding me compete at the races in Santa Barbara today. I go now to report your abominable insults to him. Dirty half-breed! Heaven curse you!" and he spurred his horse wildly. Juan tore after him in dismay.

"Stop, stop, señor! Pardon—pardon," he cried. Miguel wheeled and faced him, his mouth curling in a scornful smile.

"I knew you not to be kin of Don Gaspar," Juan went on, humbly. "A thousand pardons!"

Miguel rode up, extending his hand. "They are granted," he said, a little loftily. "May the day bring you good fortune;" and he rode on to his own corral.

The crowd had gathered, a vivid and moving mass of color. The air was like elixir. A brisk wind had piled against the ragged Santa Ynez peaks, other mountains of pale cloud, and now tore and rent them asunder, leaving shifting purple shadows and amethyst lights on ridge and cañon. The sea lay cold and blue, but the sun caressed and warmed wherever it touched.

The judges were in their place; and the band struck up. The dozen vaqueros in their gay attire rode impatiently round the ring.

Juan Bautista's horse had the first trial. One, two, three of the forlorn beasts were caught and surrounded, while he blindfolded, saddled and rode and subdued them. "Caramba!" he exclaimed hotly, under his breath. The crowd were beginning to laugh at the tame performance. Another was tried, a quivering, little pinto. With a grand flourish Juan threw the lasso, then approached him gently, blindfolded him, flung the saddle deftly, and, cinching it tight, sprang on the little creature's back and removed the blind. Whirling madly, the bronco bucked and plunged and reared. A wild cheer arose: "Vive el pinto! bravo!" Suddenly he broke and galloped round the track, the vaqueros in hot pursuit. Turning again, he vaulted the fence; still Juan kept his seat.

"Bravo! See, see! Oh, the water, the ester! He goes down—Oh! oh!" The maddened animal had plunged into the marsh, and in a moment was hopelessly mired, the luckless Juan crying from his back for help to pull him out. It did not take long, and the two, dragged and forlorn, disappeared amid screams and shouts of laughter.

"The coins—the coins!" cried some one, tired of the bronco-taming. A \$10 gold piece was tied in a small handkerchief and laid flat on the track. One after another of the dashing vaqueros bore down at full speed, and caught at the little object as they swung almost under the hoofs of their flying steeds. Only two of the many that tried, succeeded in the difficult feat.

The sun was getting low, and there was still Miguel's band of horses. Three vicious and ungovernable creatures were captured, and, after wild excitement and much fine horsemanship, were conquered and trotted peacefully under the bit. Fired by the cheers of the people, Miguel determined to cover himself with still greater glory, by riding the next horse bareback. A large chestnut, with flowing silver mane and tail was brought in. Madly he plunged when the lariat encircled his feet, and it was long before the blind was adjusted. At last, with a swift leap, Miguel bounded on his back and fiercely pressed his knees to the frenzied animal's sides.

"Hugrah, bravo! Oh—oh!—he cannot long hold out. Mother of God—he slips. No, he rises again—Bravo! Oh, he's gone!" and a hush fell on the throng. A wild leap had landed Miguel under the beating hoofs. A dozen were ready to pick him up and carry him out. He was unconscious, and one foot hung by the torn ligaments.

The vaqueros were about leading the trembling creature when a cheer arose. Anselmo Gonzales came forward, throwing aside his crimson velvet serape and huge sombrero. He approached the wild-eyed horse slowly, and spoke to him in his soothing Spanish tongue; the next moment he stroked his neck and lightly swung himself on the shining back, still speaking low words of encouragement. The horse quivered and pranced a moment, then tossed his head and galloped gaily down the track. Round after round of applause pealed through the still air. A bunch of Castilian roses was pulled from a slender belt and flung at him with unerring aim as he passed, and he looked up full into the wide, laughing eyes of Delfina Camarillo. He kissed his hand to her, and flinging himself upon his own horse, pushed quickly through the crowd—but she was gone.

When the early dusk had fallen, Delfina lay face downward across her little bed, crying passionately and kicking her pretty slippered toes into the fine drawn-lace coverlet. It was the night of the fandango, and she had no gown.

"The old dragon!" she hissed to her pillow. "I'll pull every hair out of her oily head! Let her keep her box of musty old rubbish! I'll set firecrackers under it and blow it to the ceiling! Heaven curse her stingy soul; and may the worms eat the marrow in her bones before another year. Ugh! Mary!" Her toes flew faster and faster, but by and by she fell asleep, like an exhausted child.

"What was that?"

Against the further wall a dim point of light appeared.

It grew and brightened, and gradually it took form. A key appeared in the center. The door revolved. It turned slowly three times, then it came to the ring at the end, and the massive door opened and disappeared. Delfina sprang up with a gasp of ecstasy.

"I know it! I can do it now! 'Tis the last of it. Bless the virgin! Bless her—bless her—bless her—bless her!" Delfina Anita had it at her side, and she writhed in agony with her teeth. Delfina Anita was out of the house. An old woman stood before her, over the primitive fire at the back door.

"Hush, hush!" She waved her hands frantically. "Where is Doña Anita, Maria?" asked Delfina, less.

"She sleeps. The first time in three days. A good yerba manna. Hush! hush, child!" Delfina left her mumbling, and crept to her bedroom. "Heaven be praised," she murmured, in breath. The old woman snored stridently. The key lay with others on the small table. Delfina slipped off the ring and glided but.

She stole into the little windowless apartment, living-room where the chest was hidden. She opened the sputtering candle she dared not bring to the room, set it on the floor in a corner. She found the key, it three times. She pushed the key, and it was a lock fell, exactly as in her dream. With trembling she lifted the heavy lid, and fumbled for the thing, far too elaborate to suit a child of her years. This she had set her heart on. Then there was the lace mantilla, the one like a fleecy cloud; and her gown of pearls.

"Holy saint! I have them all," she whispered, softly closed the chest. Blowing out the candle, she tensed eagerly. All was quiet, and stealthily she crept and around to her own room, tightly holding the key of treasures.

The clear, warm night was alive with light and movement; everybody was abroad. The pavilion had been transformed into a sala of Spain. The walls were draped with the vivid red and yellow, twined with it were great palm leaves and pampas plumes. Fine old shawls were hung to the booths, and gay silken rebosos, lavishly within. Lights flashed from a thousand points, and Spanish guitars played softly. The American guests stately audience about the walls; the Californians were allowed the floor. With the uncommodious abandonment of their race, they possessed the place of the night.

Dark eyes were luminous, and jewels flashed from shoulders. Silks, satins, velvets and crepes, with the shame the flimsier fabrics of today, rustled and shimmered. The men vied with the women in magnificence. Don Domingo de la Cuesta came in with his daughters. Mariana cast her languid eyes over the party.

"None have gowns so rich as ours," she whispered to her sister.

"Oh, no, no! I knew as much. Look, look! These Anselmo Gonzales. Mary! but he is superb!"

"Oh, ah," returned Mariana, breathlessly. "The take me out to the contradanza. Just wait, my father, padrecito mio, take us to Anselmo Gonzales. He is the hero of the riders today. Quien sabe?"

"Ay, oh, bueno! A gentleman and a Spaniard sent Don Domingo, and they pressed on."

Just then the Orenas came forward, Delfina with Doña Concepcion. Every eye was upon the greater beauty had ever graced the salas of Santa Barbara and Monterey twenty-five years ago than her companion. Tonight she was resplendent in velvet and emeralds. Delfina, walking by her side, was a small head like a princess. Her faultless neck and shoulders were covered with many rows of pearls, and of them shimmered from the coils of blue-black hair, short, pointed bodice and full skirt were of satin, wrought with a delicate tracery of pearls and silver threads, and the cobweb of lace floated around, childish arms. Her face was like a rose from a chaste vase.

The thin, sweet music of the guitars changed to dance—it was the contradanza. Anselmo Gonzales at her side in a moment; the De la Cuesta family reached him.

"At your service, Doña Orena," he said, bowing to claim the hand of your lovely charge for the Madre de Dios, señorita! You are like an angel," he said, as he led her away; and his eyes rested on her worshipful, on her perfect loveliness. "Ah, my peerless one, how have I longed for the bliss of your smile! Would that it could stretch to eternity!"

Delfina's little feet scarcely touched the floor; she was like a thistle down driven before the wind. A pair of jealous eyes were upon her, and a dozen admiring caballeros crowded about her when it was quiet. She stood in their midst, radiant and bewitching, and quitted.

"Thou art divine, señorita," whispered a smile as he bent to her ear. "None but thee could be my rita tonight."

She flashed him a quick smile.

"You speak too soon of that," she said, but she beat fast; she had never been La Favorita at a ball.

A waltz began, and Anselmo took her in his arms, swung her away, leaving the wrathful circle of admirers to curse him at will.

"It makes my blood boil like water in my veins," she prating fools about thee, sweet one. The made only for me, querida—me, and my great love. I shall never let you go, never again!" And to her almost fiercely as they whirled in the dance.

[To be continued.]

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RETORT COURTEOUS.

[Chicago News:] "No man with any sense at all approve of your actions," said the angry husband.

"But, my dear," calmly inquired his better half, do you know what a man with any sense would do?

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

He Couldn't Understand It.

WEN Ott Skinner, the actor, played an engagement in this city recently, says the Nashville Banner, his matinee performance of "The Liars" was gained by the patronage of the bevy of the season's most attractive debutantes, who enjoyed the stage business immensely, and pronounced Mr. Skinner too lovely for anything. After the curtain went down the manager escorted the debutantes back on the stage, where they met and conversed with the actor.

"We enjoyed everything very much," said one fair lady, "but, do you know, Mr. Skinner, we could scarcely hear a word you said."

"Now, that's certainly strange," responded the actor. "I could hear everything you ladies said."

He That Saved from Punishment.

DEAR-ADMIRAL STEPHEN R. LUCE, U.S.N., retired, has always been noted for his ready wit, and a great many stories are told among naval men of his bright sayings. But, of all of them, perhaps the following best illustrates his quick repartee:

When Admiral Luce was a young man, an ensign or a lieutenant—it matters not here—it so happened one summer that his ship for some days lay at anchor off a well-known seashore resort. Of course the officers, old and young, were much fêted, and were often ashore. One night, after some function or other, a party of the young officers, among whom was Mr. Luce, set out for the ship. They had had an excellent time and were feeling very jolly, laughing and talking, perhaps, rather hilariously; they saw no one on the ship, and, leaving the boat, clambered up the gangway. Mr. Luce in the lead. The officer of the deck, hearing so much noise of mirth, met them with a stern glance as they stepped on deck. He looked them over one by one, and then turning to Mr. Luce, who was the last of the party, he said:

"Mr. Luce, I am surprised; you are tight, sir!"

Quick as a flash came the answer.

"Why, sir, I do not know what you mean, sir. If Stephen R. Luce, how can he be tight, sir?"

A ready answer turned away wrath. The officer of the deck walked away, laughing.—[Saturday Evening Post.

He Kept Her Seat.

IN THE midst of war's alarms there is still time for occasional smiles over small social happenings in Cape Town. The Governor, Sir Alfred Milner, is an unmarried man. In the absence, therefore, of the hostess who usually presides over the social functions of Government House, it has come about that Mrs. Hanbury Williams, the wife of the Governor's secretary, fills the vacant place. There are many to testify that it could not be filled more charmingly, while there are a few who wish it might be taken a little less seriously.

However that may be, Mrs. Williams, during her reign, has introduced the custom of rising whenever His Excellency enters, and up to a very recent occasion Cape Colony's court has risen and sat down and risen again as the Governor's entrances and exits seemed to require, without a word or sign of demur.

On one recent occasion, however, there chanced to be among the guests a distinguished Russian lady, the Princess A., who has made a notable figure in South African social circles this season. When the Governor entered on the memorable afternoon, and all the other ladies rose as usual, the Princess sat still. Mrs. Williams was, of course, greatly amused, but supposed the lady from Russia had misheard, and called her attention to the omission as gently as delicately as might be. The Princess made no response to the hint, and when His Excellency went out she kept her seat alone, cool and level-eyed. That was Mrs. Williams's opinion, going too far, and she said quite plainly. The Princess smiled. "Oh, yes," she replied, with her pretty accent, "I believe I had heard that as yet up. I do not rise for the Emperor of Russia, though I have been used to see him come in and go out."—[Vanity Fair.

Ticks of the Trade Were Exposed.

A WAR correspondent for an eastern paper sent in his annual dispatch for the day from the little town out on the firing line, relates the Chicago Tribune. Under the lines the dispatch had to be addressed and sent direct to the press censor, Capt. Green, who, after he had passed upon it and struck out matter that he regarded as objectionable, sent it over to the cable station. There the correspondent's co-laborer was to review it and strike out anything from the message that he had already sent. But he had himself hurried out to another part of the firing line in the afternoon and left word at the cable office that the messages which came in from the first correspondent should be sent just as they were to the paper in New York.

The first correspondent, thinking his co-laborer was to edit his message in the cable office, had, after writing his message, put on the following postscript:

"For heaven's sake send me a new pair of khaki trousers. Some soldier stole mine yesterday, and I am wearing some pants I took away from a Filipino. Send me also a pair of socks, two cans of sardines and a bottle of whisky. We can charge it all up as street car fare or fodder for horses, or something like that."

The censor, of course, let the postscript go as it was written, for he supposed the man at the cable station would blue pencil it. But the co-laborer was not there and the night operator had no orders to do anything but send messages as they came in. Besides, he did not know but what it might be a code. So he sent it to the New York office.

There were sixty-three words in the postscript, at \$4.50 a word gold, amounting in all to \$157.50.

What did the telegraph editor in New York think when he received that appeal for a pair of khaki trousers and a

bottle of whisky? Nobody knows. For the saddest part of this story is that it is true.

The Court Committed Itself.

THE prisoner was making his appearance before the magistrate for the hundredth time.

"Well," said the magistrate, "you here again?"

"Yes, Your Honor," responded the prisoner.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy—same as before, Your Honor."

"It seems to me you are here about half your time."

"Yes, about that, Your Honor."

"Well, what do you do it for? Why don't you work?"

"I do, Your Honor, more than half my time."

"Ah, now," said the magistrate, surprised, "if you can tell me where you have ever worked I'll let you off."

"In prison, Your Honor," answered the prisoner brazenly, and the judge kept his word.—[Collier's Weekly.

An Invalid's Luck in the Woods.

"SPEAKING of deer shooting," said the local enthusiast, "reminds me of the story of the man up Bethel way. He had a pulmonary trouble that had reduced him somewhat and he was doubtful if his strength would permit him to make the journey. His physician told him to go ahead, but not to tramp much. In camp, where he arrived much exhausted, his friends told him to make himself comfortable while they went out and got him some venison."

"He sat about camp alone until about 10 o'clock and then went in and took his rifle out into the open. Here he sat down on a log and thought of his unhappy fate. He then fired a shot from his rifle at a knot on a tree and hit it fair in the bullseye. The sun was warm and bright and he moved out into it, resting his rifle against the stump of a pine. He then lit his pipe and rummaged. A rustle in the brush aroused him. Looking up he saw a buck with branching horns about forty yards away. He reached over without moving from his seat, took his rifle, rested it on a prong of the stump, drew bead on the deer and fired, and the buck fell dead."

"When the hunters who went out after venison for the invalid came home, he said: 'What luck?' 'Oh, we'll have deer meat for you before we go home. Didn't get any today, but we saw signs.' 'How's this for a sign?' said the invalid, and he led them up to a 600-pound buck, and they broke the profound silence to remark, 'Well, I'll be darned.'"

—[Lewiston Evening Journal.

The Usual Charge.

A MAN with a grip entered a downtown pharmacy the other day and asked permission to look at the city directory. He was so long about his search that one of the clerks got to watching him, and not without results. The man was apparently looking through the business indices at the back of the book, and whenever he came to a page, he fancied he cut it out with a deft movement, barely detectable. The clerk called the proprietor, and between them they saw him cut no less than five pages from the book.

Then the proprietor beckoned to a policeman just outside the window and went up to his customer.

"Got through with the book?" he asked.

"Yes, quite," was the reply. "Much obliged. Is there any charge?"

"Yes; the usual charge," said the drug store man. "Eight dollars, please."

The man looked at the proprietor, took in the policeman, and without a word produced his wad and settled.

"This is not the first time people have mutilated my directory," said the druggist in relating the incident, "but it's the first vandal I caught at it. Instead of copying the few names he wants, he preferred to cut out whole leaves. Well, he paid for his fun."—[American Druggist.

Each Devoted to His Profession.

IN CONNECTION with Gen. Wauchop's devotion to his profession—he had been wounded four times, thrice severely, before going to South Africa—a story is told by the Westminster Gazette. Shortly before he started for the Sudan last year he met on a country road near Niddrie an old tinker, a character in his way, whom he had known nearly all his life. Said the itinerant: "Eh, laird, I hear ye're gann off tae wars ance mair. Whan wull ye e'er get yer fill o' fecthin'?" The officer smiled, but made no reply. The tinker went on: "I'm thinkin' that'll be never, laird! I'm jist the same mysel', sir; I can ne'er get me fill—but it's no fecthin', it's the whusky." The laird took the hint.

Slain by the Sultan.

WATER COMMISSIONER BOWE was talking to a few friends in his office the other day, and in the course of the conversation related the following story:

The cashier of a London bank was £3,000 behind in his accounts. In his dilemma he consulted a friend for advice.

"Why," said the friend, "the only thing you can do is to stave off the day of reckoning as long as possible. Put in a check for the £3,000 and sign some rich man's name."

The cashier wanted advice as to what man he should select.

"Oh," said his friend, "take some man as far away as possible. Take, for instance, the Sultan of Turkey."

The cashier drew a draft on the Sultan and turned it in with his accounts. The draft was sent to Turkey for collection, and in the mean time the cashier had a respite. Of course the Sultan was indignant when the draft was presented. He promptly declared it a forgery and told his Minister to go and inform the London bank.

"But, Your Serene Highness," interposed the Grand Vizier, "would it not be better to pay the draft? You are now trying to negotiate a loan of £5,000,000, in order to carry on a war. If these Christian dogs get the idea that you are too particular about money they may refuse to lend us the £5,000,000. On the other hand, if you promptly pay this £3,000 and ask no questions, it may give you the reputation of a man who is unusually liberal in money matters and who is sure to meet any debt promptly."

"By the beard of the prophet!" exclaimed the Sultan, "I cannot afford to create an unfavorable impression in the money market. Pay the draft at once."

The cashier was called before the directors of the bank to

hear the Sultan's reply. Confident that he had reached the end of his tether, the cashier braced himself to hear the Sultan's repudiation of the draft read, expecting immediate arrest and imprisonment afterward.

"What a relief it must have been to find that the Sultan had honored the draft," remarked one of the listeners to the story.

"Honesty is the best policy," replied Mr. Bowe. "The cashier was unprepared for such good news, the shock overcame him and he dropped dead."—[Albany Press.

A Suspension of Sentence.

FOR twenty-five years Squire Quigg held the office of justice of the peace in Doniphan county, and in the early part of his administration he held the idea that a justice and as much jurisdiction as a district court. Once a shooting scrape occurred in the township and the culprit was brought before the squire for preliminary examination. After listening to the arguments, the squire ordered the prisoner to stand up. He then said: "Mr. Prisoner, it is the sentence of this court that you be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead." Turning to the constable, the squire said: "Take this prisoner outside and hang him to the tree in the yard. There is a rope halter in my buggy." The constable made a move for the prisoner, and then the squire, taking a second thought, said: "Mr. Constable, I guess you had better not hang the prisoner until we see whether his victim dies."—[Kansas City Journal.

"About Two Pound Ten a Minute."

THE Duke of Westminster's favorite pastime when staying at Eaton Hall is to roam about the estate wearing clothes which are decidedly seedy, and carrying a bill-hook. With this bill-hook he "blazes" any tree which he may for any reason consider objectionable, and the foresters on coming across the mark promptly cut the offender down. He was thus engaged one day only a few yards from the main road when a party of Lancashire trippers came past. Never dreaming of the Duke's identity they stood still and watched him leisurely chipping a patch of bark off. Presently one—evidently the wit of the party—called out:

"Come, buck up, owd lad! It'll tak' thee a month to cut yon tree down at that rate. A'm thinking the wudma make much brass on piecework up? Bowten."

Then the party passed on, but meeting a laborer a little farther on some one asked him: "What wages does yon owd bloke get for playing w' that there chopper?"

"About two pounds ten a minute," was the reply. "That's the Duke of Westminster!"—[Chicago Times-Herald.

Futility of Fame.

HOW far does fame actually reach? The other day a man wrote to Forest and Stream to inquire if the Theodore Roosevelt who wrote the books on hunting was "the same man of whom we heard so much during the war with Spain as the colonel of the Rough Riders, and who is now, I believe, the Governor of the State of New York?" Some of us were talking about this the other night, and some thought that the writer was a man who had a cattle ranch in the West, and that the colonel of the Rough Riders was a New York City man. To this fresh question the editor of Forest and Stream replies: "There is but one adult Theodore Roosevelt—so far as we know—and he is Governor, colonel, author and ranchman. Mr. Roosevelt's activities have extended in many directions."

We are accustomed to speak of famous persons like Roosevelt as "men that everybody knows." But one is constantly confronted with the fact that there are circles of fairly-intelligent people into which fame of a certain sort doesn't seem to penetrate. For example: Not long before the death of George William Curtis that consummate orator delivered a lecture in Dr. Chadwick's church, Brooklyn, on "Bryant," says a writer in the New York Mail and Express. The lecture over, as I was passing out of the church, a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man said to me: "What was the name of the speaker?" I informed him, whereupon he inquired, "Is he the pastor of this church?" Again: Late one evening Gen. Sherman was walking up and down the elevated-railroad platform. Standing by my side was a young fellow of 30 or thereabouts. I didn't know the youth, but moved by a sudden impulse I turned and said to him:

"Do you know who that man is over there walking up and down?"

"No," he said, as he fastened his eyes upon him.

"That's Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman," I explained.

The boy continued to gaze at the hero a minute or more, and then remarked:

"What did you say his name was?"

Last and Least.

PEDESTRIAN. What's all this fuss about in that house—wedding?

Resident. No. A new baby arrived last night and all the women in the neighborhood are going into ecstasies over it.

"Who is that tall man all the women are crowding around?"

"He is a minister, come to fix a date for the christening."

"And who is that short man who attracts so much attention?"

"He is the doctor."

"Ah, I see. That no account fellow, who is being pushed out of the way or run over is the butler, I presume?"

"No, he is the father."—[London Tit-Bits.

Mr. Cannon's Question.

GEORGE O. CANNON, the Utah statesman, takes a deep interest in irrigation, and is a regular attendant at the congresses which are held in the far West to discuss that subject. At one congress a drowsy delegate read a paper on artesian wells, which he declared always brought water except when they struck a rock. He repeated this statement several times. At the fourth repetition he defied any one to deny the proposition. Cannon looked up, and in his full, musical voice, asked: "How do you account for Moses's success?"—[Philadelphia Post.

OUR UNIVERSITIES.

FRANK G. CARPENTER WRITES OF
CALIFORNIA'S GREAT SCHOOLS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SAN FRANCISCO (Cal.) Jan. 15, 1900.—A curious competition is going on here in California. It is that of two of the greatest estates which have ever been piled up in this land of gold in the line of educational charity. The Hearst estate, or rather Mrs. Senator Hearst, hopes to make the University of California rival if not surpass that of Leland Stanford, Jr., and the State University, if ever completed according to plans, will in time be a very city of learning. The plans embrace wide avenues, statues, a gymnasium, a theater, as well as the ordinary college structures and halls. They are very imposing, and it may be that other multimillionaires may aid

\$300,000,000 for their new university at Washington, but so far their collections are comparatively small.

Richer Than Job.

As to just how much Stanford University has it is impossible to estimate, but its possessions today far exceed those of any of the other colleges. It is richer than Job in his prime. It has vast farms, enormous vineyards and stocks, which produce an immense income. I have visited the Vina ranch, which belongs to it. This is about a day's ride north of San Francisco in one of the most fertile parts of California. The ranch contains 59,000 acres, and upon it is the largest vineyard of the world. It has now about 3,000,000 grape vines, which yield about 22,000,000 pounds of grapes annually. When all the vines are in full bearing it will produce twice this amount, or enough to give a half pound of grapes every year to each man, woman and child in the United States.

The vineyard alone is said to be worth about \$2,000,000, and to annually net somewhere near \$500,000. New vines are being planted out every year, but so far not one-tenth of the ranch is in grapes, and its value will increase enormously from year to year. When I visited the Vina farm, some time ago, I was shown a vault which contained more than \$1,000,000 worth of brandy, which had been made from the grapes grown on the estate, and I was told that Uncle Sam would collect \$600,000 in revenue taxes from it alone. In another part of the farm I was shown flocks of sheep numbering 30,000, and I was told that 7000 lambs had been dropped that spring. I saw one drove of 3000 hogs and hundreds of fine horses. I visited also the Palo Alto ranch, which is situated near the college, not far from San Francisco. This farm contains 8400 acres of valuable lands. The Gridley ranch, which also belongs to the college, has 22,000 acres. So far the chief vineyards are on the Vina farm, but it is estimated that if all of the land which is suited to vine growing on the three farms were planted in grapes the vineyards would be worth about \$300,000,000, and that they would produce an income of \$11,000,000 a year. This is the estimate of the San Francisco Argonaut, in an article summing up the property which will pass into the absolute control of the university trustees when Mrs. Stanford dies. The sum is so great as to be beyond conception.

Senator Stanford's Ideas of Education.

Some time before Senator Stanford died I had a chat with him at Washington about the university, and also as to his ideas of education and self-help. I had asked him whether he expected to furnish a school at which boys could be educated free. He replied he did not, and said: "I suppose the tuition will be free, but I don't think it would be a good thing to let students have their other expenses paid. There is such a thing as educating a class of paupers, and I should fear that we might do that. We will furnish board at a low rate, so that any boy can pay

young men of the present have as good a chance as had those of his generation.

"I do. This country is on the edge of the great resources which have been made in electricity, railroads, the telephone, etc. Look at the regions which are being discovered, and at the needs of all kinds which are springing up. I am sure that the demand for good young business men of energy was never greater than it is now."

At another time Senator Stanford said that he needed three things to be successful. In the first, he must be industrious; in the second, he must have a settled plan of life and work, and in the third, he must stick to both and keep at it. He was a great



LELAND STANFORD, JR.

in carrying them out. The University of California, for which the buildings are planned, is at present not more pretentious than some of the larger colleges of our Middle States, such as Oberlin, for instance. It was founded by an Act of Congress, passed in 1862, and it still has an income of about \$40,000 a year from the United States. The State of California annually gives it an amount equal to a cent on each \$100 of taxable property in the State, which brings it in \$40,000 a year. It has also resources amounting to about \$9,000,000, and about \$5,000,000 have been already pledged to the new scheme.

Rivals in Teaching.

The university has now 2300 students, which is a hundred or so more than Stanford. It has trebled its attendance since the Stanford University was established, and it is the existence and competition of Stanford which is making it now one of the up-to-date colleges of the country. It was sleeping along in a dull way when Senator Stanford put up his buildings and began to employ the best talent of the United States for his professors. The friends of the college then became alarmed, and it was feared that the State institution would be seriously damaged. It began to put in better men. The old professors



LELAND STANFORD, JR., MAUSOLEUM.

pricked up their ears, and today the race between it and Stanford is close.

The Best Endowed Colleges of the World.

The Stanford University and the University of California are already the best endowed colleges of the world. With the \$5,000,000 which has, it is claimed, been already promised the University of California, it will have about \$14,000,000 outside of its government and State aid, and, as I have stated, the hope is that the millionaires of California will increase this to \$25,000,000. Columbia College, New York, has an endowment of \$30,000,000; Harvard has \$71,000,000; Yale \$10,000,000, and Johns Hopkins \$3,000,000. Chicago University is being supported by the fortune of John Rockefeller, and it may eventually have more than any of the others. The Methodists are trying to raise

it if he will work for the money. Have you ever thought how little it actually costs for your mere living? A man can easily feed himself on \$1.50 a week. He can clothe himself for a little bit more. Where I was brought up in New York State we could get good board for about \$1.25 a week. It is not the necessities, but the knickknacks of life that count." I believe the necessary expenses at Stanford are now about \$300 a year.

The Senator then went on to say that he hoped his university would give the best practical education that could be had. He did not care for the frills of learning, and wanted it to furnish such a training as would fit a boy for a live, practical working career.

Stories of a Millionaire.

While Senator Stanford was in Washington I had many conversations with him. He was very approachable, and when he had leisure delighted to talk. He was a man of broad education, wide reading, and was full of original ideas. He did not object to talking about himself, and frequently spoke of his early days in California. He once told me how he happened to go there, and how narrowly he escaped spending his life as a country lawyer in Wisconsin. He was brought up, you know, in New York, about eight miles from the city of Albany. His father was a farmer, and young Leland worked on the farm in the summer and went to school in the winter. Later on he went to an academy, and after that studied law in Albany. He paid his expenses while at Albany out of the money he made by clearing a strip of wood land for his father. The woods were near the railroad. He made a contract with the road to furnish it ties and wood, and out of the deal made more than \$3000. This formed his start. By means of it he was able to remain three years in Albany, and at the end had enough left to pay his way to the little town of Port Washington, Wis., where he hung out his shingle as a lawyer. During his first year there he told me he made \$1500 at his practice. He had out the most of it into books, when a fire broke out and burned up his library and everything he had. It was this fire that induced him to go further west to California. He collected \$800, which was owing to him from his clients, and with this started on the career which ended in the accumulation of one of the largest estates of his time.

Stanford's Advice to Young Men.

I once asked Senator Stanford whether he thought the

self, but he advised men to make haste slowly. He said that one hundred men got rich by saving to make a fortune permanently so by speculation. The danger of keep on risking is too great. A man succeeds at what at the start he would have considered as something he could possibly want or need. He speculates in stocks and eventually loses everything and dies poor.

Leland Stanford and His Son.

The Stanford University is founded on a scheme which is on the love which Senator and Mrs. Stanford had for their son, Leland Stanford, Jr. This boy was the favorite of Senator Stanford's eye. He was piling up money for him, when, at the age of 16, the boy died. A pretty story is told of how the Senator came to the university. The idea was the outcome of a dream he had during his son's last illness. It was at that time that Senator was worn out with watching over his son, and he fell asleep and dreamed. In his dream he saw his son, who was mourning with his son over his coming death, and he said to him: "My boy, if you die I shall be able to

have nothing to live for when you are gone." In his dream he heard the boy say: "Father, I have nothing to live for. You have made me live for humanity, father." The dream made a deep impression upon the Senator that it is said he told Stanford and told her of it. The two then went into their son's room, only to find that he had died away. This dream caused Senator Stanford to decide that his son had wanted to carry on the education of poor boys. From its contents Leland Stanford College came.

Stories of Senator Hearst.

I doubt whether Senator Hearst had any idea that part of his millions would go into educational purposes. He was not a college-bred man, and when in the United States Senate was supposed to be rather ignorant otherwise. He made no speeches, and was not a weight in the committee rooms. Still, the other members respected him for his practical common sense, and his chary of fooling with him. Stories were circulated to the effect that he knew more than he pretended, and in fact, the old anecdote told by Senator Fry that Senator Hearst spelled the word "bird."

According to Fry, the incident occurred in a saloon in the Rockies. On the blackboard behind the bar was the bill of fare, and in it, among other things, was the word "bird." As the future Senator saw this he entered, "See here, Blank, that is a devil of a way to spell it. Don't you know any better than that? You spell it 'b-u-r-d'."

"It is, is it?" said the barkeeper. "I would understand, George Hearst, that I am as good as you, any day. I will leave it to the crowd to spell it right. Yes, I'll bet you a basket of apples for the crowd on it."

"All right," said Mr. Hearst.

"All right," said the saloon man; "but I don't want to have any mistake about it. You have got to get down on this piece of paper, and he then wrote 'bird' on a slip of brown paper and a pencil.

Hearst took it, and rapidly wrote "Bird."

"But that is not the way you spell it," said the saloonist.

"Of course it isn't," replied Mr. Hearst. "I suppose I am fool enough to spell bird with a 'd' if there is any money up on it?"

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BUILDINGS.

WAYS OF SAMOANS.

HOW THE ISLANDERS LIVE AND MOVE
AND HAVE THEIR BEING.

By a Special Contributor.

FOUNDER Samoa correspondent of the Associated Press, Arthur L. Carr, contributes to this magazine the following article on Samoa and the Samoans:

After years of trouble between Great Britain, Germany and the United States, and fighting among the natives themselves, the Samoan question has lately been apparently settled. Great Britain giving up all her rights in the group, a combination of concessions made elsewhere by Germany, the latter power taking Upolu (on which the town of Apia is situated) and Savaii, and the United States assuming possession of Tutuila, with its magnificent harbor and the island of Nuunuu. These consist of the Manua group, which is under the protection of the United States, and the island of Upolu. The confirmation of this agreement by Congress is a matter of certainty, a few facts regarding the natives, their customs and customs, will be of interest.

The natives of the whole Samoan group are practically identical; their language is identical, with the exception of a few words which are different in accent of the natives belonging to the different islands. Their traditions, customs and habits are the same. Point to the fact that some time during the last thousand years they arrived from some other country. Authorities differ as to whether the Samoans originally belonged, but the majority of opinion that they come from Malay, many words of their language and many of their manners and customs are identical.

The Samoans are, as a rule, a magnificent-looking race, especially the older men. The reason of this is due to the genial climate, plenty of food, and the absence of the strict enforcement of the law prohibiting the marriage of relatives. The younger people, as a rule, are not equal their elders, either in physique or in character. The principal reasons for this are, first, the use of tobacco. Boys and girls of 12 years of age and women with children at the breast may be seen smoking the universal cigarette, made of the strongest tobacco, wrapped in dry banana leaf. Secondly, the practice regarding marriage of relatives is not so strictly enforced as in other islands. Thirdly, the use of tinneled and salt beef has had the effect of making indigestion an almost universal complaint.

The reason for the lack of politeness of the present generation is put down to the teaching of the native missionaries, many of whom, being of comparatively low birth, and of them to break up the authority of the high chiefs by teaching the maxim that one man is as good as another, with the exception of a missionary, who is better. In olden days a white man was looked upon as a sort of god, but it is by no means common to see one at the present time going through a village followed by a howling mob of youngsters belonging to one of the schools, the teacher looking on and smiling approval. The white missionaries are not to blame for this, as they are few and far between (with the exception of the Mormons, who are quite numerous on Tutuila,) and cannot keep a constant eye on their native assistants.

Political Divisions Among the Natives.

Although Tutuila is only thirty-two miles long by eight miles wide, the natives are strongly divided, politically, into two groups known as "Tangata Sasa'e" (men of the east) and "Tangata Sisiifo" (men of the west). The island is nearly divided by the harbor of Pago Pago on the one side and the other, and the natives living east or west of this line compose the two parties.

The system of peace each village governs itself. The "alii" (chiefs) and "tulafale" (speaking men) meeting, as a rule, on Sunday afternoon, and make arrangements for the coming week. They gather together in one of the "fale" (big house), each one provided with his basket of food, which is laid out by the "taupo" (village maiden) and retinue. After the meal is finished the inevitable discussion of arranging for building a new church or a fruit house or a stone boundary wall; or it may be receiving of visitors or planning a big fishing excursion, or clearing a new taro patch. On all questions of this kind the natives are communists. At the same time each village has its own land defined, and produces the food for its own use. Many bloody fights take place, not only between families, but also between adjoining towns, regarding boundary lines. To a stranger's eye these simply do not exist, but any native can take you through the bush, from one tree to another, pointing out his own land. Of course, they get mixed up once in awhile, and then the row commences. All the old talking men are assembled, and they give their opinions. If they manage to agree, the matter is ended; if not, trouble ensues until a compromise is arrived at.

A Samoan chief is nothing if not polite. The chiefs follow their own laws of etiquette strictly laid down, and it is unbecoming to argue the point with one after a number of minutes have left his house. The first thing a tourist does when entering a native house, unless he has been previously invited, is to walk all round and shake hands with everybody. Next he will sit down on a mat (a Samoan never sits on a chair in his house, with the exception of a few of the alii) and stretch out his legs. Already he has taken two native customs—first, he has stood up over the house one sitting down, and, secondly, he has presented the side of his foot to some one else. A Samoan, or a European who is acquainted with native customs, on entering a house at once sits down and crosses his legs, bringing his feet over the other knee. This can only be done in a long practice, and nothing amuses a native more than to see a foreigner trying to accomplish this feat. It is always pleasant, however, to see one try his best to do it with their customs.

How They Change Their Wives.

Polygamy is not, as a rule, practiced in the group. There are a few young high chiefs who have two or three

wives at a time, but they are an exception. They, however, change their wives quite frequently, several chiefs that I know having had between fifty and a hundred. It sometimes happens that a chief has no desire to change, but the other chiefs of the village decide that he shall pay his addresses to some high-born dame belonging to another village. This is done in order that fine mats which go as a dowry with the lady may come into their possession. Fine mats constitute the money of the natives, and enter largely into the economy of their social life. As it is useless to argue the point, the chief informs his wife that, owing to circumstances over which he has no control, it will be necessary for her to take a vacation; in fact, she had better go home to her mother and wait until he sends for her. This she does, and until she receives word that she is free no other chief dare take her to grace his house and home.

Having become divorced, arrangements are made to obtain a supply of pigs and kegs of beef to take as a present to the other lady. When all is arranged, the whole village, dressed in their best, get into the big village boats and proceed on their errand. Having arrived at their destination, the pigs (already cooked) and kegs of beef are placed in front of the proposed bride's house, the visiting crowd going into adjoining houses to await results. It generally happens that the dame is sickly and refuses the offering, intimating, however, that the chiefs of her village are fond of pork. The present is accordingly handed over, and a three-days' feast ensues. It is sometimes necessary for the chief to bring two more presents before obtaining a favorable answer, and it is by no means sure that he will obtain one then, as there may be other suitors. Or it may happen that some young chief who has brought no offering at all wins the woman's heart, and persuades her to elope. This is a difficult and dangerous proceeding, as these village virgins are strictly guarded by a number of old women, who are responsible for their good behavior and safe keeping. In spite of their care, however, the old saying that "love laughs at locksmiths" holds good in Samoa as elsewhere, and some fine morning the old guard wake up to find their charge non est, and learn later on that she has become the bride of some neighboring swell.

If, however, it is found possible to head the couple off before they reach the chief's home, all the men turn out armed, and do their best to intercept the fugitives. In olden days it was death to the man if caught. Nowadays he generally gets off with a severe clubbing.

Courting with this end in view is generally done by proxy, as a rule by an old woman relative or a hunchback. One of these will stay in the village where the maiden resides, and often spend months in inducing her to elope.

The Subject of Taxation.

Much of the trouble that has ensued in the past in Samoa has been owing to the objection of the natives to direct taxation. While a native will always manage to raise his share for any village collection, he begrudges the dollar-a-head poll tax for the government. He can hardly be blamed for this, as out of the thousands of dollars collected while the Berlin Treaty was in force, very little was ever expended for the benefit of the outside natives. The consequence was that, after paying once or twice, the majority simply refused to contribute further.

It will be wise policy on the part of the United States government, when it takes over the government of Tutuila and adjoining islands, if it pay all expenses for white officials, etc., for the first few years, and also not to create a number of useless positions.

Tutuila is not very large, and one good man, by traveling around at regular intervals, could do all the work that is necessary. The little group of Manua, situated about sixty miles northeast, has for many years run a government of its own, and during the existence of the Berlin Treaty no attempt was made to collect taxes. This government is run by an English half-caste named Young, with the assistance of a king.

"Tui Manua" (King of Manua) is by tradition the real boss of the whole Samoan group, and in certain ceremonies at the present day is always spoken of in this way. His power, however, has not extended out of the Manua group for many generations.

Only One Religion Allowed.

There are some laws made by this government which are worth mentioning. Only one religion is allowed in the group, the London Mission. The Roman Catholics have made numerous efforts to obtain permission to send missionaries, even going the length of obtaining the services of a French man-of-war to enforce an apology from the natives for their refusal to allow Catholic teachers in the group. The chiefs simply said that their group was small and one religion was sufficient, that they were afraid that if they had more than one trouble would ensue.

Smoking by women and girls is also strictly prohibited, under a fine of 50 cents a smoke. One of the first requests, however, that is made to a stranger when he lands on the beach is "Aumai se tapa" ("give me tobacco.") Should the bevy of girls who generally make the request have it granted, off they go into the bush and puff away at clay pipes. Very few smokers in this group use the banana leaf (universal on the other islands,) but go in for Dublin clays.

Tattooing is also prohibited. The consequence is, that when a boy begins to think that it is time for him to become a man, he begs or borrows a fine mat from his relatives and proceeds to Tutuila by the first opportunity and makes arrangements with an artist in this line of business to have his legs ornamented from the knee to the waist in the approved style. The London Mission Society has done all in its power to stop this custom, but without much success. It is not claimed that it is at all harmful, but they claim that it is against biblical precept. The other missions allow it, and any one who has visited the Samoan group will admit that it is a great improvement. Bougainville, the Dutch explorer (who only passed through the group,) says that he saw "a number of natives in canoes who wore beautiful black lace knickerbockers," and certainly the tattooing produces that appearance.

Rose Island is simply an atoll, i.e., a circular coral island with a lagoon in the center, to which there is a

passage from the sea which may be used by boats or vessels not drawing more than four or five feet. The lagoon is swarming with fish, and at certain seasons of the year turtle come up on the beach in great numbers to lay their eggs. They are, however, of the "green" variety, and their shell is of no value. Attempts have been made to plant the island with coconuts, but few thrive, and the fruit on these is all eaten by the coconut crabs, who husk the nuts and then climb the tree and drop them on a stone underneath to crack the shell, afterward descending to enjoy the feast. These crabs are considered a great delicacy.

Anunu is only separated from Tutuila by a passage two miles across. It is the only island in the group that is not covered by dense bush where not cultivated. It looks more like a gentleman's park, being dotted all over with trees.

MR. DOOLEY ON
YOUNG ORATORY.

Contributed to The Times by F. P. Dunne.

"THEYSE" was thing that this country ought to be thankful for," said Mr. Dooley, laying down his paper, "an' that is that we still have a lot iv young an' growin' orators fr' to lead us on."

"Who's been cratin' now?" Mr. Hennessy asked. "Me young frind Sinitor Beveridge, th' child orator iv Fall Creek. This engagin' an' hopeful la-ad first made an impression with his eloquence at th' age iv wan when he addressed a meetin' iv th' Tippecanoe Club on th' issues iv th' day. At th' age iv eight he was illit to th' United States Sinit, rayjocin' th' average age in that body to ninety-three years. In th' Sinit, bein' a modest child, he rayfused to speak fr' five minyits, but was fin'ly injoiced fr' to make a few thousan' remarks on wan iv th' subjects now much discussed by orators whin th' dures ar-re closed an' th' fire escapes broken."

"His subject was th' Philippeens, an' he said he'd just come fr'm there. 'I have cruised,' he says, 'fr' two thousan' miles through th' Ar-rchey Pelago—that's a funny name—ivry minyit a surpris an' delight to those that see me,' he says. 'I see corn growin' on banana trees, I see th' glorious heights iv Ding Dong that ar-re irradysatin' civilization like quills upon th' fretful porcupine,' he says. 'I see rice, coffee, rolls, coconuts, choice seggars, oats, hay, hard and soft coal, an' Gen'ral Otis—an' there's a man that I rasyptic,' he says. 'I see flowers bloomin' that was supervy to anny conservatory in Poo-lasky county,' he says. 'I see th' low an' vicious inhabitants iv th' country soon, I thrust, to be me follow-citizens, an' as I set there an' watched th' sea rollin' up its uncouncted millions iv feet iv blue wather, an' th' stars sparklin' like lamp posts we pass in th' night, as I see th' mountains raisin' their snow-capped heads fr' to salute th' sun, while their feet extended almost to th' place where I stud; while I see all th' glories iv that almost, I may say, tropical clime, an' thought what a gud place this wud be fr' to ship base-barnin' parlor stoves, an' men's shirtings to th' accursed natives iv neighborin' Chiny, I says to meself, 'This is no mere man's wurruk. A Higher Power even than Mack, much as I rasyptic him, is in this here job. We cannot pause, we cannot hesitate, we cannot delay, we cannot even stop! We must, in other wurruks, go on with a holy purpose in our hearts, th' flag over our heads an' th' inspired wurruks iv A. Jeremiah Beveridge in our ears,' he says. An' he set down."

"Well, sir, 'twas a gr-reat speech. 'Twas a speech ye cud wait to. Even younger men thin Sinitor Beveridge had niver made grander orations. Th' trouble is th' Sinit is too common fr' such magnificent sentiments; it's too common an' it's too old. Th' young la-ad comes fr'm home, where's he's paralyzed th' Lithry Society an' th' Debatin' Club, an' he loads himself up with a speech an' he says to himself: 'Whin I begin peggin' ar-round a few iv these vilets I'll make off Hoar look like Confederate money,' an' th' pa-apers begin fr' to tell that th' Infint Demostheens iv Barry's Junction is about fr' to revive th' oratorical thraditions iv th' Sinit an' th' fire department comes up fr' a week, an' wets down th' Capitol buildin'. Th' speech comes off, they ain't a dhy eye in th' House, an' th' pa-apers say: 'Where's ye'er Dan'l Webster an' ye'er Champ Clark, now?' An' th' young man goes away an' has his pitchers took on a kinetoscope. He has a nice time while it lasts, Hinnissy, but it don't las' long. It don't las' long. Th' la-ad has th' wind, b't its endurance that counts."

"Th' wise of boys, with their long whiskers discuss him over th' svin-up game, an' says wan iv thim: 'What ye think iv th' kid's speech?' 'Twas a good speech,' says th' other. 'It carries me back to me own boyhood days. I made a speech just like that durin' th' Mexican war. Oh, thim days, thim days! I lead th' ace, Mike.' An' after awhile th' Boy Demostheens larns that while he's poliahin' off his ipigrams, an' o' guy, that spins all his time sleepin' on a bench, is poliahin' him off. Th' man that sinds seeds to his constituents lasts longer thin th' wan that sinds thim flowers iv illoquence, an' though th' hand of Gawd may be in th' Ph'lippeen question, it hasn't interfered up to date in th' sergeant-at-arms question. An' whin th' young man sees this, he says, 'sky,' whin he means 'sky' an' not th' jooled canopy iv hiven, 'an', he says, 'Ph'lippeens,' an' not 'th' glorious isles iv th' Pas-syfic,' an' bein' onto th' character iv his fellow-Sinitors, he mintions nobody higher in their presence thin th' steward iv th' Capitol. An' he niver makes a speech but whin he wants to smoke, an' thin he moves that th' Sinito go into executive session. Thin he's a rale Sinitor. I've seen it manny's th' time—th' boy orator goin' into th' Sinito, an' comin' out a deaf mute. I've seen a man that made speeches that was set to music an' played by a silver cornet band in loway that hadn't been in Congress fr' a month before he wudden't speak above a whisper or more thin an inch fr'm ye'er ear."

"Do ye think hiven sint us to th' Ph'lippeens?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley; "th' divvie take thim."

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Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

FICTION.

Out of the South.

THE civil war—and then the emancipation of slaves. That is what you say, is it not, and also the standard history. Really, however, it was the emancipation of southern brains; the weight of the negro problem had been benumbing them. But the most unexpected fruit of it all was—for the beautiful gifts of good God have such a cunning and roguish appearance of being mere accidents—the setting at liberty many a gifted pen of Southern women.

Mrs. Stuart is one of them—some say, the chief among them, and still others, (Candace Wheeler, for example,) that she is worth more than all the rest of them put together.

Her latest slender book is the collection of five of her stories. They tell you of a phase of the life of the South. Four of them are the studies of the picturesque characteristics of the southern negro, and "A Note of Scarlet," is a story out of the now famous Simpsontonville. The "Uncle 'Riah," in the first story of the book, "Holly and Pizen" makes you recall Uncle Remus in his wisest days—and in the gracious, humorous moments as well. And when you think a little, he is as keen an observer of human nature—a prophet reader of it, I should have said as any of great philosophers of earth in his own particular line. Upon my word, Gotama Buddha, who preached the Path of Convenience and of Means, was not a whit wiser than this old negro "healer of diseases on the plantation," who "never hung out a sign nor had he been known to present bills for services," and who "practiced his profession without degree or license, and in whom people believed, and the fact that he 'didn't know B from a bull's foot,' was rather in his favor with his unlettered constituency." And happy the day when the healthy-lunged proclaimers of faith-cure would find as wise and long-headed a prophet as Uncle 'Riah' Washington.

"Bradshaw boy (he for whom the honest soul of Uncle 'Riah' yearned as the heart of a young miss for her first Easter bonnet, because he was a boy of the family which the old man served in the happier days, and who had just played a Christmas prank on the old man) said, leaning on the arm of the old man's chair in a way that was irresistible as he spoke:

"And do you mean to say that you really do take people's diseases from them, Uncle 'Riah—honest Injun, now?"

"The old man was taken by surprise, but he chuckled softly as he answered quite seriously:

"I take the 'sponsibility of 'em, honey. An' quick as anybody kin shake off de 'sponsibility of anything, it's good-by to it. I don't say I ain't wropped up a well leg an' nussed it 'fo' today. But that's kase some folks is slow-faithed. Dey don't believe nothin' widout a witness. When ole man Simpson was limpin' roun' de plantation, an' de leaders of 'is lega refused to lead, an' he had dese heah coas' veins in 'is lef' leg, I tole 'im to saw lef'-handed tell I could tek his mia'ry away; an' 't warn't no trouble. You see sawin' lef'-handed dat th'owed 'is weight on de yether fine-vein leg, an' swapped leaders. But ef I hadn't 'a' tied up my leg an' showed up de trouble in my system, you rekin he'd 'a' supplied me wid winter socks an' coal ole? No, sah! You see, all I gits fer my kyorin' folks is what nourishing' an' cherishin' the cases needs. Heap of dese heah college doctors could kyor folks better'n dey does ef dey had eyes in dey jedgmint. I done kyor'd a heap o' ole puny an' peaked folks, an' started dey circulation wid nothin' but de word o' healin', 'fo' today—yas, I is. I jes speaks freedom fer 'em, an' when dey slow to see de light, I takes dey cases to board an' show 'em up fer 'em. Why, you could have the best pair o' lung-bellows Gord ever made, an' set down an' study about makin' 'em wheeze, an' dey'd might soon squeak an' leak win'. I done tried it."

And the portrayal of a certain negro character in "Queen o' Sheba"—ah! it is simply ridiculous for history to pretend to tell so full and so true a truth as fiction sometimes tells!—Shall I quote from it? But if I were to begin, I would quote the whole thing; and it occurs to me that it would be just as easy for you to read the story in the dainty book as in the reprint here.

When the All-Knowing was busy in His workshop, and upon the chaos was falling the first glimmer of creation—at least so it seems to me—it must have occurred to Him to fashion out of clay and of Himself a choice few—God's own aristocrats—who would be His crown jewels, to speak in the apocalyptic language. So He surveyed all the priceless treasures of mind and matter over all His treasures—world, so that He might pick out the choicest gift to bestow upon the chosen few. He selected two gifts, humor and pathos, and gave them to them saying: "With these they can make their fellowmen happy!"

Mrs. Stuart is a blue-blood, after His own fashion.

And therefore, when you are weary, sick unto death with life struggle, when Hope is a corpse just one step ahead of you, and when your soul is night, take up this little volume. You will laugh over it, weep over it, and will forget some things which would be best for you to forget, at least for a time.

Not only are these stories true to life, humorous, pathetic, and most kindly, but they are literature as well. Not a mere congregation of words. Some one has said that Mrs. Stuart is giving us the best in the American letters of the day. The day may come when we would look upon the verdict with a much less humor than we do now.

[Holly and Pizen. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. The Century Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

A Collection of French and Canadian Stories.

In this little volume are collected nineteen short stories. The first six of them are the lime-light glimpses of the days when Mirabeau was the "King of the People," and

the others deal with the life and legends of the French and Indians in Canada. Short stories, I have said of them—but that was through the courtesy of a certain tribe and through the impudence of somebody 's. The truth is they are a rather mildly interesting bits of picture of the life of the time and people that are natura'ly interesting to most of us.

The chief virtue of the stories is their brevity and the charm of some of them is a certain quality of pathos you find here and there in the book. "Monsieur le Comte" is a touching, little tale, and to my way of thinking, as good as there is in the book. For example, the following is not apt to strike one as a bad picture of that egoist, that romantic rendezvous of contradictory emotional natures, one of the well made-up actors of that terror-stage.

"The following afternoon Mirabeau, on entering his lodging, was surprised into a sudden remembrance of his thoughtless action by a clear, childish voice singing,

"O, Richard! O, mon roi!
L'univers t'abandonne!"

"Ah! ah! my little royalist," he laughed; and opening the door of his study, saw the little waif seated in his own chair, thoughtfully building a house of cards as she slowly sang the forbidden song.

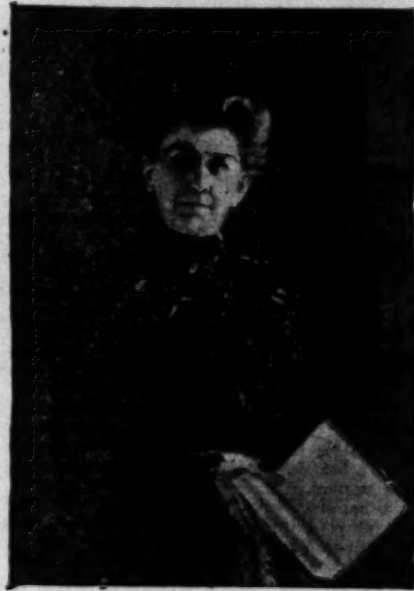
"He called to her in the rich voice of his, which could be as tender as a woman's. 'Eh, eh, la petite!'

"At the word the child slipped to the floor and turned toward him. Instantly her eyes brightened, her face flushed with a glad surprise, and with a joyous intonation she exclaimed, 'Ah, Monsieur le Comte!'

"Nothing in the world could have pleased him so much.

"Yes, cherie! Monsieur le Comte always, let others be what they will! and he knelt to embrace the child, whose arms for the second time were close about his neck.

"He happened to dine alone that day; but his dinner



MRS. RUTH MCENERY STUART.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

was as long drawn out as if a dozen guests sat around the table. Close beside him was his 'little royalist,' for whom every charm of his manner and voice was as carefully studied as if she were an enemy to be won over or a friend to be drawn still closer."

M. Guillois tells this story, and two others, and his tales are better, so it seems to me, than his companions, Maître d'Arde and the Duke of Bedford.

The last seven tales are told in the broken English of French Canadians. There seems to be something lacking in them; and I am wondering if it is because one always seems to expect in dialect tales, much humor, or at least some striking, homely rhetoric, which is racy and peculiar to the soil, and also because I have known the enchantment of Uncle Remus's and cried, as I remember faintly, over a copy of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

[In Old France and New. By William McLennan. Harper's, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

A Book of Idiotisms.

"Idiotisms"—that is the baptismal name of these literary, I mean nondescript, waifs. The author christened them so himself—evidently with a pleased smile, a twinkle in the eyes, and for the humor of the thing (but all this is a mere guess of mine). And the worst thing of it all is that one is almost compelled to agree with the author as to the fitness of the name, and that without the slightest ghost of a smile; for once, the name tells the truth of the named.

Now, the writing of excellent nonsense is an excellent art. And because it is such a difficult art to master, those who succeed in it become the target of the world's admiration. And because it is such a gracious art, Mark Twain, Riley, Nye and Stockton (in his happiest moments) are loved better than an ordinary run of sweethearts, and by infinitely superior numbers. And if a man be judged according to his aspiration, the author deserves all our respects. And to be a little fairer with this worthy man of ambition, when you come to "At the Literary Counter," you really begin, in a ghostly vague way, to be sure, to doubt, whether it were entirely through a mistake or accident that the author is said to be a humorist. For some of the yarns in that department—"The Father of Santa

Claus" and "From the French," for example—would afford you some excuse for a reputation of that kind.

And really, "Cupid on Runners" (you should read it in the third section of the book is not a bad story by and by, when you land in the fourth part through. "The Bull, the Girl and the Bad Man" is yourself rather weak in your worthy literary clearing the literary garden of a weed, with a puzzling. There is something, however, that is comfortably—for a conscientious critic:

"I have not a little hypnotic power," says the author. [The Four Mastered Cat-boat and Other Tales. By Charles Battell Loomis. The Century Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

RELIGIOUS.

The Personal Influence of God.

That is the definition the author gives of religion. The whole book is given to explain and maintain that "Religion is nothing but the personal influence of God." It is nothing but the up-to-date restatement of the honored "moral-influence" theory of atonement.

"This volume," says the author, "pretends to tell men something they do not know, but it tells a voice to what the common people do already think and believe. It aims to be an interpretation of the evangelical thought, not the heralding of a new religion."

What, then, made him entitle the book, "The Personal Influence of God?" And that, by the by, hints at the thing which one should bear in his mind while reading this book; that this is not exactly the best logic on logic.

And the following is the skeleton theme of the book: (1) God's personal influence "is to change man's sinful condition into a condition called 'the Kingdom of Heaven';" (2) the human desire for the future and the fear of punishment are not sufficient to bring about change; (3) "it is the change wrought by the personal influence of God upon our character" that makes for the citizenship of the Kingdom of God; (4) the figure of soteriology is not a dead Christ, but a living and now immanent Christ; (5) the terms of the New Testament descriptive of "the operation of the religion are only explainable by the theory of the personal influence of God's personal influence;" (6) "we are God Himself;" (7) "Christianity is built upon reality, not upon dogma;" (8) the salvation of the world comes "by the assimilation of all things and souls unto God;" (9) personal influence was chosen by Christ as the means to save the world from the sorrows of the wicked could only be explained on ground "that the sole saving power is the personal influence of God;" (10) the statement of the Kingdom of God in the future life.

Because He said that religion is the power of God, the author—happy, happy man!—that has swept the many theological tangles of at least the bulk of them, clear beyond the beautiful innocence of the thing reminds you of a May day, when the sun is at once a smile and who stands in front of a pile of mud and exclaims it a big palace," and witnesses the awkward man transforms itself into a dream castle because of the of his words.

"This idea reconciles our theology to reason, to intellectual beauty. It changes theology from a mass of unstable stones into a beautiful living temple. This establishes theology as a real science, subject to scientific tests and reforms to scientific materialism."

There is an intoxication (and especially with the theologian) much more dangerous than that of intoxication from one's own rhetoric.

Religion, an all-present divine influence? Is it entity? and theology reducible to a science? In the first place, who says (and the author is most dogmatically silent on this point) that the voice of God has been reduced to a scientific knowledge? Has ever demonstrated it? It belongs to the realm of faith exclusively, does it not? And the God who encloses us is the God who is within our mind—entity—for, how can we be influenced by anything but a body of whom or which we know absolutely? This is the reason why, when I say "God," I am thinking, and when you say "God," you mean something—in all probability. Mind, this does not mean objective existence of God. But, I repeat, that anything to do with our lives, is our subjective of God (whose objective existence we must assume on faith.) And if religion means anything, it is the human (not the divine, of which we are) conception, therefore, intensely subjective, relationship between man and God.

I have just barely touched on the edge of the book; and the reason I do not touch on things in it is not because they are beyond me. It is a very suggestive book, nevertheless.

[The Religion of Tomorrow. By Frank C. Stone & Co., Chicago.]

TRAVEL.

Mexico.

There seems to be a slight difference between the ico and the Mexicans of Charles Lummis's book, and one finds in "Mexican Vistas," by Sherratt (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, price \$1.00) a harmless thing, it would be a pleasure for a certain set of people, and I am sure sure any objection to it and a government would not punish for it. But as the things are, one or twice before libeling just one man. But there seems to be many who would sling mud at the honor and good name of a nation of many

...and think it a capital smart sport. Read
 When a stranger enters a house he is assured by his
 "It is yours, accept it," and his it remains—in
 the summer of the free-handed Don—as long as he
 to stay, albeit his soul is never gladdened by the
 of the little book, properly signed and registered."
 When such is "gladdened" by any such gift from a
 whose generous hospitality he enjoys, is a very
 that could be a thief. And I fancy that the Mex-
 could frame his hospitable sentence a little differ-
 for him, should he but know what sort of guest he
 And this:

...the same apparent generosity is shown in the matter
 of a ring, a cane. "It is yours," again exclaims the gra-
 and he urges its acceptance in terms so
 that the admirer is at loss for words to refuse
 the gift. But was to the practical American who
 this pretense for real generosity. A certain coun-
 of ours, who had most unwillingly accepted a horse
 one fairly forced upon him, because he no longer
 to refuse it, was made aware of his mistake in a
 disagreeable manner. "What sort of a man is that
 of yours?" inquired the donor of a friend of the re-
 "He must be a thief; he has taken my horse!"
 Of course, is just one Mexican who did such a
 From the way, however, the author cites his case,
 must think there are at least a few thousand just like
 And if one can be generous under certain circum-
 does she mean to put an equation mark be-
 a few thousands and twelve millions and a half,
 that is the population of Mexico, and put on at the
 a straight face upon herself? Nothing is abused
 as much as the inductive method of reasoning in the
 of a globe-trotter.

... (perhaps one hundred thousand) Mexican told a lie.
 who tells a lie is a liar; hence, the entire Mexican
 is a liar! After all, there is much humor even in
 a sentence as logical!

LITERARY NOTES.

...The coming Storm in the Far East" appeared in Na-
 tional Review, London, and The Living Age, Boston, has
 it in its January 6 issue. It is one of the strong-
 est on the subject, at once an epitome of the
 question and a prophecy. The writer signs himself
 "—evidently an English officer in the service of
 Her Majesty's squadron on the Pacific.

...A regularly charming and fresh note has Mr. Melville
 struck in his skit, "Motorman Cupid," printed in
 the January number of the Cosmopolitan. Why does he
 make his name a little more familiar to the reading
 public? Is it because of the editor?

...The book with Sarah Bernhardt," in the January 6 issue
 of the Cosmopolitan, New York, is a three-column miracle,
 and seems to be just one magician of letters who could
 do such as that—Vance Thompson. That his name is
 so familiar to the reading public is a sad comment
 on editorial rooms, perhaps. Perhaps on the read-
 ing public. Clever, concise, to the point, (and one could
 say more adjectives without the slightest smart in
 the sentence) his prose flows with a grace all his own,
 and only so pen of our day leaves so much champagne
 in its wake, and the pearls of wisdom, too, as that
 of Vance Thompson.

...The great name is, as it were, the priest of a little re-
 ligion—a very little religion, unavowed, discreet, and
 unobtrusive—that has its worshippers, its altars and its
 gods. Men live for his religion; sometimes they die
 for it.

...Now, I think that Sarah Bernhardt, too, is a le-
 gal symbol.
 Who shall write it? Adventures of love,
 with green-room episodes and dramas of the
 jealousies, jealousies, blows and kisses, quickly
 forgotten, quickly forgotten—a splendid
 of stage heroines, dreams of all the poets made
 and la Samaritaine, Lorenzaccio, Hamlet and the
 Lointaine—and always divinely herself.

...Not a woman, Sarah Bernhardt; she is a legend.
 Certain people it is calumny to write the truth.
 I would dare to write the truth about Duse?
 In describing a legend one may say what one pleases.
 I may summon all the imperial adjectives—the popes
 set—to do her homage. One may tell, if one will,
 that one night in the Paris streets, when Sarah passed,
 (then red) shining under the gaslamps, of Jean
 Valera's vagrom kiss and Sarah's blow—the beginning
 of the prettiest love-lydell in all the world. Is it true?
 I say so. But even if it were false, what matter!

...In a legend, Sarah—part of the world's poetry."
 Leading feature of The Atlantic during the first six
 of 1900 will be "The Autobiography of W. T.
 "Zikala-Sa's (Red Bird) three papers on "Im-
 menses of an Indian Childhood," "The School Days of an
 Girl," "An Indian Teacher Among Indians," and
 short stories by Henry James, Kate Douglas Wiggin,
 D. Howells, Sarah Orne Jewett, Josi Chandler Harris
 many others; and also the letters from England,
 and Germany. The first letter in the series will be
 Review of England in 1899," by A. Brimley Johnson, in
 January Atlantic. "Recent Social and Industrial
 in Germany," will be commented upon in March
 W. C. Dreber; and Alvan F. Sanborn will write in the
 summer a letter entitled "France Before the Expo-

...The chief among the articles in the January number of
 the Atlantic is the first of a series of papers on "English
 literature of the Nineteenth Century," by Lewis E. Gates,
 professor of English literature at Harvard University. This
 installment deals with "The Romantic Movement."
 Clara Morris, the well-known actress, begins the
 of a series of "Stage Notes," in which she shows by
 illustration that the stage but holds the mirror up to
 life. Miss Morris's anecdotes are as entertaining as
 an convincing. The "Notes of a Novel Reader" dis-
 cusses the latest novels with a witty as well as critical
 eye. Edna Modjeska concludes her article on "The Early
 Days of the Drama" in this number.

...May Irwin, the well-known actress, writes inter-

estingly of "Art in Humor," in the January Home Maga-

zine
 The December number of Sound Currency contains an
 article by Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury,
 entitled "Banking and Currency."

The London Academy recently sent to a number of well-
 known men and women the request that they would name
 the two books which during the past year they have read
 with the greatest interest and pleasure. The replies which
 have been received up to day seem to indicate that, of
 recently-published works of fiction, Miss Cholmondeley's
 "Red Potage," and Eden Philpotts's book of stories, "The
 Human Boy," have found the greatest favor with those
 whose opinions should be of value. Mr. Andrew Lang
 votes for "The Human Boy;" F. Anstey declares for both
 Mr. Philpotts and Miss Cholmondeley; and Dr. Joseph
 Parker put "Red Potage" at the head of the list.

[Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] In Paris the
 other day, Paul Bourget encountered a cynical, but good-
 natured, American. The Frenchman remarked, "I'm going
 to America soon to get material for another novel."
 "Yes," answered the American, "and I hope your venture
 will be as successful as your last."

"Thank you," quoth Bourget; "so you like my book?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I am glad of that; I like America—it is so much like
 dear Paris. I tried to express that in my book."

"Yes," went on the American, "I saw that you had done
 so. When I read it I said to myself, 'Well, well; Bourget
 has never gone outside of his French boarding-house.'"

Good reading for the new year predominates in the
 January issue of the Cosmopolitan. Among the sixteen
 well-known writers who have contributed to its pages
 are A. T. O'Neil-Couch ("O"), with a stirring bit of fiction
 entitled "The Lady of the Ship;" Kirke La Shelle, who tells
 of the tricks of "The Theatrical Advance Agent," and
 Seumas MacManus, who brings forth another of his clever
 Irish stories under the title of "Patrick's Proxy."

"The Family of the Sun" (D. Appleton & Co., New York.
 For sale by C. C. Parker) is one of the series, "Appleton's
 Home Reading Books." It is simple talk with a child about
 the sun and the planets, which makes up his family, a
 primer on astronomy. It is written in such a way that
 a child may not go to sleep over it; and the writer of it
 respects the suggestions thrown out by Spencer and others
 on education. The illustrations—and some of them are the
 reproductions of the photographs of the moon and the
 planets taken at the Lick Observatory and elsewhere—
 add much to the attraction and the usefulness of the
 book.

ASTRONOMY.

ORION AND HIS SURROUNDINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

PERHAPS few readers would care to try to remember
 the signs of the Zodiac by their Latin names, as
 given in my last paper, and therefore I will venture
 to recommend, as a useful memoria technica, the quaint
 lines of Dr. Watts, in which he gives them in their or-
 der and by their English names:

"The Ram, the Bull, the heavenly Twins,
 And next the Crab, the Lion shines,
 The Virgin and the Scales;
 The Scorpion, Archer and He-goat,
 The Man that holds the watering pot,
 And Fish with glittering tails."

Possibly some may find these lines quite as interesting
 and instructive, as some of the other lines written by the
 famous hymn writer! At all events, they will be very
 helpful to any one who wishes to become familiar with
 the apparent yearly course of the sun among the stars.

But as the sun makes his circuit only once in a year,
 we may make use of the moon as our guide, which passes
 practically through the same course every month. And with
 the regular use of almost any almanac, and an intelligent
 watching of the moon's movements every night, we may
 soon find our way along the Zodiac, and find many start-
 ing points for pleasant excursions among the stars.

I have been surprised to find how much useful and ac-
 curate information is given in the various almanacs which
 seem to be scattered broadcast throughout the country.
 In one, for instance, there is a column in the calendar for
 every month, in which is shown in what sign of the Zo-
 diac the moon is every day. The signs are explained on an
 early page, and when these are understood, and the stars
 are observed that lie in the course of the moon, either be-
 fore she passes them or after, it is easy to recognize the
 principal stars in each group. And perhaps some ob-
 servers will be surprised to find that the moon travels
 very rapidly from west to east, and not from east to
 west, as she appears to do. Before these lines appear,
 however, the moon will have passed through the first signs
 of the Zodiac for this month, and therefore we will try to
 find them by means of Orion, which is now such a con-
 spicuous object in the southeast in the early evening. It
 requires some power of imagination to form the figure of
 the mighty hunter out of the few bright stars which mark
 the outline. But we may see him now in the east as soon
 as it is dark enough, lying on his back, with his feet to
 the south and his head and shoulders to the north. The
 three bright stars which form his belt, and which are some-
 times called the yard-stick, may be seen pointing straight
 upward; another at right angles to the belt will mark,
 let us say, his left foot, while his right leg may be sup-
 posed to be hanging over the side of his couch, with the
 foot on the floor, marked by another bright star. The two
 stars at the proper distance from the belt, on the north
 side, indicate the shoulders, and between them, and a little
 further north, a small faint cluster marks the head or
 side face. He rises slowly from his couch, as a giant
 should, and as he approaches the meridian he gradually
 assumes an upright position. With shoulders well pressed
 forward, and his legs well glided by his glittering belt,

from which his sword is dangling, he may be seen still
 following, with mighty strides, the fleeing Pleiades, who
 were placed as a constellation in the heavens in order that
 they might escape his too pressing attentions in his
 earthly days. The story of Orion and the Pleiades is beau-
 tifully told by Prof. Gayley of the University of California
 in his "Classic Myths," pages 146 and 147; and both the
 constellations are mentioned in the Book of Job, probably
 the oldest book in the Bible. In the sword of Orion there
 is a star, which, when examined by a telescope, is re-
 solved into five, and is surrounded by one of the most re-
 markable nebulae in the firmament.

When we have become familiar with Orion, we may use
 him as a center from which to find several other constella-
 tions and more stars of the first magnitude than are to be
 found so near together in any other part of the heavens.
 There are only about twenty stars of the first magnitude
 in all the skies, and seven of them are found in and around
 Orion. They are placed and named as follows: Rigel, in
 the foot, and Betelgeux, in the shoulder, of Orion; Sirius,
 in Canis Major, commonly called the Dog Star, which may
 be thought of as Orion's dog, following him; Procyon, in
 Canis Minor; Pollux, in the Twins; Capella, in Auriga;
 and Aldebaran, in Taurus, or the Bull.

These seven stars may all be found in this way: Draw
 an imaginary line through Orion's belt, to the left hand
 as you face him in the south, and it will lead to Sirius,
 the brightest fixed star in the heavens; then treat this
 line as though it were an elastic band, which you can
 stretch a little, and with it begin to describe an elliptical
 figure, with one of the stars of the belt as center; begin-
 ning with Sirius, move in an upward direction, and stretch
 the line a little, and you will find Procyon, or the Little
 Dog; then, moving and stretching the line a little more,
 you will come to Pollux, one of the Twins; then to Castor,
 the other Twin, very bright, but not of the first magnitude;
 still moving on for some distance and keeping the line at
 about the same tension, you will find Capella, in Auriga.

If you like to rest awhile with Capella, on his wagon,
 you may think of him as being at the right-hand end of
 the transverse bar of a cross, and, with three other stars,
 you may form the most perfect cross to be seen in the
 skies. The shape of this cross, however, is better seen after
 Capella has crossed the meridian north of our zenith, and
 is going down in the northwest.

Starting from Capella, and moving the line till it comes
 into a line with Orion's belt, again you will stop at the
 Pleiades. Then, on this line, or a little to the north of it,
 you will find Aldebaran, the Bull's Eye, at about one-
 third of the distance from the Pleiades to Orion's belt.
 Thus we have found seven of the most beautiful stars in
 the sky, and have also located the second sign of the Zo-
 diac, the Bull, and the third, the Twins. We have not,
 however, placed the Ram, the first sign, because there are
 no very conspicuous stars in it. It stretches for 30 deg. west
 of the Bull, and there are two stars west of the Pleiades,
 almost like the Twins, but not so bright, which are not
 far from the first point of Aries. G. R.

AGUINALDO, "CHRISTMAS GIFT."

WHY HAVANA STREET BEGGARS FARED BADLY FROM AMERICANS IN THE HOLIDAYS.

[Havana Correspondence New York Sun:] On Christmas
 day two American soldiers stood in the street in front of
 the Hotel Passage discussing the Philippine campaign. They
 were regulars who had seen service and they were loyal
 to the backbone.

"F they could only catch that snake of an Agninaldo,"
 said one of them, "an' hang 'im, they wouldn't be no more
 Lawtons killed."

"But they can't catch 'im. That's what makes 'em so
 wild," responded the other.

"Oh I'd like t' git yest one chanst at him an'—"

"Aguinaldo, Aguinaldo," piped a small voice in interrup-
 tion at their side.

The two soldiers turned. They saw a poor, miserable
 wreck of a woman, blind and ragged, led by a child of 7
 years. The little one carried in its outstretched hand a card
 on which was printed in large letters "Aguinaldo." Be-
 neath it in smaller type were two lines in Spanish.

"Holy, mother!" ejaculated one of the soldiers. "Now
 would n' that come an' git yer! Is this a benefit perfor-
 mance fer Agninaldo? Git out yer dagoes before I choke
 yer, if yer ain't but half a woman an' a baby."

These remarks were so interlarded with soldierly oaths,
 which the entire population of Havana has come to under-
 stand, that the frightened woman hobbled off, dragging her
 child with her. She doesn't know yet, in all probability,
 what caused the outburst, any better than the two soldiers
 understood what her card meant.

It was simply unfortunate for this woman and all the
 other beggars of Havana who hoped to obtain Christmas
 alms from Americans that Christmas gift in Spanish is
 aguinaldo, the identical name which the Tagalog chieftain
 is yanking around with him in the mountains of Luzon.
 As there are no Edward Atkinson's down this way an ap-
 peal for charity under the legend aguinaldo didn't exactly
 appeal to Americans, for no one in ten probably knew the
 significance of the word until it was too late. An Amer-
 ican mourning over the death of Gen. Lawton was not likely
 to give up very much to a scaly-looking Cuban who per-
 sisted in whining "aguinaldo." Hence there was a very
 marked frost on Christmas day and the Cuban beggars no
 doubt think we are the stingiest lot of people on earth.

And a knowledge of the meaning of the revolutionary
 leader's name cannot fail to suggest what a lovely Christ-
 mas gift he would have been for Uncle Sam if the soldiers
 out there had succeeded in catching him.

LADY CHURCHILL'S PATRIOTIC RETORT.

[Saturday Evening Post:] Lady Churchill has inherited
 the wit of her father, as she demonstrated upon one occa-
 sion to an eminent British politician. He was somewhat
 annoyed at the campaign she had made, and said:

"I really don't understand. Lady Churchill, why or how
 it is that American ladies refuse to enter political life in
 their own country, but overwhelm us here in England."

"That is because you have never traveled in the States.
 The men there are so intelligent and patriotic that they
 do not require the services of our sex as an educating
 force."

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Relics of Roman Occupation Unearthed in Wales.

AN EXTRAORDINARY and interesting discovery was made near Caldicot, about a mile from Severn Tunnel Junction. At Dewstow Farm, on the top of rising ground, overlooking the River Severn, Mr. Oakley, the owner, is having new granaries and other buildings erected. The workmen, while digging out the foundation for the wall, came upon a number of human skeletons in a chamber cut out of the solid rock. The remains were those of seven persons. Some of them were oriented, and two were laid north and south. The bones were complete to the skulls and even the teeth, but upon being lifted from their charnel-house they collapsed, though the constituent bones were still preserved.

What makes the find all the more important is the circumstance that three small coins were also discovered among the remains, and upon one of these being cleaned and examined it was found, as nearly as could be ascertained, to be a Roman bronze. The figures on either side are very distinct, but the lettering round the edge is much obliterated. On one side there is the figure of a Roman warrior's head, with pointed helmet, and on the reverse there is the illustration, imperfectly discernible, of what looks like a nude figure holding in one hand a bundle of twigs or arrows. Some of the lettering seems to give the clue to the coins being those of the period of Decius Trajanus, A. D. 201-251. A number of coins of this Roman grandee have from time to time been discovered in the district of Caerleon and Caerwent, which is so thickly Romanized with ancient relics.—[Cardiff Western Mail.]

Pendulum 100 Feet Long.

THE physical science section of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences performed some interesting experiments with a pendulum nearly one hundred feet long in the light well of the Kennard, Manchester's largest business block, Saturday night.

The experiments were those first performed by Foucault in Paris some twenty years ago for demonstrating the earth's rotation on its axis, for determining the acceleration of gravity and for determining the approximate latitude of the place.

The results have not yet been published.—[Manchester Correspondence Boston Globe.]

Bird Letter-Carriers.

THE Great Barrier pigeon post, although dependent on feathered messengers for the safe transmission of mail matter, is a branch of mail service between Auckland, New Zealand, and the Great Barrier Islands. The pigeons in traversing the route between Great Barrier Island and the city of Auckland fly across sixty miles of water, and it is a somewhat difficult matter to train the small messengers to start from Auckland to the island, but it has been accomplished, and several mails are sent and received daily. Each pigeon can carry four sheets of tissue paper, quarto size, used for pigeon post. The messages are folded snugly, sealed with a stamp covered with waterproof and fastened to the leg. The birds then start for "home," where, in accordance with their training, they raise a tiny door and enter a box, their arrival being indicated by a bell which rings when the door drops into place. The charge for this mail service is 6 pence for each message not over one sheet in length.—[New York Tribune.]

The Poor in the Tax Office.

PERHAPS the greatest scene in New York, which you never hear about in the country, is the paying of taxes by the plain poor people. It is as much like the first chapter of the New Testament as such things can be, where Caesar Augustus ordered the world to be taxed, and to go up to their respective towns at their own expense and pay their taxes.

The small building in the City Hall Park often has a line, on the first tax-paying days, which would go several times around the building, of them who want the benefit of a small discount allowed for priority in payments. Men seldom go to the Tax Collector, for they are earning money, but they send their old women, or their daughters, and many of our taxpayers are women sole. The fact that New Yorkers live in tenements, or decks of high houses, seems dreadful to visitors and good country folks, but in the same way live the vast majority of the people of Europe, who have made that small continent paramount by their science and courage.

The luxury of a whole house to one's self is not much known in the ruling cities of the world, like Paris, Hamburg or Naples. Perhaps the respectable party from Ohio or Vermont who is holding up his hands in horror of tenement house life is himself regarded from those tenements as a hermit kind of being, who cannot know much or be much because he lives in a hole or up a tree.

In these tenement houses originated most of the great discoveries of the world. Nearly all the theological systems of the world commenced in similar rat holes. Whoever goes to Jerusalem, Cairo or Tangiers, will observe that the ruling race resides, like the poor people of New York, in the smallest possible area.

The successors of Mahomet, Moses and Jesus, roll a piece of carpet up into a ball for a pillow and lie down upon the surplus for the bed. They eat on a table as big as a Japanese tea table. Thus they have no great distress when they leave home, but have the greatest freedom for theology, socialism and poetry.—[George Alfred Townsend in Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Sylvester Abend.

IT WAS with much pleasant anticipation we awaited the approach of "Sylvester Abend," as they call New Year's eve in Germany. About 10 o'clock, supper being ended,

we all adjourned to the parlor, where they danced until almost midnight. Then refreshments were served. These consisted of queer little cakes made especially for the holiday season, apples, nuts and Berliner Pfankuchen, which are perfectly delicious. The latter look like large brown doughnuts covered with sugar; on opening them they are found to be filled with jam. Our Christmas tree was re-lit, having been furnished with new candles.

The ringing of the bells announced the beginning of the New Year. Guns were fired, and from the church lofty bugles sounded. Later all the windows were flung wide open, and, standing within them, the people held up their glasses, and called out "Prosit Neujahr" to every one who passed by. People on the street called in to us; even the Droschky coachmen, as they drove by, called out "Prosit Neujahr." Of all the pretty customs in Germany I thought this the prettiest. Not only to your friends do you wish a happy New Year, but to all.—[Bessie Burnside, in Woman's Home Companion.]

Model Indian Model.

ONE of the interesting models in the artists' colony in New York is a full-blooded Indian of one of the Minnesota tribes. He has lived in New York for several years, and has been seen in many pictures by noted artists. He is regularly employed by Frederic Remington, and in scores of the sketches of that famous artist of plains life, Thundercloud's face and form are represented in all kinds of situations, and doing all kinds of things. He posed for the new painting by Gilbert Gaul, which has created somewhat of a sensation lately. It shows a bad Indian brought in by an army scout, and defiantly listening to the scout's tale of his misdeeds to a United States officer. The picture is a remarkably spirited one, and attracted a great deal of attention when it was exhibited in a Broadway show window, a few weeks ago. It was described in this column at the time. Thundercloud is a handsome man, of the aboriginal type, and when he is attired in war costume, is a terrifying individual. In private life he is an intelligent, English-speaking, ordinary New Yorker. He married an American girl, a member of the Art Students' League, some time ago, and now there is a baby in their little Harlem flat to add to its domestic charm. Thundercloud at home, in dressing gown and slippers, and Thundercloud in his war paint and eagle's feathers, are two entirely different personages. But, as he says himself, he is obliged to go on the warpath in pictures—to buy shoes for the baby.—[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Uncle Sam's Roof Garden.

UNCLE SAM is soon to have a roof garden of his own. It is to be made on top of the Immigration Station building on Ellis Island, and the flooring will embrace a space of 150 feet by 175 feet. The army of immigrants who are detained at the island in the summer will have a breathing place, with a panoramic view of New York Harbor on the one hand and the open sea on the other. Besides the roof garden, it is intended to lay out a large playground on the lawn for the immigrant children.—[Buffalo Commercial.]

An Ice Carnival to Aid the English Wounded.

THE latest entertainment in aid of our wounded in South Africa—the ice carnival at New Niagara—took place last night. The skating people came in fancy costume, but the others in evening gowns and hats and the long black satin paletot that is becoming almost a uniform. Herr Grenander did a skating solo, Mrs. Langtry made an immensely successful tableau as "Liberty," and Mrs. Ellis took the first prize for an altogether admirable feminine presentation of a "Gentleman in Khaki," while Mrs. Tree recited the Kipling poem better than ever. These were the salient points of the evening. A good many people looked nice, especially Lady Randolph Churchill in a black tulle toque with a diamond brooch and a very elegant black velvet paletot. Mrs. Hwfa Williams sported a frock of greatly tucked cream mousseline and Malta lace, and a black toque with black feathers and a very notable sort of paste buckle. An empire gown of clear delicate lace, with a great trail of water lilies, was worn by a dark woman, whose powdered head, whether wig or not I cannot say, was very picturesque and charming, and built in the Watteau vein. Masks and lace veils were lending the charm of mystery to a good many fair folks.—[London Gentlewoman, December 26.]

A Pen Picture of the Scene of War.

ONE of the first things remarked by the traveler landing at the Cape, East London or Durban, is the proximity of the mountainous region to the seashore. He has hardly advanced inland before he sees rising in front of him no ordinary hills, but an apparently insuperable barrier of rocks. This system presents both advantages and serious inconveniences, especially for Durban and the Cape. Durban, in fact, is situated at the foot of the Berea, a hill which rises abruptly about three miles from the shore. On its summit are built the villas and cottages of the wealthy merchants, and a tramway starting from the bluff connects the Berea with the city and the harbor. The top of the hill dominates the roadstead and the channel, and if it were in possession of an enemy no attempt at landing would be possible. The situation of Durban as a military port is still further complicated by the difficulties experienced by vessels which have to cross the bar and penetrate into the channel. The port of Durban is situated behind a lagoon formed by two long sandy beaches, and despite all the works executed in the last fifty years large mail steamships are still obliged to anchor in the roadstead, as will be the case for the British transport ships. This explains delay in the opening of his campaign by Gen. Buller, for if it is easy promptly to disembark sol-

diery, it takes a longer time to put down the necessary military materials, first on board of lighters and then to be carried ashore to a second disembarkation point.

Cape Town extends itself at the western end of a triangular peninsula of from thirty to forty miles in length, formed by a long rocky point which projects into the sea. On the northern side overhangs Table Mountain, 3583 feet, Table Mountain, flanked on the left by Lion's Head, and on the right by Lion's Head. Therefore, between mountainous rocks, from the Transvaal, the general configuration of the country offers the aspect of a vast amphitheater, the steps of which are formed by successive mountain ranges, which immediately northward of the Cape are called the Grand Karroo, and the mountains reach the western frontier of Natal. The tablelands of that immense amphitheater are a task, for each one overhangs the one below, perpendicular line, and, moreover, they are ravines and hills which add to the difficulties of the route. From the Cape to Orange River the distance is divided in three tablelands, the first being 150 miles from the sea and the third at an altitude of 10,000 feet. It is easy to understand the difficulties to be overcome in the construction of the line, which were built between Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown and Durban to the interior of the country, no less than 8000 bridges, tunnels, etc., and the construction of the railroads of Cape Colony, among the most difficult of which are the Bridges of Good Hope, the River, which is 1300 feet wide and has a depth of 100 feet, and the bridges of Bethulia and the Natal, difficulties in railroad building were not the least. Between Pietermaritzburg and Grahamstown, a distance of 195 miles, there are no less than 1000 bridges thrown across the Mool, Tugela and other rivers of the region.—[Correspondence Paris Revue Maritime.]

A Bunco Postoffice Abolished.

AFTER an existence of nearly sixty years, a political bunco game has ceased to be played in the office in New York State that had been known as the 15, Arcadia postoffice, which was located in the fact that Newark also has its own postoffice, which was officially closed by the government, and John Dillenberg turned over the property to Richard P. Groot of the Newark office.

Away back in 1840, so tradition runs, a man who wanted to see Arcadia grow to be a great city, visited to Washington with L. L. Root, a merchant, and labored hard to get a postoffice at Arcadia. In their petition they asked that Arcadia was distant three or four miles from Newark, over the figure "4," in fine lettering, was the fact that the petition really stated that Arcadia was "miles" distant from Newark. Three-quarters of the actual distance.

The postoffice officials failed to detect the trick, and Arcadia secured her postoffice. Ever since then it has come daily to the little postoffice for the towns round about, Newark postoffice receiving mail. On the maps Arcadia appears as a town, but, as a matter of fact, it has been a town nearly fifty years.—[Buffalo Courier.]

The Nautical School for Filipinos.

DETAILS of the course on the reopening of the school at Manila are furnished in a report by Rear-Admiral Watson, who has appointed Commander V. C. Cottman as superintendent of the institution. The institution was the former Spanish school known as Escuela Nautica. Instruction is given in Spanish only. For the purpose of training the institution will be provided with as soon as a suitable vessel can be obtained, which will embrace three years.

Candidates for admission to the school must be the consent of parents or guardians. They must be of the Philippine Islands, between 14 and 20 years of age, of sound mind and body, not color blind, and of good character. They must be able to write and have a competent knowledge of arithmetic. After June 1, 1906, students of the knowledge of the English language will be admitted after examination. Students are to be at home and to provide their own text books for the study of the English language, as well as stationery, will be supplied by the government.

A Rare Painting Discovered.

A PAINTING of Goethe, believed to be an original, has been discovered in a room at Halle, where it had been for more than a century. It is at present in the possession of Dr. Volkmann, who permitted it to be exhibited at a museum in Halle. It is believed to be the same picture painted by Goethe's friend, F. A. Wolf, August 24, 1806, by which he added these words to the gift: "It is my wish that you know that my intention of giving you the picture has been realized. Let it be a happy and a happy moment."—[Chicago Record.]

A Paris court has awarded damages to the owner of the janitor of his house because the janitor was found on the premises when a messenger was sent to the important document for the said tenant.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

And the women of California do not need to imitate those of any other State or section. They possess a home climate and conditions unique and unrivaled. Their State has its own peculiar needs and possibilities, which vary, moreover, with the locality. When the club women of Los Angeles take up their federation work, then, it is to be their duty to first consider what is needed to aid their sex and to aid the community as a whole, under local conditions.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

BODICES OF ODDS AND ENDS.

MAISIE TELLS HOW TO COMPOSE FETCHING WAISTS OUT OF LEFT-OVER SCRAPS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—"Do you know," said Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, solemnly, as a lull fell upon the conversation about the luncheon table. "I think we are on the eve of a great revolution in dress. Women coming home from Paris tell me the strangest tales about the corset of the future that the Parisian elegantes are already wearing. The leading modistes advocate them, and I have seen some gowns lately, worn by women of unquestioned authority in the matter of clothes, that have their upper

widths gathered across the back and hips with all the fullness the goods will allow."

"I am sorry to hear that," twittered Maisie from the end of the table, where she sat picking daintily all the bits of mushroom from her plate of chicken. "The present fashions suit me entirely, and to my eyes the modern skirt does more to make stout women appear slender, to transform angular women into gracious sybils and to give height to the short and dignity to the tall. Added to all these virtues, there never was a time like the present for utilizing odds and ends, pretty bits of left-over silk and trifles of fur and embroidery in the make-up of really attractive and useful little waists."

"You would all, I am sure, open your eyes," she continued, "if you learned for how little and from what mere scraps some of my most fetching waists are made. Last week, for example, I was billed to read a paper before

our every-other-Wednesday morning club. It's a club, you know, and we are preparing the tragedies this winter. Now, it is very hard to write a paper on the political conditions of the day of Brutus, but it is quite another matter reading for twenty minutes before a crowd of frocked and awfully-critically women, in the time you've already worn a dozen times. One must wear something that will at once attract the attention of the audience, and command their

"Well, I bent my whole energies to the task, feature for wear, not only when I am business but, when obliged to look my best, as I do at the theater, and even at the opera. A décolleté frock is not necessary. The greatest achievement is any one of my simple white or a white silk one to a pretty cloth thing to



Velvet Directoire Dinner Gown.



An Attractive Hat.



Charming Toque.



Charming Negligee.



One of the New Petticoats.

A Charming Toque.

This is a charming French toque, achieving great simplicity with style. The frame and bow are of golden-brown velvet, while a rippling mass of metallic-blue coque feathers trims the front and left side.

One of the New Petticoats.

The above photograph is a graphic illustration of the new petticoats worn today by well-dressed women who are fastidious regarding the hang of their skirts. Though the one shown here is a delicate confection of muslin and needle work, many are made in taffeta. These silk and lace slips, combining underskirt and underbody in a single

garment, do wonders in preserving a slender waist line, and will be universally used next summer under thin dresses. This example is of Swiss, having a wide-tucked flounce, edged with Irish point, that serves as insertion at the top of the ruffle, and to form the body complete.

An Attractive Hat.

This attractive Paris hat—half-theater, half-calling toque—is of pale-blue felt, pinched and pinned to fit the head and supply a becoming frame for the face. Heavy cream Irish guipure lace covers the crown and overlaps the left side of the front brim, the other half being overlaid with sable. A big mousseline de soie bow dresses the extreme back.

A Charming Negligee.

This charming little negligee jacket is of liberty satin, trimmed with lisse lace of a pale tint. It serves as a matinée, and is so easily worn any woman can put one together satisfactorily.

A Velvet Directoire Dinner Gown.

A sea-green velvet directoire dinner gown, embroidered with silver threads and pearls. A black chilla fur is laid across the edge of the skirt, and a cluster of pink wild roses is fastened to the side.

of the dress. My waist is made of cloth, cream and blue to the figure, not by darts, but the new fashion of drawing down and stitching flat, in tiny lines converging to the belt, all the fullness about the waist line at back and front.

"What about the shoulders?" Maisie chattered on, "fall into the shoulders, faced with red silk and edged with gilt and these revers expose the collar and shoulders, covered with a piece of Persian patterned embroidery, in which blue and red are the prevailing motifs. A four-in-hand collar and its long ends pass down to the waist line where a row of five little white cloth straps, that fasten the back with girth buttons. Now, for the remarkable simplicity of this charming waist I really deserve no credit, for my dressmaker did it all out of bits left over from other gowns, and I must confess my paper on Rome was of beautiful use."

Mrs. Van Knickerbocker's Smart Gown.

"You are a genius," sighed Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, with sincerity. "You strong-minded women so often are, and I will say it for the advanced woman, that she can dress with amazing taste. Now, there is Mrs. Perkins Murray. In spite of the fact that she has an office full of patients every day, when her afternoon at home was to be celebrated last week, she stood up to the social enactions of life in a charming cream gown with a blue waist, that was a just cause for envy. Her dress was simple, had a mere relieving fold about the bottom, and the waist, laid in the most curious and interesting series of pleats, showed beneath each pleat a merely suggested line of turquoise blue."

"Charming," murmured the hostess. "Simplicity is with women the order of the day now, and in spite of the temptation to stray after other idols, dear old turn-of-mind keeps its strong hold. I, too, have been to a party recently, and the two smartly-got-up women who remained together were both the most faultlessly-demure little women possible. One adopted a cloth skirt in gray, and not so much as a decorative tuck on it, and the back had in two broad box pleats, stitched down on their sides, and for twenty-five or thirty inches beyond the waistband. A full, soft blouse of gray liberty satin was worn with this, its flat neckband, elbow-sleeve cuffs, and half-made of white satin ribbon, overlaid with cream-colored lace, and edged with mere pipings of brown fur. A perfect Oyster gown, and not a jewel in evidence."

A Pale-Green Poplin.

"The other young matron by the door displayed her dress to exquisite advantage in a pale-green poplin gown, having a top of heavy ecru lace, through the mesh of which the green showed well. One-half of the waist was made of lace, over green poplin, while the yoke and sleeves were of polka-dot chiffon. A moss-green velvet belt and big knot of the same, in the hollow of the right shoulder, variegated the colors well, and then there were two folds of green velvet, holding the lace fronts together over the bust, with tiny rhinestone buttons."

"I've been seeing about lately in the realms of good fashion, and I've come to see that the smart sleeve has a row of puffs that fit over the arm half way to the elbow, and from under this comes out the transparent arm case, that goes to the elbow and ends without a cuff. At the dinner last week I observed Hilda Spang in the new play gown, a particularly fetching gown of lex lace, with lace sleeves as I have mentioned, coming half way from shoulder to elbow and then shirred-tan chiffon covered her arms to the wrist."

The Absence of Jewels.

"The first-act gown was a dream, a dream in pure zinc-gray, satin-faced crepe de chine, covered with embroidery in the gray beads. Her train was all fluffy beneath with many strings of beads formed her shoulders. I see she is an actress open to impressions, for throughout the play she wore not a jewel. She has been among our smart women lately, who have, temporarily at least, abjured strings of pearls and precious stones to let good looks shine by the radiance of their own eyes."

"There is plenty of bejeweling done to one's garments nowadays," put in Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, "and it's done well it is the prettiest decoration in the world. I've just achieved out of my inner consciousness, with the help of my sewing woman, a little copy of a jacket that captured my attention and admiration when worn by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the other morning. It was made of creamy lace, over rosy liberty tissue, long-sleeved blouse, with Louis XVI coat of darkly-blue brocade upon it. Mine is done over from an old ball dress and is white lace upon lilac silk linings, while my coat is of the deepest rose color, brocaded in white. The coat does not meet over the bust, but are held together by three groups of triple-jet chains, suspended between rhinestone buttons and three jet chains drop over the tops of the long, close-fitting lace sleeves. With a dark, trained skirt I can readily wear this afternoon at tea time, and the whole thing costs a quite infinitesimal sum."

MARY DEAN.

WOMEN AS PRACTICAL CHEMISTS.

ALL OVER THIS COUNTRY THEY ARE DOING VALUABLE WORK IN VARIOUS LINES.

By a Special Contributor.

One of the first women in this country to make experiments in chemistry collected gases in bottles and used a test-tube as a trough, teaching the district school between 1840 and 1845. Later, as a special favor, she was admitted to the laboratory of a professor, who favored her appeal in order that she might rehearse his lessons, step by step, for the advantage of a brother who was blind. This brother was Edward Livingston Youmans, the eminent writer, lecturer, and simplifier of science for the people. He attributed much of his success to his sister's apt explanations and untiring devotion.

This was all more than forty years ago. Since that time scores of women have mastered chemistry in its various branches, and put that knowledge to use for their own benefit and not their brothers. Some have taken special

university courses, it being fifteen years now since the more liberally-constituted universities extended their privileges to women. Other women chemists picked up their information by hand-to-hand contact with the work in chemists' shops and professors' laboratories, having no diploma other than efficiency and practical service.

Some women are chemists by association, their fathers or brothers having been long identified with business founded on chemical processes, and they in turn having familiarized themselves with the work when occasion demanded. The woman who has five flourishing dyeing shops in a big city is one of them; also the women who are makers and bottlers of mineral and medicinal waters (a half dozen of whom may be cited,) the woman who conducts a large cider and vinegar mill, and her prosperous compeer who excels in pickles and preserves, made by her own recipes, secret formulas that have descended to her through generations of pickle makers. There are women as versed in the confectioner's mysteries as men are, and who are as quick to adapt the new discoveries and facilities of science to attaining unique results.

A New Orleans Girl.

There is a New Orleans girl of this mental pattern now taking an after-degree course in laboratory work at Barnard College. She was a Ph.D. two years ago, but came back this term with special intent to study the nature and properties of cottonseed and cottonseed oil in their relation to farm economy. This young scientist considers agriculture as the most noble, useful and universal of human pursuits. She was reared among the cotton and sugarcane interests of Louisiana, and is devoting herself to research and experiment in the matter of soils and native chemical agents at an age when most girls just freed from college tasks, and who have means to pursue their own bent, are going in for gaiety and social diversions.

Other Chemists at Work.

A woman chemist, Miss Marion F. Dorset, has for three years been doing work for the government in the Bio-chemic Laboratory at Washington. There are fifteen women members of the American Chemical Society, their home addresses and the work they do being as diverse as the points of the compass. Three women-chemists are practical mineralogists as well. Miss Lily Miller has a chemist's position on the Massachusetts State Board of Health, and Miss Laura Lynton, a graduate of the Minnesota University is doing perhaps the most unique work of any woman chemist. Miss Lynton is not only an original writer and thinker, whose papers read at various scientific meetings attract attention, but she is regularly employed by a large park and street-paving firm as consulting chemist.

As Shopkeepers.

A finished woman chemist, graduate of a foreign university, presides over a busy photographer's studio. There are a half-dozen successful women photographers whose work is up with the best, but the chemist photographer has the advantage of them all in being able to carry out her conceptions from the first stage to the last without depending in the least on outside help. Her conclusions as to the developing of the pictures are absolutely sure. She studied chemistry with the express intent of becoming an artist photographer, and of, perhaps, devising methods of her own looking to the improvement of the work.

Mrs. Annie White Carpenter is one of the most successful business chemists in Buffalo. There is a woman chemist in Cincinnati who owns and conducts three pharmacist establishments. Another in Detroit, who runs a thriving drug store, and one in New York who is in charge of a department in a chemist's supply house, where fifty or more girls put up cordials, remedies and restorers under her direction. Miss Elizabeth F. Fisher is professor of geology at Wellesley College, and Miss Rosa Bonton instructor of chemistry at the Nebraska State University. The professor of chemistry at the Sophia Newcomb College, New Orleans, is also a woman, Mrs. Evelyn M. Ordway. Mrs. Helen Abbott has followed the science in the abstract, and has analyzed some valuable, but hitherto unknown, Mexican herbs and plants.

She Graduates Housekeepers.

The woman chemist most conspicuous in educational circles is Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She analyzed a rare mineral-samaraskite—which was interesting mineralogists twenty years ago, and since then has at various times done work for the State Board of Health in examining the river and harbor waters and giving assistance in other matters of sanitary importance. Long before the institute admitted women freely to its departments, Mrs. Richards conducted a special laboratory course in chemistry for teachers, and she has written able books on domestic science. She is fondly alluded to by both men and women students as the "mother of the institute," and as an instructor she has stimulated more interest in chemistry as a profession for women and turned out more enthusiastic, sound-principled housekeepers than any other woman living.

The woman chemist who has been the most signal influence for artistic effort in this country, and who has given work to many younger experimenters, is the founder and originator of the Rookwood pottery in Cincinnati. It was her personal knowledge of the native clays and their possibilities that gave stimulus to the project. No one city has as many working women chemists as Cincinnati, although there are some in Pittsburgh and other manufacturing centers.

A chemist who travels all over the Union in the brewer's interests tells of women who are working in that branch of chemists' processes. And these are not altogether such unlettered women as own and run some little lager-brewing saloon in crude, isolated localities, but women who have acquired their knowledge in educated circles, and are working in the big brewers' plants in the larger towns, quite as a matter of course. It would never do in speaking of women chemists to leave out the New Jersey girl who has made a special study of poisons, their antidotes and promotions. She is a blue-eyed blonde, with delicate features and gentle manners, but as versed in serums and death-dealing poisons as ever a Borgias daughter was, or any Indian squaw familiar with baneful juices in which to dip her warrior's arrow tips. When anti-

toxins was first being experimented with as a preventive for diphtheria, this young woman, then newly graduated from a Berlin institute, was the right-hand assistant of the professor conducting the work. She helped make the bacilli cultures, and personally administered the trial doses to the guinea pigs, which were kept on hand for preliminary experiment.

A Self-made Woman.

A chemist who acquired proficiency in a very different school is Miss Josie Wanous of Minneapolis. She is a prosperous manufacturer of pharmacists' goods, both for use in her prescription department, and in her stock of toilet preparations, lotions, creams, powders, etc. Her five years' business success has made her known to the dealers in chemists' supplies, and she is held up as an example of what a woman can achieve in their particular line. Miss Wanous is only 25 years old, was born in a log cabin several miles from Glencoe, Minn., had no other education than that obtained in the town high school, and is a self-made business woman in every sense. She is of Bohemian origin, and it was through acquaintance with her native language that she first became interested in pharmacy. As a very young girl she was employed as interpreter and book-keeper in the village store. The different colors, signs and shapes of the vials and jars on the shelves interested her, and being naturally of an investigative turn she gradually acquired knowledge of the contents of these vials, the simples they were composed from, what uses they filled, how much and how often such potions should be administered for certain complaints. Her curiosity grew with what it fed on, she was led to study and investigation outside of business hours, and eventually set up business for herself, which venture has assumed its present prosperous aspect. She boasts that neither patents, cigars nor soda water are listed in her stock, that her business wins solely on its merits, and that, although she came to it in such a humble, simple way, she enjoys it thoroughly, and finds something new to interest her every day. There is a rival woman pharmacist in her own town, who graduated at a regular school of pharmacy, and also does well, but on less original lines. There is a woman chemist making researches and experiments in an American manufacturer's interests, she having studied under a professor connected with the dyeing departments of Saxony's famous technical schools. Several women embalmers employed in an undertaking establishment studied chemistry in the abstract before taking up embalming. One woman chemist is doing good work in a big starch manufactory, and several have invented formulas for soaps and laundry powders, while others are manufacturing botanic medicines or experimenting with food stuffs and the essences of extracts of curative value.

OLIVE F. GUNBY.

MASSAGE FOR FALLING HAIR.

FINGER TIPS OILED WITH PETROLEUM RESTORE LIFE, LUXURIANCE AND SHEEN.

By a Special Contributor.

A certain head of hair possessed by a woman of uncertain (or only too certain) age, began to fall in combful every time her tresses were brought well upon the head, as the present mode demands. With that becoming, wavy looseness in the back, this style was too successful to be lightly given up, and beside, if hair will not bear combing high, something is radically wrong, thus reasoned the woman. To get at the root of the hair and trouble she followed faithfully for a fortnight a treatment which is simple and sensible. As a result the hair not only ceased falling out, but became wavy and "alive" as well.

She used crude petroleum jelly, working it into the scalp, not leaving it outside, to prove worse than useless. Here is her recipe for making this simple but sure hair fertilizer strike home. Ask any physician what is the best means of conveying a food or medicine into the skin, and he will say lanolin, therefore to convey petroleum to the roots of the hair mix it with like quantity of lanolin, put a little on each finger tip, sit down comfortably to this fertilizing process, and if possible, before beginning what is to be continued once every day for the two weeks, shampoo the head. Having hair and scalp clean, begin with the front hair, bend the anointed fingers, and begin a patient, gentle rubbing, getting directly at the scalp, touching any but the roots of the hair as little as may be.

Follow the same rule for the back, beginning with both sides of the crown and then working up from the base or "scruff" of the neck. At first it will be impossible to prevent the hair looking a little greasy, but brushing will help this, and for those who object to the brush, the hair may be well rubbed with a soft fine cloth or large silk handkerchief.

As soon as the hair stops coming out the application may be discontinued, but a gentle massage with all the fingers will be found necessary to continue the good work.

Much of the prejudice against hair brushes arises from the fact that many people, particularly where the hair is brittle or scanty, have used them with bristles that were far too stiff. Have two good brushes kept thoroughly clean, if the hair is worn "pompadour" part well back, turn up, take a brush in each hand and stroke upward, allowing one brush to surely cover the exact middle of the head. Give fifty firm strokes, the same number to each side and the same to the back, also turned up, the long hair to be taken separately and well brushed out. If there is the slightest inclination to undulating growth the hair will wave after a few days, for this treatment, and even in the case of that which is uncompromisingly straight, if persevered in, will give "fluffiness" and undulation, if not the actual wave. Notwithstanding the prejudice before referred to, the continuous gentle brushing strengthens the hair, so that the lanolin and petroleum massage will but seldom be needed.

A USEFUL MAID.

[New York Weekly:] Maid (breathlessly.) Oh, miss, both the gents you is engaged to has called, and they're in the parlor, and somehow or other they've found it out, and, oh, miss, I'm 'fraid there'll be trouble!

Miss Flirtie. Horrors! Oh, dear! What shall I do? Maid (after reflection.) I'll fix it. I'll run an' tell 'em you're cryin' y'r eyes out 'cause y'r father has lost all his money.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XI. POINTS IN WHICH ANIMALS AND PLANTS RESEMBLE EACH OTHER.

By a Special Contributor.

YOU learned, last Sunday, how very different plants and animals are in the kind of food which they, in general eat. Perhaps you would like to hear, now, some of the ways in which animals and plants resemble each other. A few of these have already been mentioned in these papers, but of some other very important ones nothing has been said.

And, in the first place, we must not make too much of the differences between the food eaten by the animals and that eaten by the plants. For when we eat the plants, we eat, of course, the food that they have eaten, and have stored up in various forms in the different parts of their plant bodies. The chief difference, here, between the plants and us (with the rest of the animal kingdom) is in the manner in which we take our food, the place from which we get it. It is in the earth and the air, but our bodies have not the power to take it out of these for themselves. The plants do this for us, and put it into a form that our bodies can use. A few plants, too, resemble animals, as you know, in the fact that they do not get all their food out of the earth and air directly, but eat also animals which they themselves kill—perhaps on the principle that "turn about is fair play." And now, moreover, you will be able to understand that they are not making a really new kind of organ out of their leaves in taking up animal food with them (you remember, of course, that insect-eating plants do this) since the leaves are parts with which they ordinarily eat out of the air, and are thus always a sort of stomach. The stuffs that they get out of the animal bodies are the same as those in the air and ground, too—and must so be, since they came, in the beginning, out of the air and ground through the bodies of the plants into those of the animals; but the plants get some kinds of them in very concentrated form in the animals—that is, they get a great deal of these sorts in a small quantity of animal flesh.

Another point in which plants and animals resemble each other is in the manner in which their bodies are all built up out of little parts called cells, and so small that you cannot make them out with the naked eye. But a very ordinary microscope will show them to you. And just here I would like to advise you to get a little microscope if you haven't one already; for the wonderful things that you can see with even a little one will more than repay you for the money you will give for it. You can buy a tolerably good, little microscope for 75 cents, and one that will give you great pleasure even for 15 cents or a quarter. But to return to what I was telling you about cells. All parts of all living bodies, animal and plant, are made up of them, packed side by side and end for end. In last Sunday's article, I spoke of the leaf cells as little "compartments," absorbing a certain gas out of the air and making it over into a form fit for use by the different parts of the plant. Little compartments they are, each with a wall of its own separating it from the others next to it. You can think of them as little boxes standing side by side and on top of each other, all through every plant and animal. But they are not empty boxes. They are filled with living matter that is all the time in motion, all the time at work for the good of the plant or animal as a whole. Each is a little workshop, in which something of use to the body is continually done. And perhaps the word "boxes" is not a very good one, since what we call the cell wall—the sides and bottom and top of the boxes—is not wholly tight, but liquids get through it and must get through it as you can very easily see, if the stuff the cells manufacture is to be passed around in the body, and if they are to get stuff from the blood to make over into more of their own particular kind of manufacture. Moreover, you must not think of the cells as all alike in plants and animals, or even as by any means alike in different parts of the same plant or the same animal. On the contrary, they are of many different sizes and shapes, contain different kinds of stuffs, and when they move, move in different ways. You can see plant cells with your microscope, by cutting across a leaf or stem and looking at the cut place; and you can buy microscope slides that will show you many wonderful things about cells.

But plants not only are made up of cells, like animals, and eat much as they do, though they get their food from different places; they also have their times of rest, which may be likened to the sleep of animals. The work that plant cells do at night is, like that of animal cells, different from the work done in the daylight, and many plants, as you yourselves must have noticed, shut their blossoms at night, some of the blossoms drooping, moreover, as we hang our heads in sleep. The leaves of plants, too, often take on a different position at night.

But there is another sort of rest that plants of certain climates take, and something very like which we find in many kinds of animals—that is the winter rest. Most plants that live in climates where there is frost at one season of the year, drop off their tender leaves at the approach of this season, storing up their precious juices under thick bark, safe from the cold. Some of them, too, have special underground storehouses, as I have told you. And during the winter they remain quite quiet, in a sort of sleep, looking as if dead. But many animals, likewise, tide over the cold season, when there is little food, by sleeping or lying in a sluggish condition while it lasts, the cells of which they are made of doing very little work comparatively. We call this hibernating. Tribes of savages, too, sometimes pass much of the winter time in sleeping, especially where food and fuel are scarce, and though we are not accustomed to think of this as hibernation like that of the animals, it is really for the same purpose—to economize the food that the

body is able to get. For moving about and working uses up material, and then the body needs more to replace it. At the beginning of this winter, the newspapers stated that poor peasants in some parts of Europe where it is very cold at this season of the year, were preparing to spend a great deal of their time in sleep. However, most human beings are able to provide food and warmth for themselves in cold as well as in warm weather, and many animals also store up food for their winter use, when the things they eat are of such sort that they cannot be found during the time of frost.

And in talking about the resemblance between plants and animals, we must not forget to mention what I have told you in a number of papers about the movements of plants. Though plants act much more slowly than animals, their growing shoots move toward sunlight and away from the dark—that is, toward the thing which is for their good and away from the thing which is harmful to them. The roots, which are the mouths by which they drink, move toward water, and feel their way about obstacles or turn aside from these entirely. One man who read that paper, in which I told you about how roots seek water even when it is at quite a distance, related to me how a tree of his only about twelve feet high, was all at once discovered to have sent a root twenty feet under the wall of his house and through the cement wall of his cistern—boring a hole in the cement, which he said was as clean as if made with a gimlet. Climbing plants also make for any support that may be near at hand. So impressed was the great scientist Darwin with the remarkable things that he found roots did, in the experiments of which I gave you a little history, that he compared the growing tip of the root to the brain of the human being and animal.

THE BOY WHO FOOLED PEOPLE.

HE COULD MAKE PEOPLE THINK BLACK WAS WHITE WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.

By a Special Contributor.

Few parents would approve of their sons obtaining such a gift as fell to Paul Carton of Sudbury Corners. He was the seventh to bear that name, the first Paul Carton, having come to this country from England in 1632. The original Paul was supposed by some to possess supernatural powers, and as people in those days were not open to all sorts of beliefs he narrowly escaped the stake.

It is not remarkable that with such an ancestor the fairies should feel it their duty to bestow a gift upon young Paul as he lay in his cradle. His grandmother, old Mrs. Carton, who didn't believe in fairies, always said that it was a swarm of bees that came in by the east window, buzzed around Paul's curly little head for a few minutes and then went out as they had come in, but it isn't at all likely that bees would do such a thing, while fairies would go about it in just that way, as we all know.

Any way, bees or fairies, the gift consisted in his ability to make people think anything he wanted them to. He could convince them that black was white without saying a word, and although he was no better than most children, and was indeed naughty quite often, yet his mother and grandmother both declared that he was the best boy in the world.

There were some people who knew that he fooled them and there were others who never suspected it; but he had such pleasant manners and such a winning smile that they who knew better were perfectly willing to believe that such things were just as he told them they were. Now, mind you, I'm not standing up for him, I'm only telling you the facts.

If they had merry makings at Sudbury Corners they always took care to invite Paul, for he was sure to be the life of the occasion. He could make them think that hard custard was ice cream. Now, if you can imagine anything worse than hard custard or better than ice cream you can do more than I can, so, you see, his gift was worth something to his friends. If the boys went out kite flying, and there was no wind, Paul had but to suggest that it was blowing a gale, and every boy felt that his kite was up to the limit of his string.

Paul never used this gift to cause annoyance. He would not tell people it was cold and raw when it was simply bracing, but he often did tell poor people that he was glad to see them so nice and warm, and whereas they had been blowing on their fingers and shivering into their coat collars, they would unbutton their ragged coats and walk off whistling.

As I say, there were those who knew that things were not what they seemed when Paul was around, but they were always glad to yield to his remarkable influence, as it made them happier. It is a fact that he used to go to see sick people and say to them, "Why, you'll soon be up, won't you?" And they would be up next day.

Paul's influence did not last if he was out of town, but as he almost always stayed at Sudbury Corners or Sudbury Center, that didn't make much difference. But once when he left a picnic suddenly to go on a long drive with his uncle, the consequences to the picnickers was disastrous. They had been supposing that they were having a splendid lunch, and they found it very ordinary indeed after he had gone. Not only that, but Eddie Manson sat down in the only lemon pie and the lemonade soured—it was very hot weather—and the dog ate up the chicken sandwiches.

One day "Pell's enormous and magnificent five-ringed and two-platformed circus and aggregated menagerie, the largest upon earth—bar none," came to Sudbury Center, and when Paul saw it nothing would do but he must join it. His father and mother were both out of town, and he was staying with his maiden aunt.

"There is nothing that those performers do that I couldn't do just as well," said he, and every one believed him. But it was Jack Bredalbane who suggested that he go as a wild

animal tamer. "Take your dog and your cat and ask the proprietor if he doesn't want you to go on, and he'll think you have 'em with you," he said. "Hooray, that's a bully idea," said Paul, and he had taught several tricks, so the next morning he went to Mr. Pell and said: "Have you an empty cage you like me to fill it with two African tigers?"

"Indeed I would," said Mr. Pell. "I had a cage last year, but the lion ate up the tiger, and the tiger ate up the dog, and the dog ate up the cat, and the cat ate up the canary, so now I have an empty cage."

Paul saw that Mr. Pell had mixed things up, but he did not correct him. He merely said, "I'll be there animals tonight, and I want you to have a painted showing me embracing the animals with my hands."

Mr. Pell assured him that it would be done, and gave Paul an order on the circus tamer for a pair of tight-fitting silver crescents all over them.

That night, dressed in his new and beautiful silver crescents, Paul went down to the circus tent with his cat and his dog following at his heels. The tent was full of circus people were asleep and the cage was empty and the animals went inside and shut the door so that they would not be annoyed by the noise you leave the door of a cage open, it lets in the air.

The next morning the manager woke up and found Paul was already awake and willing people to go to the show, and he wished them to, and not what they really did.

When the manager came up to the cage, Paul was jumping and called to the dog to jump over the



THE WOLF JUMPING OVER THE FENCE.

and lick his face. Mr. Pell was overjoyed, and the most wonderful thing I ever saw. The hungry and fierce enough to eat a whole man never saw such a huge wolf in my life and he was as playful as cats and dogs.

Paul said: "I hope your audience will be as you do," which was the strict truth. He so, and he hoped to such good purpose that the next performance the entire audience tried to get his cage to the neglect of the other attractions.

"While I am here," said Paul to Mr. Pell, "the crowd became too dense to be safe, there was harm no one. Suppose I open the cage and let the big ring and perform there where you can see without crowding?"

Mr. Pell was perfectly willing, so Paul opened the door and called to the cats and dog to follow him to the big ring. There was not a person there who didn't say they saw big African tigers and an Indian Bredalbane, who knew they were simply out of the cage while he watched their tricks.

When the tigers leaped over Paul's head, he cheered, and when he rode three times around the back of the gaunt and wicked-looking wolf, red eyes and the lolling tongue, closely packed, raging tigers, their delight was unbounded.

But Eddie Manson was at the circus, and he was against Paul because the latter was such a success every one. He did not know what the truth was, but he was under the influence of Paul, and he believed that they were wild animals, and he told Paul left town that his influence would go to the dogs, and when the audience learned that they had been that they would be incensed against Paul and would discharge him.

The next night the crowd was double the size of the audience. There were people from New Bedford, as far as Bridgeport, for the papers had been wonderful exploits of this ten-year-old boy.

Paul had spent the night with his cat and his dog, and he made one cat stand on its hind legs with the other standing on its head, and the dog leap over them. This in itself was a wonderful feat, but when you fancy enormous tigers doing a picture a big wolf leaping over them, you can see an impression it would make upon a crowd of people had come to marvel at things.

The tent was black with people and when

not riding on the "wolf's" back and fiercely pursued by the cunning "tiger" the audience shrieked its appreciation.

Paul put them through several tricks, and then a beautiful rope was lowered from the top of the tent, and he climbed it, followed by the two tigers. The spectacle of a tiger climbing a rope would move the most sluggish crowd, and when the two great beasts were half way up, and the wolf began to howl dementally, the vast audience was spellbound.

It was the time for Eddie to get square with Paul. He added to a telegraph boy, and the latter ran out into the street, waving a telegram for Paul.

"Hold it up; I can catch it," said Paul. So the messenger boy called it up and Paul did catch it. He motioned to the boys to stop climbing while he read it. It seemed to be from his father, and said "Come to mother at once. She is very sick."

Paul came down the rope so fast that he knocked the rope off, and the audience was treated to the sight of a tiger dropping ten yards. They landed on their feet, as cats and tigers do, and then sat down to lick their paws, which had been bruised.

Paul never stopped to explain a thing, but in his circus clothes he ran to the railroad station, which was on the next block, and caught the train that had just stopped on its way to New York. He who had fooled others was fooled himself. But it was unpleasant fooling.

Meanwhile the tigers and the wolf sat in a row looking toward the exit expectantly. The wolf licked his chops, and the tigers growled ominously. They were evidently grieved at the departure of their master, who was on his way to New York, forgetful of tigers, cats, wolf or dog—everything except the fact that his mother was sick and wanted him.

As soon as he had passed the town limits his influence over the audience ceased. As the people sat looking at the three beasts and wondering what Paul was going to do next, the three changed in a twinkling to two harmless-looking cats and a mild-looking collie.

But if Eddie had thought to work Paul harm he was mistaken. The audience supposed that this was some kind of hand of the wonderful boy, and it cheered and clapped until the cats and the dog took fright and bolted out of the tent and straight to Paul's house.

If you can find a copy of the Sudbury Item of the morning after this performance you will find that all I have said is true. But come to think of it, the office of the Sudbury Item was destroyed by fire the next morning, and every copy of the paper was burned. So you'll have to take my word for all I've said.

Paul found his mother perfectly well, but she had a talk with him and told him that it was not exactly kind to make people believe things that weren't so (and she was quite right), and after that he gave up the practice. But to this day you'll feel better than you really are when he's around.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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THE TRIAL OF THE FOX.

HOW A CAPITAL CASE WAS TRIED AND DECIDED IN ARIZONA.

By a Special Contributor.

Eddie and Willie Hedrick lived on a ranch up in the mountains of Southeastern Arizona. They were bright, active boys, and spent most of their summer in raising chickens, for which they found a good market in the mining towns of the county.

The chickens were kept in a roomy inclosure back of the dwelling. Here the boys spent much of their time feeding and caring for their broods. All the chickens were well behaved, except Toppy, a young, black hen of Spanish breed. Toppy would fly over the inclosure, or wallow a hole in the soft sand and creep under the palings in spite of the vigilance of her young chickens.

One morning the boys found Toppy missing from the pen. They searched the woods for her in vain. They could find no trace of the refractory hen.

"The foxes have nabbed her in the woods," said Eddie. "So much for being disobedient," returned Willie, who was the philosopher of the Hedrick family. But both felt very sorry to lose Toppy, for she was a handsome young hen, and a great layer.

Three weeks passed, and Eddie and Willie had ceased to comment upon the loss of the disobedient hen.

One morning as the boys were on their way down to the spring below the house, their attention was drawn toward a noise in the dense bushes that lined one side of the path.

"What is that?" asked Eddie, as they stopped to listen.

"I'll soon find out," said Willie, dashing off through the bushes.

What was their surprise to find Toppy clucking and brooding over a brood of newly hatched chicks! Being a hen of an adventurous turn, she had stolen out of the pen, made her nest in a secure place among the thick bushes. At the proper time she had begun her sitting, the herbs and insects furnishing her food, and the mountain brook drink. So she had managed to keep herself concealed, until her happy clucking had betrayed her.

Eddie and Willie were full of excitement. While one ran to prepare some food for the chicks, the other hurried to report the news to Mrs. Hedrick. They were gone but a few minutes, but as they came running back to the bushes, followed by their mother, they found Toppy making a frantic fluttering in her retreat. The cause was soon seen. A large fox had slipped out from among the rocks and had devoured all of poor Toppy's chicks but one. He was in the act of grabbing Toppy, when Willie appeared upon the scene with his pan of feed.

The fox disappeared very quickly, and Toppy and her one wee chick were captured and carried up to the pen. The hens looked upon the returned runaway with curious eyes, and Fitzsimmons, the big, red rooster, crowed as if he said, "I told you so!"

The boys vowed to have revenge on that fox. Very soon they had a trap constructed and set for his foxishness. But he possessed all the proverbial cunning of his kind,

and three days passed without capturing him. The taste of the chicks, however, rendered him more daring, and at last he could resist the tempting bait in the trap no longer. On the fourth morning the boys found the fox caught firmly in the trap. Willie brought his rifle, while Eddie brought a strong lariat from the barn. In a twinkling the boys had the rope around the fox's neck and had him tied to a tree. But they could not agree as to the method of the animal's execution. So they appealed to their cousin Sam to decide the case. Cousin Sam was a young law student, who was spending part of his vacation with the Hedricks.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Sam, "the case is this: The fox is a criminal, but his liberty or execution depends on the argument of his lawyer. Willie is the lawyer for the fox, Eddie the lawyer against him. I will be the judge. Now, Eddie."

Eddie sprang upon a rock and stated the case, making his charges against the fox.

"Very well," said the judge. "Now, Willie, you shall defend the fox just the best you can, after which Eddie may reply."

Willie stood on the rock and gave his speech in a clear voice.

"I defend the fox, because I think he meant no harm. He was hungry and only got his breakfast in his own way, the same as the eagle up in the mountains gets his. If we were hungry we would get our food in the same way, perhaps, if no one would give us any. He does not deserve death for merely gratifying the pangs of appetite."

"In satisfying his own pangs he should not give pangs to others," said Eddie. "The fox should be killed, because his morals are very bad and his nature is such that he cannot be taught to do better. He will take life every time he gets a chance, and he is dangerous to have in a community. He is not safe even in a prison. Pen a fox up and he will snap off the heads of all the fowls that come near him. He can be trusted nowhere. Therefore, I say he should be put to death."

"I agree with the speaker," was the immediate decision of the judge.

Both boys were satisfied with the decision.

AD. H. GIBSON.

ADVICE TO GIRLS ABOUT DRINKING.

[New York Tribune:] Whether girls ought to drink any stimulant when they are out is a question that is often discussed. Of course, some of them do take a milk punch or something of that sort now and then, but it is generally considered much better form for young women to abstain from taking anything at all.

"It is best to be on the safe side," says Mrs. Grundy, with the wisdom that sometimes characterizes her utterances. "Champagne and punch are insidious, and youthful spirits are easily excited. If a girl in the exuberance of her youthful gaiety is too much of a romp, it does not particularly signify, if she has taken nothing, but many disagreeable and altogether untrue things have been said of the perfectly harmless high spirits of young women in society, who may have taken a small amount of champagne. For this reason, if for no other, it is far better that they should abstain altogether."

It sometimes happens, too, more's the pity, that the criticism is not altogether undeserved. Girls do in their ignorance sometimes take too much and show the effects quite decidedly. It is difficult to gauge the strength of the claret cup, or remember the amount of wine that has been taken when warm and thirsty from dancing, and, as Mrs. Grundy advises, it is much wiser to be known as a teetotaler.

"I have seen girls in what might be called a 'dry jag,'" remarked a clubman, speaking on this subject. "They have been so excited at a ball by the dancing, the light and the talking, that they have not an idea what they are doing, and are perfectly silly. If girls in this state had been taking stimulants, they certainly would have the reputation of drinking, and I really would advise debutantes to leave it alone."

PROUDEST RELIGIOUS ORDER.

THE NOBLE LADIES OF PRAGUE—MAIDENS MUST PROVE NOBILITY TO SECURE ADMISSION.

By a Special Contributor.

Of the many who visit Carlsbad, comparatively few break their journey at the quaint old city on the Moldau, that, crowned by the Hradchin, rules the river like a queen. Yet Prague is one of the most beautiful towns in Europe, whether as regards situation or architecture. The Karlsbrücke alone is worth the journey, that wonderful bridge, with its thirty groups of statuary. At one point is inserted in the parapet a slab of marble, having in the center a small double-armed cross of brass. This the wayfarers touch as they pass, at the same time uncovering, for it marks the spot whence John Nepomucen was hurled for refusing to betray the secrets of the confessional.

The whole place teems with historic interest. It has known sieges and tumults, plague and famine, religious strife, and the war of contending political parties; yet today in the sunlight, its market place crowded with gayly-clad peasants from Moravia, Pilsen and Taus, it looks as peaceful as if the call to arms had never resounded through its narrow streets. One feels inclined to envy the Stifts-Damen, the Noble Ladies of Prague, who live amidst scenes hallowed by so many memories, and with which the families of more than one have been identified in the past. The Secular Canonesses of Prague belong to the proudest religious order in Europe. To their ranks no maiden is admitted who cannot prove on both sides sixteen quarterings of nobility. It was founded by the Empress Maria Theresa, and has had ever since for its abbess a daughter of the imperial house.

Intended as a provision for the "penniless lass, w' a lang pedigree," its rules are not of the strictness to be found in less aristocratic associations. Its members are free to marry—if they get a good offer—and though they are required to spend a certain number of months annually in the Royal Palace of the Hradchin, they are allowed to visit when they like, to receive visits, and to seek change of air in summer. Each canoness has at her disposal a car-

riage and horses, and a box at the theater, while medical attendance and drugs are provided. In addition she receives a pension of 100 guildens a month, or about \$45.

While Marie Theresa's foundation affords a retreat for many girls of high birth, but limited means, it must not be taken that all the members are impetuous. To belong to the Stifts is esteemed an honor. A sister of the present Count Taaffe (one of the many Austrian nobles of Irish descent), the Countess Walburga Clemantina Taaffe, was a canoness. At the present day Count Taaffe's own daughter is numbered among the members of the community.

Among those who have held the post of abbess have been the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and the present Queen Regent of Spain, who governed the order until her marriage in 1885. The present abbess is the youthful Archduchess Marie Annunziata, or, to give her full name, Marie Annunziata Adelaide Theresa Michaela Caroline Louise Pia. She is the daughter of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, brother to the Emperor of Austria, by his third wife, the Princess Maria Theresa of Braganza, and was born at Reichneau on the 31st of July, 1876. On her investiture in 1895 she was, consequently only 19 years of age, but she bore herself with the dignity of a mature woman.

The immediate predecessor of the present abbess was the Archduchess Maria Immaculate, who was born in 1869, at Alt Munster, and resigned office when, on the 30th of May, 1894, she married Prince August Leopold of Saxa-Coburg-Gotha.

The investiture of an abbess is a solemn, religious ceremony. She receives at the hands of the archbishop an ermine mantle, and the insignia of her office, a gold cross and a crozier resembling that carried by bishops and mitred abbots. A royal crown is at the same time placed on her head by the reigning Empress, as a reminder that she is of royal birth, and exercises royal jurisdiction. Students will remember that in England abbesses formerly sat in Parliament, and in Anglo-Saxon times numbered among them more than one remarkable woman.

The Canonesses of Prague are obliged to don their distinctive garb only eight times a year, on great festivals. Like their abbess, they wear on these occasions a black silk gown and an ermine-trimmed mantle, but the fur is narrower than on hers. Across the chest a blue ribbon is displayed. On the head is worn a Marie Stuart cap, with long pendant tulle veil. The Stifts-Damen are privileged to appear at the Austrian Court attired in black.

One of the obligations of the ladies who are so comfortably endowed for life is to pray for the soul of their founder. This they do in the adjoining Cathedral of Saint Vitus, remarkable for the huge mausoleum of St. John Nepomucen, in solid silver, containing a silver coffin, inclosing a second in crystal, in which are his remains. At the end of the choir is the hereditary burial place of the kings of Bohemia. Beneath a monument of marble and alabaster lie twelve monarchs with their queens. The last to be buried there was Rudolph II, in 1612. Close by is a second church dedicated to St. George, and adorned by the fine dog-tooth mouldings. It contains the crown of St. Wenceslas, which has been worn only by the Emperor Ferdinand II (The Good,) since Bohemia became an appanage of Austria. That it should be once more placed upon the head of its ruler is the desire of every true-born Czech.

THEY EAT DIRT AS BUTTER.

A GERMAN SCIENTIST EXPLAINS WHY PRIMITIVE PEOPLE ARE CLAY EATERS.

By a Special Contributor.

Eating earth is practiced all over the world to a certain extent, and is not confined to the clay-eating Indians of the far West. In certain parts of the mountains of Germany the natives eat a certain kind of clay spread on their bread, calling it "stein butter," stone butter. In Upper Italy and Sardinia a kind of clay is offered in the markets for sale as food. In Northern Sweden and the peninsula of Kola a kind of earth, called bergmerl, mountain flour, is baked with the bread. In Persia, too, large quantities of clay are eaten. The natives of Africa are great clay eaters, especially the Boticudos of the Orinoco River. In Nubia a certain kind of earth is eaten as a medicine, and on the island of Timor the eating of earth is connected with religious ceremonies. The cause for this wide-spread custom, according to Dr. Richard Lasch, a German scientist who has just been investigating the matter, is that the clay contains a certain amount of salt, which tastes good to these primitive people. The consequence of habitual earth-eating is a great distension of the stomach, an increase in the leanness of the eaters, and distention of the liver. When a child of civilized parents shows a disposition to eat earth or slate pencils, as is so often the case, there is a physical cause for it, and the case should be brought to the attention of the family physician.

ENGLISH JOKE WITH AFRICAN MORAL.

[London Mail:] A Boer came from his farm into a town to sell his wool. He had to deal with a 'cute' Scotchman, who did all the arithmetic, and sent the Boer away apparently satisfied with the deal. But in the evening the farmer rode back and complained to the Scotchman that he had been underpaid for the wool.

"Why, all that was settled this morning," said Sandy. "Yah, I know dat," said the Dutchman, "but when I leave you, I stop at an inn to have some schnapps. There I see a ready-reckoner. I look at it and find we reckoned the account wrong, and I not get all my money."

"Why," exclaimed the resourceful Scotchman, "that was last year's ready-reckoner."

"Oh, mine goodness!" said the Boer, "I never thought of that. You right after all." And he went away quite satisfied.

A census of the domestic animals of Paris, which has just been made public, gives the canine and feline populations of the metropolis as 80,000 and 37,000, respectively. The horses number 31,000.

The Times' Home Study Circle.

Under Direction of
Prof. Seymour Eaton.

POPULAR STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Contributors to this course: Dr. Edward Dowden, Dr. William J. Rolfe, Dr. Hamilton W. Mable, Dr. Albert S. Cook, Dr. Hiram Corson, Dr. Isaac N. Demmon, Dr. Vida D. Scudder and others.

X.—CORIOLANUS.

The Play as an Acting Drama.

THE play of "Coriolanus" is never acted as Shakespeare wrote it. To begin with, it is much too long for the exigencies of the modern stage. At least two-fifths must be omitted in any modern representation of the play. Again, for nearly one hundred and fifty years theatrical managers did not have confidence in Shakespeare's work in "Coriolanus," and conjoined with his work the work of other playwrights. During the whole period, say, from the time of the reformation (1660, and, for all we know, even from Shakespeare's own time,) down to the year 1820, "Coriolanus" was not brought out once, even nominally, as Shakespeare's play. In 1749 a play on the same subject was produced in Covent Garden, written by James Thomson, the poet, the author of "The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence." It is a sort of combination of Shakespeare's play and Thomson's play, compiled in the main by Thomas Sheridan (the father of Sheridan, the dramatist,) and improved and amended by John Philip Kemble, that has had most vogue upon the stage.

"Coriolanus" is likewise too complex in its construction, too indirect in its dramatic movement, to be a very effective play for acting, except under conditions that admit of great spectacular and scenic display. As an illustration of this it may be mentioned that when Kemble produced it he introduced a procession, not definitely provided for by Shakespeare, in which 240 people took part, vestals, licitors, sword-bearers, standard-bearers, etc., besides the regular dramatic personae of thirty-five members, and besides also crowds to represent citizens, spectators, etc.

It is evident, then, that the full measure of enjoyment which "Coriolanus" affords as a play can rarely be obtained from seeing it acted. In reading "Coriolanus" scarcely a line seems possible to be spared, and yet, as we have seen, two-fifths of it at least has to be cut out in acting. On the other hand, the greatness of the two principal characters of the play, Coriolanus and Volumnia, can only be guessed at by a reader who has never seen them impersonated by genius.

The honors of "Coriolanus" as an acting play belong to John Philip Kemble and his sister, the great Mrs. Siddons. It is doubtful if ever an actor has appeared upon the stage whose impersonation of the Roman character has been so complete as were the Roman impersonations of John Kemble. And of all of Kemble's Roman characters, Brutus, Cato, Coriolanus, etc., his Coriolanus was chief. Coriolanus was, indeed, Kemble's greatest, grandest part. His tall and imposing figure, his countenance, noble and dignified, his solemn and grave demeanor, his easy yet commanding gestures, his stately and impressive elocution, were the complete realization of all the external requisites of the part. But, in addition, he evinced, by his development of the all-absorbing passion dominant in Coriolanus's character, such energy and force as made his impersonation irresistible.

Mrs. Siddons's Volumnia was second only to her Constantine and her Lady Macbeth. The great tragedienne was notably strong in pantomime, and the part of Volumnia, especially as John Kemble provided for it in his version of "Coriolanus," allowed the display of very considerable pantomimic power. Let us listen for a moment to what an eyewitness, the tragedienne Charles Mayne Young, wrote of her as she appeared in the triumphal procession in "Coriolanus" above referred to:

"I remember her coming down the stage, in 1789, in the triumphal entry of her son, Coriolanus, when her dumb show drew plaudits that shook the building (Drury Lane.) She came alone, marching and beating time to the music, rolling (if that be not too strong a term to describe her motion) from side to side, swelling with the triumph of her son. Such was the intoxication of joy which flashed from her eyes and lit up her whole face, that the effect was irresistible. She seemed to me to reap all the glory of that procession to herself. I could not take my eyes from her. Coriolanus, banner and pageant, all went for nothing after she had walked to her place."

The following is another account of the same event: "Now, in this procession, and one of the central figures in it, Mrs. Siddons had to walk. Had she been content to follow in the beaten track of those who had gone before her she would have marched across the stage, from right to left, with the solemn, stately, almost funeral step, conventional. But at the time, as she often did, she forgot her own identity. She was no longer Sarah Siddons, tied down to the directions of the prompter's book. She broke through all traditions. She recollected that, for the nonce, she was Volumnia, the proud mother of a proud and conquering hero. So that, when it was time for her to come on, instead of dropping each foot at equal-distance in its place, with mechanical exactitude, and in cadence subservient to the orchestra—deaf to the guidance of her woman's ear, but sensitive to the throbbings of her haughty mother's heart, with flashing eye and proudest smile, and head erect and hands pressed firmly on her bosom, as if to repress by manual force its triumphant swellings—she towered above all around, and rolled, and almost reeled, across the stage, her very soul, as it were, dilating and rioting in its exultation, until her action lost all grace, and yet became so true to nature, so picturesque and so descriptive that pit and gallery sprung to their feet, electrified by the transcendent execution of the conception."

The above descriptions refer to a time when Mrs. Sid-

dons was only 35 years old, and her brother (who took the part of Coriolanus) 33. Some critics thought that the Volumnia of the occasion looked more like the sister than the mother of Coriolanus. But this fault was easily overlooked in the excellence of the impersonation as a whole.

As to Kemble's Coriolanus, the testimony as to its greatness is equally strong. Macready, who saw it many times, speaks of it in his "Reminiscences" as "peerless." Genest, the well-known historian of the British stage, calls it "his greatest part." Sir Walter Scott, who was not only an admirer of Kemble's, but also an intimate friend of his, spoke of his Brutus, his Cato and his Coriolanus as being "his best parts," but placed his Coriolanus first. "You know what a complete model of the Roman he is," he wrote to a friend on the occasion of Kemble's retirement.

The Kembles—John, Charles and Mrs. Siddons—were frequently called "The Three Graces." Both the brothers possessed much of the classical beauty of their greater sister. When John Kemble first appeared on the London stage the general remark was, "How very like his sister!" But Charles Kemble was handsomer even than his brother. Leigh Hunt said of him that "his face and figure were ideal" and that "he was the nearest approach to Shakespeare's gentlemen and heroes of romance" he had ever seen. The three constituted a trio such as no other family has ever given to the stage.

"Coriolanus" was first brought out by John Kemble in Drury Lane in 1789. It was again brought out by him in Covent Garden in 1806. It was also the great play in his repertoire in his last year upon the stage (1817,) when, however, the part of Volumnia (Mrs. Siddons having retired from the stage) was taken by Mrs. Fawcett, the mother of Helen Fawcett. Also it was the play he chose for his farewell appearance in Edinburgh, where he was a great favorite. Finally, it was the play he chose for his last appearance in Covent Garden, in his "ever-memorable farewell to the stage," June 23, 1817.

Of that last appearance John Howard Payne, the dra-



THE FORTUNE THEATER.

matist and player (author of "Home, Sweet Home,") wrote:

"I can never forget Kemble's Coriolanus. His entrance was the most brilliant I ever witnessed. His person derived a majesty from a scarlet robe, which he managed with inimitable dignity. The Roman energy of his deportment, the seraphic grace of his gesture and the movements of his perfect self-possession displayed the great mind, daring to command, and disdaining to solicit, admiration. His form derived an additional elevation of perhaps two inches from his sandals. In every part of the house the audience rose, waved their hats and huzzas, and the cheering must have lasted more than five minutes."

Haslitt, the critic, gives a more detailed account of that memorable evening:

"Mr. Kemble took his leave of the stage on Monday night, in the character of Coriolanus. On his first coming forward to pronounce his farewell address he was received with a shout like thunder. On his retiring after it, the applause was long before it subsided entirely way. . . . It is nearly twenty years since we first saw Mr. Kemble in the same character; yet how short the interval seems. The impression seems as distinct as if it were yesterday. . . . We forget numberless things, but not the first time we saw Mr. Kemble, nor shall we easily forget the last. Coriolanus, the character in which he took his leave of the stage, was one of the first in which we remember to have seen him, and it was one in which we were not sorry to part with him, for we wished to see him appear like himself to the last. Nor was he wanting to himself on this occasion. He played the part as well as he ever did—with as much freshness and vigor. There was no abatement of spirit and energy, none of grace and dignity. His look, his action, his expression of the character were the same as they ever were. They could not be finer."

John Kemble was then in his sixty-first year. His career, taken all in all (with the possible exception of Macready's,) was the most honorable and successful in the history of the British stage.

Of great players in the part of Coriolanus since John Kemble there have been a number, though not many. Kean played the part in 1820, on the occasion when for the first time the text of Shakespeare was wholly used, but Coriolanus was not one of Kean's successes. It was

much less meritorious than his Brutus. For Kean's inferior figure was not suited to the part. He also played Coriolanus, and played it well. "The wall, the poet, declared of it, quoting Shakespeare, 'is the noblest Roman of them all!'" Macready played it in an elaborate revival of the play in 1838, when very much attention was given to acting and staging. The first night of this revival was a dramatic event of the time. Dickens and his warm friends of Macready's, both of them, Samuel Phelps also presented the play in 1848, as one of his series of revivals of old plays, he himself taking the part of Coriolanus. Kemble, then a veteran of 73, was present on the occasion of this revival, and several times during the season Phelps's acting "very fine."

In America the great performers of Coriolanus were Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, and Lawrence Barrett. With Booth, McCullough and Barrett part was not of primary importance. But Coriolanus was one of his best roles. "Lawrence Coriolanus," says Lawrence Barrett, in his sketch of Forrest, "were Forrest's greatest parts." But while other Lear and other Othello arisen, "Coriolanus," Mr. Barrett goes on to say, "him, the last of all the Romans."

Questions for Research and Review.

- (1) What are the characteristics of the political class? What is their importance with the same class in "Julius Caesar?"
- (2) What great political problem does the play present? What evidences of Shakespeare's political knowledge of political motives?
- (3) Do we get our knowledge of Coriolanus's play, mainly from what he says and does, or from others say of him?
- (4) Does Menenius (in Act II, scene 2) take the power of the tribunes to intrigue and keep the peace? What is his character?
- (5) What is foreshadowed in the words of Volumnia (in Act III, scene 1), "I wish I had a cause there?"
- (6) What must have taken place at the banquet between scenes 1 and 2, Act III?
- (7) Does Coriolanus understand the people? Volumnia does in Act III, scene 2? Is he a sound?
- (8) How is our judgment held in suspense between integrity throughout the play?
- (9) Does Menenius at any point in Act IV lose in your esteem? What is his most impressive speech in Act V, scene 1?
- (10) Why does Shakespeare cause us to lose our respect for Aufidius in Act IV, scene 7?
- (11) What is probably contained in the speech Coriolanus gives to Menenius in Act V, scene 4, fulfill form of his character?
- (12) Which character seems of superior energy? Volumnia or Coriolanus? As a woman Volumnia have proved greater than Coriolanus? she win him to her will by presenting the motive as in Act III, scene 2?
- (13) What previous contrasting scene does Act V, recall?
- (14) Is the death of Coriolanus necessary to the integrity of the play?
- (15) What impression as to strength of character does Virgilia produce? What kind of husband must have been?
- (16) "Think'st thou it honorable for a man to remember wrongs?"—is this the meaning of the play?

J. T. Scumey

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SILENCED THE ENEMY.

[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch] Mark Hambourg told me that he practiced at half the night, but so softly that no one could be disturbed, I wondered whether his enthusiasm was to gauge correctly. From results it seems not. He is, manager of the Manhattan Theatre, and is immediately under Mr. Hambourg's. The pianist seemed musically disengaged at the arrival of the market carts and early morning, that competition might prove effective in piano, slipped the mechanism so that it played out of tune, and when Beethoven began to play, began below. The remedy was effective, and the piano was not the one moved out at the end of the day's continuous performance.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Starch in Food.

THERE has been a growing contest on part of a certain school of hygienists during the past few years against the consumption of starch, which forms so large a proportion of the food used in this country, especially in bread, mushes and potatoes. Reference has been made in this department to the tenets of the fruitarians, who avoid the use of bread and other starch foods altogether, claiming that bread, instead of being the staff of life, as is generally supposed, is rather the staff of death. It is claimed that starch is not digestible in the human stomach, but is forced into the intestines after excessive stomach labor and a vast expenditure of nerve force, when fermentation (fermentation) often sets in, if it has not already done so in the stomach. The products of this fermentative process enter the blood, and after a further expenditure of nerve force, are thrown off by the excretory organs which they often clog, when we then have "colds," "catarrhs" of the mucous membrane, or eruptions, pimples, boils, fevers and about all the diseases that flesh is made of.

In addition to the list of artificial foods which do not contain starch has appeared in the shape of a meal and a flour, made from grains which have been prepared so that the starch has been turned into grape sugar. The headquarters of the company manufacturing this food is at New York. In a circular advertising the preparations, under the head, "Starch is the Staff of Death," the following statements are published:

"First—Because it is indigestible in the stomach, it is not available till it is digested.

"Second—The stomach does little more than reduce bread, etc., to a pasty state, when it passes into the intestines to ferment.

"Third—The product of this rotting, fermenting process—carbonic gas, alcohol, carbonic gas, starch, etc., are absorbed into the body.

"Fourth—The carbonic gas, yeast, alcohol, starch, and other foreign matter are absorbed into the body because the absorptive function of the villi has been paralyzed by the carbonic gas.

"Fifth—These 'fermentive products' enter all parts of the body through the blood stream, deposit on the walls of the circulatory system, clog the excretory organs, as the kidneys, skin, etc.

"Sixth—The yeast causes 'decomposition of the blood'; it hardens the albuminoids (both in the alimentary canal and the blood) and produces giddiness and light spots—i. e., 'auto intoxication,' according to high medical authority.

"Seventh—Starch, besides clogging the excretory organs, enters the bronchial tubes and lungs. When in the bronchial tubes we have asthma or catarrh; when in the lungs, tubercles or tuberculosis."

With the arguments of those who oppose the use of starch are plausible, they have yet to explain how it is that many races have for centuries maintained great strength and vigorous health on a diet largely composed of starch. Such, for instance, as the Irish, whose diet is largely composed of potatoes, and the Chinese, Hindoos, Malays and other Asiatic people, who subsist mainly on both potatoes and rice being almost entirely starch.

OSTEOPATHY is a medical school which has made much progress in the United States during the past few years. The first brought out by a Dr. Still, who located at Kirksville, Mo., where for many years he was regarded as a quack and made the subject of ridicule on part of the medical profession. However, he worked some wonderful cures and was at length recognized as the pioneer in a new school of medicine. Classes were formed and supported all over the United States, as well as in foreign countries. In spite of opposition from the regular schools of medicine, states began to adopt osteopathic laws. The first to do so was Vermont, which was followed by Missouri, the Kansas, Iowa and other States. There is now a regular college organization known as "The Associated Colleges of Osteopathy." Dr. Still, who continues to reside in Kirksville, is the president of the American School of Osteopathy. An organ of this school of medicine, the American Osteopath, makes the following claims for this system:

"Osteopathy is a regulator which regulates, sets right and puts in running order that excellent machine, the human body. It is capable of curing all acute, as well as chronic diseases. It straightens the crooked spine, it gives life to the paralyzed limbs, it regulates the palpitating heart, it gives life to a torpid liver, it revives and heals diseased kidneys, and by regulating a healthy blood supply, drives out disease and restores health once more to power to the human body, proving equally as effective in acute as in chronic diseases."

Mushrooms as Food.
FOR several days after a rain the hills in and around Los Angeles produce a large crop of mushrooms, which are gathered by young people, many of whom make a nice amount of pocket money by selling them. There are also some of these persons engaged in raising cultivated mushrooms for the market in and near Los Angeles.

The value of mushrooms and some other fungi as a nutritious diet has hitherto been little recognized in this country. In some parts of the world these products form staple articles of diet. The natives of Patagonia, who are of gigantic stature, are said to exist principally on vegetable fungi, and some African tribes value mushrooms so highly that one of them is worshipped as a god. Some chemists have claimed that the mushroom belongs rather to the animal than the vegetable kingdom, as they possess a large proportion of nitrogen—the muscle and flesh form almost of food—than any other vegetable product. In

this respect they compare more than favorably with meat. The London Family Doctor, in an article on mushrooms, has the following:

"Two German chemists, Reibbrausch and Ziegel, stated some years ago, as a result of chemical investigation, that mushrooms deserve to be placed with meat as sources of nitrogenous nutriment. One man in Thuringia is said to have lived upon nothing but mushrooms for thirty years, and to have died a centenarian. Comparison has even been made between mushrooms and other articles of food to the detriment of the latter. Thus chemical analysis has shown mushrooms to contain from 30 to 35 per cent. of protein, while bread only contains 8 per cent., oatmeal 10 per cent., potatoes 5 per cent. and barley meal 6 per cent. of protein. Against this, however, we have the opinion of a Dr. Kitchener, who in 1824 stated in a publication called 'Cook's Oracle,' that he did not believe that mushrooms were nutritious. Dr. Jonathan Pereira, in his 'Treatise on Food and Diet,' published in 1843, said: 'Mushrooms are difficult of digestion, and on certain constitutions act injuriously. Invalids, dyspeptics and those with delicate stomachs will act prudently in avoiding the use of this doubtful order of foods. Other writers have expressed similar opinions, not, however, based on experimental work, and therefore not absolutely reliable.'"

It should be added that care must always be exercised in eating wild mushrooms, as there are several poisonous varieties of fungi and deaths from eating them are not infrequent.

Antidotes for Carbolic Acid.

POISONING by carbolic acid is growing very frequent, and Dr. Austin Kelly thinks that the public ought to know how to save those who are suffering from this painful poison. He says that alcohol is a perfect antidote for carbolic acid. Should alcohol not be obtainable, a very liberal dose of whisky—at least four times the amount of carbolic acid swallowed—should be given as quickly as possible. In the absence of both pure alcohol and whisky, five times the quantity of ordinary table vinegar should be given.

Olive Oil for the Hair.

A WOMAN, who runs a beauty parlor in New York, claims that the very best thing to promote the growth of hair and prevent its falling out is olive oil. Her prescription is to take half a bottle of the oil, saturate the hair thoroughly and keep it on for a week, at the end of that time washing it out with soap and water.

The prescription is a simple one, and even should it not do all that is claimed for it, is at least innocuous, which cannot be truthfully said of many recipes for the scalp. Besides that, a general adoption of this remedy would be a good thing for the California olive industry.

Mineral Waters.

MINERAL waters have come to take a very prominent place in national beverages, especially in the case of those who are suffering more or less from physical derangements. In this country the Indians practiced bathing in the heated waters and drinking them long before they taught to the whites the benefits of many springs now famous. It is within the memory of many inhabitants of this country how the red man came annually to encamp at Maniton and other healing springs in the Rockies, before their waters began to be piped into luxurious hotels and bottled for export.

Dr. Crook explains how the benefits derived by the savages, the reason of which they were ignorant of, came about. The heat of the waters issuing from the earth at a temperature above that of the air is said to be due sometimes to the great depth from which the water has risen and sometimes to chemical action. The ordinary cause, however, is that the waters in their passage through subterranean channels have come in contact with rocks heated by volcanic action. Volcanoes lie along the broken lines of the earth's crust, and it is in such regions that the various forms of thermal springs are most frequent, sometimes amounting to spouting geysers. In the course of its travels the water, assisted by its heat, dissolves out of the rocks various salts and some acids and alkalis, most of which have a known effect upon the system. The only thing insisted upon by Dr. Crook is that mineral waters should be used intelligently, under competent instruction, and that the haphazard drenching which now in most cases passes for "taking the waters" should come to be unworthy the countenance of intelligent people.

Use of Disinfectants.

A CORRESPONDENT recently inquired of The Times as to what are the best disinfectants, and how they should be used after a case of infectious disease. In addition to the brief reply then given, the following information, furnished to the *Anaconda Standard* by Health Officer Sulgrove of Helena, Mont., will be found interesting and useful:

"The use of disinfectants is not commonly understood, and there is an idea existing that there is a good deal of mystery connected with the operation. This, however, is not the case, and any one can very easily and thoroughly disinfect a sick room or a whole house cheaply and conveniently. There are many disinfectants sold, but of the vast number the ones which have received unqualified approval are sulphur and formalin. The latter appears under several names in the drug trade, but the most convenient shape for the ordinary household is in the liquid 40 per cent. solution. Formalin does not possess, to be scientifically accurate, the power of penetration that sulphur has, but in all other respects comes nearer to being the ideal germicide. Nearly every one has some time or other had to use sulphur, and its destructive effect upon colors in household articles is well known, and the disagreeable odor following its use is apparent to all coming in contact with it. The chief value of sulphur is in the final disinfection of a sick room, when convalescence has passed and the patient has left the place, and only the ordinary scant furniture remains, which is not really injured. To use sulphur to any extent while the patient is too ill to be removed might assist in ending his existence. In this particular the formalin is very valuable, as the patient can be allowed to breathe the vapor arising from the diluted disinfectant, and this will not only sterilize the air, but will

destroy the germs as they come from the lungs or otherwise, and prevent further contagion caused by the patient's secretions and exhalations. The best and most convenient way to use this disinfectant is to put a quantity of it, say half a teaspoonful, diluted with three or four pints of water, in a pan or any sort of vessel that will stand heat; then place the latter on the kitchen range or a stove in the room to be cleared and a gentle heat applied, which will cause the vapor to rise, and this is the deadly germicide. By using only moderate heat, the vapor is not at all disagreeable; and will not be disliked by the patient, and can be kept up during the entire sickness if desired, and assist largely in doing away with the usual final disinfection. Care must be taken that the heat does not cause the solution to boil, as the eyes and nose cannot stand the intense scorching effect. By using an oil stove of small size or any other convenient method of heating the various rooms may be thoroughly disinfected without danger to the inmates or furnishings, and should the vapor accidentally get too strong an open window will quickly remove the trouble. It must be borne in mind that at this low heat the vapor is just as deadly to all germ life as when at a high heat, and that it does not smother one odor with another, as pastilles of various kinds do, but the germ which causes the offense is destroyed and the odor killed. To all housekeepers this disinfectant is valuable at other times than when used during sickness, for if the members of a household have been annoyed, as most of us have been, at times by the smells arising from the cooking of cabbage, cauliflower, onions, etc., the diffusion of this vapor by a little boiling on the range or by a few whiffs through an atomizer will in a short time entirely remove this objectionable reminder of a feast. During damp, muggy weather, when it is almost impossible to air the bed-clothing, or rooms, spraying will render all clean and sweet. In fact, all odors and germs succumb to its power, though the amount used will have to vary according to the strength of the nuisance to be removed. To prevent the infection of rooms connecting with the sick room a sheet may be hung in the connecting door and sprayed with the formalin solution. That will not only prevent the disease germs from going through, but will kill all that come in contact with it."

Buttermilk.

A WRITER, A. X. Hyatt, in the Northwestern Agriculturalist, pays the following glowing tribute to the hygienic virtues of buttermilk. In this connection, care should be taken to obtain fresh buttermilk, that has not been adulterated with salicylic acid. This preservative is said to be used in some of the buttermilk that is sold in Los Angeles:

"But few appreciate buttermilk. It would be a sorry day for the doctors and hogs if everybody ate and drank as much buttermilk as this writer. I give buttermilk considerable credit for the fact that I have never been so sick as to have a doctor come to feel my pulse and look at my tongue. I don't believe we would find half as much error and nonsense in our agricultural papers if all the editors would eat and drink enough buttermilk. Buttermilk clears the brain and cleans the blood."

"A noted physician said not long ago that buttermilk is a true milk peptonizer. That is, milk already partially digested. It is a decided laxative and nothing equals it in habitual constipation. It is a diuretic and is excellent for kidney troubles. It is the most refreshing and digestible of all the products of milk. Nothing is better in the treatment of diabetes. In some cases of cancer of the stomach and gastric ulcer buttermilk is the only food that can be retained. One of my neighbors spent money enough to go to the Philippines for doctors, drugs, etc., to cure his rheumatism, without getting any better. I told him a few barrels of nice buttermilk would drive rheumatism from his anatomy, and it was done with less than a barrel, worth about 30 cents per 100 pounds to feed hogs. I know of half a dozen in this county of buttermilk who lay the cure of their rheumatism to lopped milk and buttermilk. Any of you who think your system needs a little beer, whisky or tobacco try buttermilk instead (give it a good trial) and become happier and healthier. The only stimulants this writer takes in his old age are buttermilk and lopped milk, and my friends (and I, too,) are proud of me."

"Any one who knows Mr. Hyatt will not need to be convinced that he has been drinking from the fountain of youth. If this is found in the buttermilk jar every farmer has it as his disposal. Buttermilk is food and drink, as most people know. If it is also medicine it is still more desirable."

QUEER EXPORTS.

[Kansas City Journal:] At the Wichita street fair a few months ago the Wells-Fargo Express Company had a float in the parade. The float represented a big delivery wagon, piled full of express packages, and in preparing it the express people borrowed from the Dold Packing Company a couple of huge meat boxes, which weighed, empty, eighty-five pounds. To make the display appear realistic, these boxes were stenciled with the fictitious addresses, "J. Scholson, Berlin, Germany," and "A. Hunt, Liverpool, England." After the parade the float was driven to the Wells-Fargo office and unloaded, and that seemed to be the end of the affair. But it was not the end, for last week the Wichita agent received a couple of tracers informing him that one box was in Berlin and the other in Liverpool, and that the people to whom they were addressed could not be found. Investigation then revealed that the night force at the office had found the boxes piled on the platform, and had billed them out according to address. The error occurred more easily, as Dold often sent boxes to the express office when in a hurry, without making out a bill, and it was the custom of the office to rush such boxes along.

AN EFFECTIVE TURN.

[Detroit Journal:] "No," she answered, coldly, "I cannot marry a man who carries a rabbit's foot for luck."

For a moment he contemplated her in intense silence, but only for a moment.

"Who," he exclaimed, "now, can doubt the efficacy of the rabbit's foot, after this?"

Then he left her forever, pausing only to laugh the wild, mirthless laugh which was suitable to the occasion.

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

A Solar Device.

FOR some time past solar heaters have been used in many Los Angeles residences and appear to have given satisfaction. For many years there have been attempts made from time to time to utilize the power of the sun directly in producing heat and energy for commercial purposes, with varying success. There is certainly no part of the world where such an invention would have such good chance of success as in Southern California, with its record of over three hundred cloudless days in the year.

A machine of this kind has recently been perfected for which wonderful things are claimed. A gentleman who is interested in the invention, which is shortly to be brought to California, recently wrote a letter from Boston to a member of The Times staff, in which the following extract is made:

"Well, my dear Mr. —, I am able to say that the practical features of the case have been accomplished, and when we come out to California and set up the new machine, which we are now constructing, it will simply overwhelm you in its working, and I can, I think, confidently say, without fear of contradiction, that it will answer every purpose required for the pumping of water, say 50,000 gallons of water per day from a lift of twenty-five to thirty-five feet. You can form your own idea as to how much good this would do in irrigation. If I am not mistaken, a windmill with say fourteen feet diameter would not pump over 4000 gallons, or less than one-fiftieth of what we are able to do with our solar device. Furthermore, the sun is much more reliable during the irrigation season than the wind.

"I have all along told you of our good fortune in having for our inventor (the only time I ever see him vexed or annoyed is when he is referred to as an inventor) a practical mechanical engineer, with a rigid technical education at the most severe college for engineers in the world, with ten or a dozen years' practical experience in engineering and electrical work. He has constructed our device with a view to making it practical, and his success has been more than gratifying, and means, as I think you will admit, a great financial result to us all. By his method we have a good deal of reserve power, and a passing cloud—I don't know as you have them during the irrigation season in California—or even a sharp rain, unless it continues for quite a long time, would not affect the working of the device, as before the pressure went down and the work stopped it would be almost certain to come out glorious sunshine again.

"I will close this very long letter by giving you a résumé of one or two things that we did in Colorado after the 1st of November. On one of the early days in November, with the temperature nearly down to 30 deg., when the weather was so cold that the little lake from which we drew our supply, was frozen over sufficiently strong to throw small stones upon without breaking, we filled the boiler and the drums with water from this lake, which was of course down to freezing or below. With no other power than the heat of the sun, in thirteen minutes this ice cold water to the extent of 800 pounds, or thereabouts, was up to boiling, and in forty-five minutes, I think this is the exact time, this really large amount of water showed 120 pounds of pressure on the gauge, and being put to work ran the engine and pump to the fullest capacity, pumping at the rate of 10,000 or 11,000 gallons of water per hour and keeping up the pressure, and if I am not mistaken, the safety valve blowing off frequently during its run. At no time did the temperature of the air get above 32 and it was indeed a wonderful sight to those few who were fortunate enough to see, on a cold winter's day, when it was really necessary to have great thick ulsters on to stand out there in the open air, a solar generator take into its boiler ice cold water from the lake and in thirteen minutes blow off steam, and in forty-five minutes with over one hundred pounds pressure running the pump and engine, pumping in excess of 10,000 gallons of water per hour. You must understand, by dear Mr. —, that the pump we put in was sold to us with the idea that it would pump to its fullest capacity from 6000 to 7000 gallons of water per hour. We did not want to put in too big a pump; we preferred to show that we could make it work. The reason we did not pump more water than is recorded was that the pump would not do it, no matter how much power we might have. There was a limit to the amount of water a 2-inch pipe would carry in a certain space of time. This is not a fairy story, but a fact which can be proven, and you can therefore take it and browse over it."

San Diego Lumber.

THE lumber business at San Diego is about to be largely increased, as San Diego will be made the port of landing for the lumber handled by the McFadden brothers, who have twenty or thirty branch yards scattered through the southwestern territory. Hitherto this firm has imported its lumber through Newport, having owned the railroad from Newport to Santa Ana, but since the road was sold to the Santa Fé they have decided to import their lumber by way of San Diego. As showing the importance of this change, it is stated that the entire lumber imports for the port of San Diego for 1899 amounted to about thirteen million five hundred thousand feet, carried in forty-three vessels, while

the importations of the McFadden brothers alone amounted to more than sixteen million feet per annum, carried in over fifty vessels.

Coal.

A COAL vein recently discovered on Poco Mountain in San Luis Obispo county is showing up well, according to the Arroyo Grande Herald. The ledge has been uncovered for a distance of twenty feet and is said to have a face of ten feet. A mile and a half farther on the ledge is uncovered and shows a width of forty feet. About fifteen claims have been recorded, running a distance of two miles and a half from the ledge.

A Road to China.

A PRACTICAL addition to the good roads movement is about to be made between Pomona and China. Citizens and firms have subscribed toward purchasing the right of way for a graveled road between the two places.

Pasadena Traffic.

WHO would have supposed, fifteen years ago, when a stage coach made a daily trip between Los Angeles and Pasadena, that on the 1st of January, in the year of our Lord 1900, one line of electric railway would collect nearly twenty thousand fares on that day? There were 19,372 fares paid to the company on New Year's day, when the rose carnival was held.

Golden Cross Mines.

THE Golden Cross mines at Hedges, on the Colorado Desert, continue to show up well in the hands of the receiver. The report of operations for the month of November shows that the value of the clean-up was \$24,959, and receipts from other sources \$863. The amount on hand in the bank on November 30 was \$28,084.

Orange County Flour.

THE Anaheim Plain-Dealer urges citizens of Orange county to give a liberal support to their home institutions, especially the Olive Milling Company at Olive, which confers much benefit upon farmers and producers in that section. It is said that owing to the existence of this mill the price of flour is kept down 10 cents per barrel lower in Orange county than it is in Los Angeles, while the value of grain is kept up. The Plain-Dealer says in regard to this enterprise:

"Ten men are employed steadily in operating the Olive mill. It has not been shut down in several years for more than the few days required annually for repair work. It is now running twenty-four hours a day. It never operates less than twelve. Its product goes throughout Southern California. In the last year its freights amounted to above \$300,000. Freight bills aggregating \$3000 were paid last Saturday and there are always from two to ten cars sidetracked at the mill being either loaded or unloaded. The company pays over \$400 in tax annually.

"The excellence of Olive flour has brought a steady increase in trade, demand growing constantly. No better flour is made on the Coast nor does any better come to the Coast market. Northern wheat is now being used at the mill because other cannot be secured. All the home wheat the mill could get, because of shortage in crop, was 10,000 sacks. It will possibly get 5000 more in the county that has not yet been put on the market. Manager Schorn prefers the home wheat, which he says is as good as obtainable, and further because the company desires to help home industry and advance it in every manner possible. About two hundred sacks a day are used and in the event of a good season this year the company will buy of Orange county ranchers above seventy-five thousand sacks of wheat. Besides wheat, rolled and crushed barley, rolled and crushed corn and feed products of both are turned out in large quantity by the mill. Barley and corn used are bought of the home rancher whenever possible. Many other benefits accrue to the Orange county rancher from the operation of the Olive flour mill. It is nothing less than suicidal for the rancher, in particular, to buy other than Orange county made flour. It is support for him in reality. Not a pound of other flour should be sold in the county. There is no place here, in justice, for it."

Bakersfield Branching Out.

BAKERSFIELD is one of the places that is benefited by the oil development. The proprietors of the foundry at that place find they have more work than they can handle and have ordered additional machinery, and it is stated by the Bakersfield Californian that Canfield, the Coalinga oil man, proposes to erect a big machine shop in Bakersfield for the making and repairing of well-boring tools.

Cotton for the Orient.

THE shipment of cotton to the Orient through San Diego is assuming large proportions. At a recent date there were more than six thousand bales of cotton in San Diego awaiting shipment by the California and Oriental Line of steamships. Most of the cotton comes from Texas.

Fire-Proof Buildings.

RESIDENTS of Jerome, the great copper camp in Arizona, who have been burnt out several times, are determined to make their buildings as nearly fire-proof as possible. Here is a description from the Prescott Journal-Miner of one of these buildings, which should certainly be able to resist anything in the shape of an ordinary conflagration:

"One of the most notable of those constructed is that of Hoover & Corder, and if there is such a thing as an absolutely fire-proof building that firm possesses it. The walls are of cement, being double and built with an air chamber in the center. The roof is also cement, being several inches in thickness, so that the

only thing inflammable about the building is the woodwork inside, the wooden window sashes, etc. To prevent the ingress of the flames, the openings in the building, including doors and windows, are provided with shutters and doors made of iron, which are arranged on slides on the outside, so that opening to the house can be securely closed. Cement fire protectors within the openings are of great use. When closed the hottest fire in the neighborhood on all sides of the building and on the interior would be perfectly safe from the flames. With them closed the entire building is in a cement vault. The firm has been burnt out several times and Mr. Hoover, one of the members of the fire department, should Jerome ever again be visited by a fire, is safe to predict that one building would be left standing, the only element of danger being, in the event of a fire, the failure of a cement door or shutter. At present they are in perfect working order and operated by the use of one's little finger."

Valuable Lands.

A WRITER in the Santa Ana Blade has information as to the net returns from the ranchers in that section. He publishes the following figures:

John McDowell, alfalfa.....	John McDowell, celery.....
John McDowell, potatoes.....	John McDowell, potatoes.....
W. S. Burdick, potatoes.....	C. C. Crouch, celery.....
Lewis Heil, celery.....	H. C. Lewis, celery.....
F. J. Heil, celery.....	J. McKeiston, celery.....
Ross McDowell, late celery.....	John Blacklock, late celery.....
John Blacklock, late celery.....	K. W. Elliott, late celery.....
A. F. Swift, late celery.....	Mr. Moody, late celery.....

What is land worth that will produce such results?

A Good Mining Section.

PIMA COUNTY, Ariz., was in former years a very active and profitable mining section, but in the past ten years it has been somewhat quiet. That section is beginning to wake up again. The Mining Review estimates that during the year of mining property in Pima county have been sold for \$500,000.

Deep Water.

THE San Diego Sun reports that on a recent day the water was twenty-nine feet and six inches in the harbor at high tide. This is said to be the highest water level since the largest battleship ever constructed.

HOW THEY ANSWERED.

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF AN EXAMINATION OF FOURTH-GRADE PUPILS.

In an examination of a fourth-grade class in California's public schools, not more than a dozen from Los Angeles, the questions were asked: "What motions has the earth? What causes day and night?"

First answer was: "The earth has two motions, and day and night are produced by the motion."

Second answer: "The earth has motion. The moon produces day and night."

Third answer: "The earth has two motions, the sun and the other is by the moon."

Fourth answer: "The earth has five motions between day and night are dark and light."

Fifth answer: "The earth has twenty-five motions between day and night are dark and light."

Sixth answer: "Day and night is the motion turning on its axis."

Seventh answer: "The earth has but one motion, it is round."

In answer to the question, "How are the seasons produced?" the following were given:

"The seasons are produced by the motion of the earth."

"The seasons are produced by rain."

"The reason of the seasons is sand."

"The seasons are produced by land and water."

"The seasons are made by days, weeks and months."

Question: "What is the source of all heat?"

Answer: "The air heated?" Among the answers to the following:

"Heat is made by the sun turning on the axis."

"The source of all heat when the heat is made by the sun turns round and round the earth."

"The ocean is the source of all heat."

"The source of all heat is vapor."

The question, "How is the ocean heated?" brought forth the following replies:

"The ocean of moisture is water."

"The ocean is the surface of all moisture, so large."

"The ocean is the source of all moisture, never dry."

Here are a few samples from the replies to the question on physiology:

"Whisky, beer and brandy are three kinds of alcohol."

"The names of the poisons found in alcohol are and burtings of blood vessels."

"A quart of narcotic is required to kill a man."

"Tobacco makes people who work in it sick."

"A narcotic is a disease."

"Opium is made from seaweed."

"Snoothing sirup is a poison because it kills."

SOU BY SOU'WEST.

By the Ancient Mariner.

LOS ANGELES is a favorite stamping ground for con-
dition men—and women—of all kinds, from the ev-
eryday bunco man who induces his victims to try
skill at cards in a room back of a cigar store—which
by the way, deserve very little sympathy when
they are as they invariably do—to the operator who
in higher flights of duplicity, selling his victims
that it is worth little or nothing, or a half interest in
something that is not paying expenses, or a share in some
business which follows closely the biblical advice
"fishers of men," only they do it in quite another
manner. Instead of trying to save souls, their only ambition
is to get the pockets, and they are too frequently success-
ful. Los Angeles is a good field for such operations. So
many people come here with more or less means, intending
to make money from business and take life easy. Then, after a
month or years in this life-giving climate they begin
to feel the renewal of energy, and to look around for some-
thing that will enable them to turn a few pennies without
giving up all their leisure. About this time the industrial
operator makes his appearance on the scene and in many
cases succeeds in landing his fish with an ease that is not
creditable to the acumen of the sucker. A case of
this kind has recently been reported in the local press
as a case of conspirators swindled a man out of a con-
siderable sum of money by representing that one of them
was an eastern lumberjack who could be induced to pay a
price for a ranch by the outlay of a few hundred
dollars in commission. One of the three conspirators, who
was a native of the state, assumed an air of virtuous indignation
at the time, about a year ago, ventured to criticize a
man which he was working to give away a twenty-five-
cent lot in Palm Springs on the Colorado Desert with each
month to a monthly journal which he published. This
man of "giving away" lots in Southern California was
quite frequently toward the end of the real estate
of twelve years ago, and similar schemes have occa-
sionally cropped up since. There are in the Recorder's
office of this and other counties hundreds, if not thousands
of lots which are not worth 10 per cent. of the
amount of money they cost, or, indeed, anything at all, as lots
are simply small integral fractions of desert
land, comparatively valueless for any purpose in their
present state, even in large areas, and entirely so when cut
up into small lots. It is usually eastern people who are
in this manner by means of misleading advertise-
ments in obscure papers. To the uninitiated it may seem
unbelievable how a man can make money by giving
away a piece of land, but the scheme is very easy, when
you understand it. The land costs, if purchased from the
government, \$1.25 an acre, or \$200 for a section—that is
if the scheme takes the trouble to get a title to
it is not always the case. The usual plan is to give
generally about 35,000 feet in area—in the town
of Los Angeles, or whatever the name may be, "in order
to secure the value of alternate lots." In answer to in-
quiries an elaborate map is forwarded, showing a town with
thousands of lots, wide streets and a plaza in the cen-
ter, with projected public improvements and rail-
roads, and a circular, containing a glowing description
of the prospects lying in wait for the young metropoli-
tan. It is explained that a limited number of lots
are presented "absolutely free," the nominal sum of
perhaps \$2.50—to be sent "for cost of making deed,
and the money thus received is almost clear profit, and
the six thousand twenty-five-foot lots can be carved
out of the section of land, after allowing for streets that ex-
ist, it will be seen that a swindler may give
away property in this manner and make a pretty
thing out of it, even after deducting the cost of his
scheme. In the case of the man above referred to, he
promised by offering a free lot with a sub-
scription to a monthly publication of nominal value. East-
ern people should understand by this time that nobody is
giving away land in Southern California that is worth
anything. Indeed, most of the easterners are inclined to
think that we ask too much for it.

most interesting volume could be written on mining
in the Southwest during the past quarter of a century,
not only the great fortunes that have been made
in the industry, but also the reverse side of the picture—
the failures, involving losses of millions upon mil-
lions of dollars. Some of these failures have been due to
natural obstacles. Those belonging in the first two
categories are certainly in a great majority. The entire
Mountain mining region, from the Mexican to the
high line, is dotted over with the remains of costly ma-
chine and buildings that would never have been erected
if the situation had been carefully and conscientiously ex-
amined by a man with a knowledge of his business.
Thousands of costly stamp mills have been erected on mines
that contain little or no valuable ore, the object having
been to boom and sell stock in the company. In
the late C. C. Hastings of San Francisco, who also
had a fine ranch in the San Gabriel Valley, had a \$60,000
stamp mill built on a gold ledge in Pinal county which had been
worked for several years. The mill actually ran just three
days and was then shut down for good, the valuable ore
being exhausted. Any man who is acquainted with the
geology of the Southwest could tell of dozens of
other instances, where great sums of money have been
lost or criminally wasted. It is such work as this
that gives some people the idea that mining for precious
metals is a gamble, whereas, in truth, when carried on in
a businesslike and conservative manner, it is as legitimate
an industry as any other. Indeed, the percentage
of failures in the mining business is said to be less than
in merchandising.

erty. He was offered a copper property in Arizona, and
being a wise man employed an engineer to make a thorough
examination. The price asked was \$50,000. The engineer
reported that the property was not worth \$5,000 and the
Boston man refused to take it. Subsequently a company
was organized to work this mine with a capital of \$1,000,000,
the stock being sold at par to begin with, and then ad-
vanced to a premium of nearly 50 per cent. It has never
shipped a pound of ore and the stockholders are doubtless
wondering why they do not get any dividends. Meantime,
the Boston man and his friends bought a promising prop-
erty in New Mexico, for \$25,000, spent as much more in its
improvement, and during the past six months have shipped
ore that netted a profit of over \$75,000. That is legitimate
mining.

Apropos of mining, it is a mistake to suppose that very
large capital is absolutely necessary to get any returns out
of a ledge of ore. There are many poor men in the South-
west who are making a nice little income by working ore
from a good ledge with a simple Americanized arrastra,
which is quite inexpensive. In this way they not only
make a living, but gradually develop their mine, and put
it in shape so that they can ask a good round price for it
if it shows up well. This is much better than sitting
around in a hotel corridor with a pocket full of samples,
waiting for possible purchasers. Even refractory ore,
which cannot be worked in this manner, may be handled
inexpensively on a small scale, as has been shown by an
Arizona miner, who has devised what is probably the sim-
plest cyanide plant in existence. His mine is in El Dorado
Canyon, on the Colorado River. The ore is refractory, and
cannot be reduced by the ordinary process. He crushes the
ore in an arrastra, and then leaches the pulp by the cyanide
process in two vessels made from ordinary barrels, doing
all the work by hand. In this crude manner he has taken
out several hundred dollars during the past two months.
A man like this will always be able to make a good living
in the Southwest—or anywhere else, while his neighbors
are growling about hard times.

A sidelight on the manner in which the citrus-fruit
grower in Southern California "gets it in the neck" is fur-
nished by an Iowa man, who has a lemon ranch in South-
ern California, and goes home every summer. He made it
a point last year to find out from dealers and others in
his own city all about that end of the industry, and as-
certaining that the Iowa dealers were paying all the way
from \$3.50 to \$5 per box for scale-infested Italian fruit,
while the freight from Southern California to Iowa should
not be over \$1 per box. In the development of the great
Southwest it certainly seems as if the middlemen and
transportation companies are getting somewhat more than
their fair share of the profits. That will probably con-
tinue to be the case unless the growers make up their minds
to drop minor differences and make a bold front against
the enemy.

The rush after oil territory in this section is leading to
a complicated and puzzling condition of affairs in regard to
the location of oil lands, and this is to a great extent due
to the vacillating course of the authorities at Washington
in regard to mineral lands. A dispatch from Salt Lake
recently announced that an important decision had been
rendered there by the United States Land Office to the
effect that guano is a mineral, and subject to location under
the laws regulating the location of placer claims. This
is certainly more or less important, if true, and would be
still more important if one could be sure that the Land Of-
fice would not change its mind before long. In view of
recent decisions, however, it would not surprise anybody
very much if the Washington authorities should discover
before long that guano is not a mineral, but a vegetable,
or an animal. In 1896 Hoke Smith, who was then Sec-
retary of the Interior, gave as a ruling that oil is not a
mineral within the meaning of the United States mining
laws, and that locations of oil lands could not be included
in the mining statutes. Then, a year later, Congress passed
an act declaring oil to be a mineral, and making the act
remedial. Between the time of the first decision and the
going into effect of the act of 1897, a number of persons
acquired interests in the Fresno oil properties, and there
were several claims to all the property. A heap of litigation
has arisen in consequence, which will afford a rich
harvest with the lawyers. Citizens of the great West cer-
tainly have a right to expect that the wise men at Wash-
ington will decide upon a permanent classification of the
mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms as they occur in
this part of the country, so that when a man locates upon
a deposit of petroleum, or asbestos, or guano, he may know
whether to do so under the mining law, the homestead law,
or the laws of navigation.

There is a woman's press club in Los Angeles, concern-
ing which a somewhat sarcastic member of the fair sex
recently remarked that it was all right, only none of the
members have anything to do with the press. There have
been several attempts made in Los Angeles during the past
decade to establish a male press club, but they have re-
sulted in discouraging failure, not, in these cases, because
the members had nothing to do with the press, but rather
on the contrary, because every one who was in any remote
degree connected with the publishing business was entitled
to become a member. Los Angeles is still too small a city
for anything of that kind to be successful. Even in San
Francisco the press clubs are soon transformed into a mem-
bership of dilettanti, with a mere sprinkling of working
newspaper men. The men who do the hard work on a
newspaper have little time to devote to clubs, and the at-
tendance soon shrinks down until it is mainly composed of
hangers-on to the outskirts of journalism, who are promi-
nent at all functions of the club except in the payment
of dues. A social club of the Bohemian order, including
literary, artistic and professional men, might be a go in
Los Angeles, but not one that is confined entirely to mem-
bers of the third estate.

Ruins which antedate the revolution are exceedingly
scarce in the United States. In the Southwest there is one
which goes back farther than the discovery of the continent
by Columbus—perhaps a thousand years farther, for no-
body has yet been able to set the approximate date of its
erection. This is the Casa Grande ruin, near Florence, in

Arizona. As it lies some distance off the stage road be-
tween Casa Grande station and Florence it is not seen by
the traveler, unless he makes a special trip to it. The
building must have been an immense one, of several
stories, when it was complete, but for centuries it has been
gradually crumbling away. It is formed of puddled clay,
moulded into walls and dried in the sun. Eight years ago
a reservation of 480 acres around the ruin was set aside by
an order of the President, and several thousand dollars was
appropriated for its protection, but the money seems to
have been frittered away, and the Secretary of the In-
terior now recommends that \$20,000 be provided for the pro-
tection of the historical ruin. Should Congress fail to do
this, there ought to be sufficient public spirit among the
people of Arizona to take care of this interesting old land-
mark.

The news that there is a probability that the Tombstone
mines will again be worked will interest thousands of old-
timers, scattered throughout the Southwest, who were for-
merly residents of that once-flourishing mining camp. A
letter from Tombstone, published recently in The Times,
states that eighty-four of the leading claims have been
bonded by a Tombstone man on behalf of wealthy New
York people, who propose to drain the mines, which have
remained flooded for fifteen years. Tombstone was the
biggest mining camp that the Southwest has ever seen.
While not so important as Leadville or Cripple Creek—not
to speak of Virginia City—it was quite a lively little town,
and in its palmy days, during the years 1880 and 1883,
there was probably more money in circulation in propor-
tion to population than in any other city in the United
States. In those days you could go out and change a \$20
piece of any bootblack. The palatial gambling halls ran
wide open night and day and shooting scrapes were so com-
mon as to excite scarcely a passing interest. The story of
how Tombstone received its name, when Schieffelin, the
discoverer of the mines, starting out for the Apache-infested
country in which they are located, was told that he would
find his tombstone there, has often been told. Next to
Schieffelin, the man who profited most by the discovery of
the mines was Richard Gird, who afterward sunk his money
in the China ranch. The decline of Tombstone began about
1883, when water in the lower levels interfered with the
working of the mines, and they began to close down one
after the other. The final blow came in 1886, when the
hoisting works of the Grand Central Company were de-
stroyed by fire. During the past ten years Tombstone has
been an appropriate name for the town, for it presents a
graveyard appearance, with all its former glory departed,
and is only kept alive by the trade of a few small mining
camps in the neighborhood and the business which comes
to it as the county seat of Cochise county. Many efforts
were made to get the various companies to combine for the
purpose of draining the lower levels, but they were un-
successful. Should the New York people undertake this
job, it is quite possible that they will not only make a big
fortune, but that Tombstone may become a bigger place
than it ever was, as many experts believe that still richer
ore will be discovered below the water level. Then, per-
haps, my friend Don Sanford, formerly of Tucson, now of
Washington, D. C., will have a chance to realize something
on the \$10,000 worth of bonds which the Tombstone people
put into a brick City Hall, if he still holds them. There
are few healthier locations in the Southwest than this Ariz-
ona mining camp, with its high, breezy location and a
touch of snow in winter.

It is announced that an industrial school for boys will
soon be opened at Artesia, in the southern part of Los An-
geles county, the object of the promoters being to provide
a home and school for homeless, abandoned or neglected
boys and by a judicious training and education to fit them
for useful lives. A ranch of forty acres has been purchased
at a cost of \$4,000 and a building to cost as much more
will be erected. It is said that the funds are furnished by
benevolent residents of Los Angeles, who are averse to
having their names published. Among other things the
boys will be taught horticulture, being allowed an interest
in the fruit and vegetables which they raise. They will
also have a military drill. This is an excellent thing, but
it is a subject for wonder that a city like Los Angeles
should have no first-class school, where boys can receive
practical manual training, preparing them for occupations
which so many of them follow after they leave school.
Los Angeles abounds in institutions for the teaching of
music, and singing, and painting, and elocution, and Chris-
tian Science, and Theosophy and the higher life, and almost
every other branch of brain activity, but there is not, as
stated, a single first-class manual training school. Pas-
adena has an excellent institution of the kind in its Throop
University, and then at Whittier the bad boys have such
an excellent opportunity that many of the good ones are
tempted to be bad in order to go there. Perhaps, if the
people of Los Angeles are too poor or too indifferent to es-
tablish such an institution here, we might be able to se-
cure a contribution for the purpose from Mr. Carnegie, who
has recently given \$50,000 to San Diego for a library.

The late unlamented State Legislature passed a law re-
quiring the use of wide tires on farm wagons, to go into
effect on the 1st of January, 1900, regarding which law an
able and perhaps well-informed Southern California paper
says, "it is entirely probable that there will be no effort
whatever made to enforce the law, for it appears there will
be no class of persons sufficiently interested in the sub-
ject to seek to have it put in force." And yet some people
are surprised that eastern folks occasionally get the im-
pression that we of the Southwest are not altogether law-
abiding citizens.

SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

[Youth's Companion:] According to the recent studies
of Signor de Sanctis of Turin, children begin to dream be-
fore their fourth year, but are unable to recall dreams be-
fore the age of 4 or 5. This age, he concludes, is that at
which a child first becomes distinctly conscious of self.
Young people dream less frequently and less vividly than the
aged. Women's dreams are more frequent, more vivid,
and better remembered than those of men. Criminals
and delinquents dream much less frequently and much
less vividly than other people. Two-thirds of the most
depraved criminals examined by Signor de Sanctis were
never conscious of dreaming. This is ascribed to lack of
mental activity.

NATURE SKETCHES

BY GRANT ALLEN.

III—THE KINGFISHER.

THE kingfisher has been acclaimed by common consent the most brilliantly attired among our British birds. Blue and green form the ground colors in his glorious plumage; but streaks of black and white, and bands of reddish brown are not wanting to complete the exquisitely blended effect of his bravery. No doubt the predominance of blue and green in his coat is partly protective; the bird loves to hide among dense foliage where such tints harmonize with the lights and shades that flicker among the leaves; and as he flits along the water, though he is sufficiently conspicuous to human eyes in a boat or on the bank, below or at the same level, he can hardly be distinguished from above by hawks or other enemies from the blue water against which he is seen from their lofty position. But I do not think his coloring is protective alone; comparison with the hues of other kingfishers in other countries leads me to suppose that the beauty of plumage is largely due to the deliberate selection of the handsomest mates. The metallic sheen of his feathers, the iridescent play of light over his back and neck alone would suffice to prove this point; for mere protective hues are almost always quite dull or flat; the addition of luster clearly marks to my mind the intrusion of the distinctly decorative element. In this respect, our English kingfisher is hardly inferior to many tropical hummingbirds.

As a rule, bright tints and lustrous effects are confined to male birds alone; but in the kingfisher, both sexes alike are exquisitely colored. The reason is that in most instances the hen bird would be too conspicuous to enemies while sitting on her eggs if she displayed the same variety and brilliancy of color as her decorated mate. But where the hen bird sits on her nest in a hole in the ground, or in a hollow tree, or in any other concealed and protected place, where she is secure from prying eyes, this rule does not apply, as Alfred Russel Wallace has shown, so that both cock and hen are there equally striking in coloration. Now the kingfisher constructs her nest in the bank of a river, digging a deep horizontal hole like the sand-martin; and therefore she is quite secure from intrusion during her period of sitting. Under these circumstances, there is no reason why the hen bird should not inherit the esthetic results of long selection of the most beautiful mates quite as fully as the male; and as a matter of fact, she is in every way his equal in faintness of plumage. Nay, she even surpasses him in color in one small respect, for you can tell her at once by a little red patch at the base of the lower bill which is wanting to her lord, who has it black and black only.

No doubt natural selection is largely answerable for these results in both classes of birds—those where the males are most decorated, and those where the females equal them in beauty. For if birds sit in the open, or among fairly exposed trees, a patch of bright color must needs betray the sitting mother, which would then become an easy mark for hawks and other birds of prey; and in this way, all the brightest hens must tend to be picked off, while the dingiest, or those which most harmonize in hue with the nest and its surroundings, must tend to survive and to pass on their peculiarities to their own descendants. On the other hand, where the nest is well concealed and protected, brightness of color would count for its natural advantage; the prettiest mates would be selected, and the ugliest left unpaired; so that beauty would tend to be passed on in ever-increasing degrees to all the descendants.

The form of the kingfisher, once more, is admirably adapted to its work in life; one can see that it is built for river fishing. This implies a very different type of bird-architecture from that of sea-fishers, like the gulls and albatrosses, which have to hover over the waves and swoop down upon their prey as soon as they discover it. For this purpose, what is needed is strength and breadth and force of wing—the power to poise tirelessly above the sea for hours together. The kingfisher, designed for peaceful inland waters, does not need to buffet against wind and waves; his organization exactly fits him for the sort of work he has to do in life; he differs from the gull somewhat, as the Thames outtrigging differs from a Grimsby fishing smack. The body is light; the wings are not very powerful, at least as compared with those of sea birds; but the head is heavy, so as to swoop with effect, and the bill is long and admirably planned for river fishing. As a rule the kingfisher does not hover—though it occasionally adopts those tactics; its more usual plan is to perch itself securely by its clamping claws on the branch of a tree overhanging the water and there sit erect with head bent down and keen eye intently fixed on the depths of the river. The moment a roach or a water insect appears, the patient little angler loosens its hold like lightning, and pounces down with a falcon swoop on the stream beneath it. Next second it emerges again, with a small fish in its sharp long bill, and an air of triumph in its sparkling eye. Three raps of the roach's head against the branch on which the bird sits soon quiets his struggles; then the kingfisher gulps him down whole and sets itself in position to catch another.

Not often does the shy and wary kingfisher leave his shady covert, except for such a plunge. He is well aware that his beautiful plumage exposes him to unfavorable notice on the open. On the rare occasions when he flies from point to point, he does so in a bee line, just parallel with the surface of the water, and almost at its level; his flight is swift and direct as a bullet; you just catch him for a second as a flash of blue, and in another half minute he has disappeared mysteriously into the green shady covert. But if you know where to look for him, you will find him again and again on the selfsame perch—not only at the same spot, but on the same tree and on the same branch of it, with his head turned ever in the same direction.

Kingfishers' nests are notoriously hard to find; but they may be discovered by diligent search in likely places. The spot chosen is always a moderately soft and alluvial bank on the edge of the river. The bird excavates the nest in

person, both parents, I think, taking part in the task of digging. The mould removed is thrown out at the edge, and several days are usually occupied in the work of making the tunnel, during all which time one can see fresh earth lying every day at the mouth of the excavation. After about a fortnight's hard labor, the hole is dug, and a nest is made in a chamber at its end at a depth in the bank of about fifteen inches, a little obliquely upward. The nest is composed of fish bones, which I believe the parent birds eject from their crops as refuse of feeding. Seven eggs are said to be usually laid, but on this I cannot speak from personal observation, for I am no nest breaker. They are spotlessly white and even pallid. Once you have noted the mouth of the hole, you may see the mother bird go in and out frequently, exactly as with sand-martins. The worst enemy of the nesting kingfisher is said to be the water vole, or "water rat," as it is more commonly, though incorrectly, called; not, I believe, because it hurts the eggs or young (for it is a pronounced vegetarian), but because in the course of its excavations it burrows into the nest or otherwise incommodes the nursing mother.

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A TIME-TABLE DISTRIBUTOR.

MISS FLORA STULB WORKED UP A TIDY LITTLE BUSINESS IN RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

By a Special Contributor.

"Well, you see, we didn't get off after all. Went to the depot, but the train had been gone more than an hour. 'You don't mean to say you didn't take the trouble to consult the railroad schedule?' the friend of the first speaker inquired.

"Oh, yes, we did. I got a time table from the office in the hotel and had it all explained to me, but when we got to the depot the agent said the schedule was out of date and the train had gone."

"I might have guessed as much," said the third lady in the party. "I've had just that very thing happen to me so often that I place absolutely no reliance on hotel schedules. They are always out of date, and no one seems responsible."

"There! that is the conversation I overheard between three women in a fashionable New York store, something more than a year ago, when I was casting about for some means to earn a living." Miss Flora Stulb replied, when talking about her work. "You will see at once the idea it gave me. As I had a friend connected with one of the largest railroad systems in the country I went to him and explained my scheme. He thought it a good one, and gave me letters to men in charge of that branch of the railroad business. Finally it was decided to allow me to make the trial which I proposed. That was going to hotels and various places where the schedules of railroads are given away, and making sure only those up to date were on hand."

"On every change of schedule I visit these places, furnish them with new ones, and take away the old. It doesn't seem much of a business when put in that way, but if you knew the number of miles traveled and the number of schedules distributed since taking this position perhaps you would agree that I earn my salary. I began working for the one system, but soon found I could serve all the railroads in the city with little additional labor."

"As my first employers had no objections, I offered my services to the other railways entering New York, and now I manage the entire business."

"There is, I believe, two more women doing the same work in two of the larger western towns, but they both began after I did, so I claim the credit of opening a new field for women wage-earners. Of course, each railroad pays me a salary, and altogether I earn quite a tidy little sum—sufficient for me to live in comfort and lay up a small, snug amount against a rainy day. Of course, I have not yet been in the service long enough to make a fortune, but I've proved my usefulness, and see every reason to encourage others to undertake the same thing. There is opportunity and a good salary to be made by one woman in every big city."

THE BOER SLAVE TRADE.

[London Mail:] The extent to which the Boer dealt in slaves right up to the time of our annexation, may be estimated by the evidence of the Rev. Dr. Nachtigal, of the Berlin Missionary Society, who procured a copy of the register kept in the local magistrate's office. In this register was found a transaction by which one Boer sold to another no fewer than 480 men, women and children! The price of each was a goat, or a blanket, or an ox, according to their value.

As the Boers increased in number they naturally wanted more land; and so it became necessary, from their point of view, to pick a quarrel with the natives in the north of the Transvaal and then exterminate them. Men and women were impartially slain, and the children carried back to be brought up as slaves. With grim irony, they were officially described as "destitute." The Rev. F. Ludorf, a missionary, stated publicly, and his statement was indorsed by the State Attorney, that "on a particular occasion a number of native children who were too young to be removed had been collected in a heap, covered with long grass, and burned alive. Other atrocities had been committed, but these were too horrible to relate." And in 1876, the very year before we annexed the Transvaal, a Boer leader, after having been helped by some Kaffirs in a raid on another tribe, secretly returned at night to their kraal, and of the very people who had shown him hospitality and rendered him aid, he slew the old men, wounded others, and carried off the women and children as slaves, together with all the cattle of the tribe.

I ask, was the Arab slave trader worse than this?

THEN THERE WERE PLENTY OF SEATS.

[Kansas City Star:] A Kansas City woman, whose hair is gray, went to New York recently and took a ride on a trolley car. Both of the side seats of the car were crowded with men. As she stood there, hanging to a strap and swinging and jerking with the motion of the car, she observed that all of the men seemed to be entirely hidden behind their newspapers. She thought, as she stood there, that in Kansas City men often rise to give their seats to

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Is not a "patent medicine" nor an already-prepared prescription cream that never fails to prove Anita Cream has transformed amazingly ruined skins, and has made clear and spotless. It draws all the surface, removes the outer small particles.

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For sale by your druggist. 10 cents for full size jar, or 10 cents for 9x16 lithographed art study, from ANITA CREAM ADVT. BUREAU, Los Angeles.

HOW SHALL PHYSICIANS SUMPTION?

In answering the above question, I would not place, to the necessity of an early diagnosis, stages that we may expect the best results, and in proportion as the disease is allowed to advance, that some cases in the advanced stages yield more than do some in the earlier stages.

In the treatment of tuberculosis, and in the theories the truth of which, since the discovery of the germ, admits of doubt, two things are to be considered, second, its soil. Without seed there is no crop, so in pathology, the right seed is no more a proper soil.

If the soil for it is fertile, it will do its work, and will just as surely fail. In the sterilization of the tubercle bacillus enters lies the hope of the cure, shall this be effected, and what course of treatment. The answer is simple, as truth is always the strength of the system.

First, check the disease by destroying the result is best accomplished by the use of the Whitman. This is an antiseptic agent that enters the seat of the disease, and when properly used, the system in any way.

After it has been used a short time an improvement of the patient is manifest, the extension of the lungs is arrested, and later the ulcerated spots at the edges of tuberculous patches are closed, and can go no further. The cough is moderated, and digestion is improved, and a better tone of the system encourages the patient and his friends. It is in this treatment to get the benefit of the improved Tuberculin. It should be taken as long as pus germs can be found in the sputum. Once curable in more cases than is generally known, cured in the same time, as no two people are exactly alike. One patient may be cured very quickly, wait a much longer time and may suffer many relapses.

The second condition of cure is abundant food, the body is wasting faster than digested food enters, only a matter of time when the end will come, to fuel the fire of life dies out. To meet this condition, tissues and restore to the system the elements of easy task, but it CAN be done, and although without low all kinds of treatment for any disease, and of advanced cases of tuberculosis, yet the success use at the Koch Institute, this city, has been very large percentage of consumptive patients cured.

Very many of these patients were cured by their own homes.

All consumptives should call or send for literature free.

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WILLIAMSON

327 South

women. The difference was painful to a negro, near the other end of the car. "Take this seat, lady."

"No," answered the Kansas City distinctiveness. "I will not take the seat of a nigger in the car."

The newspapers dropped suddenly to their feet. Apparently they had no haird woman. And she took her chair

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WYANDOTTE CAVE.

A VISIT OF SCIENTISTS TO ONE OF AMERICA'S NATURAL WONDERS.

By a Special Contributor.

BEING a member of an academy of sciences I had the pleasure of accompanying a number of noted scientists on a tour of investigation to the famous Wyandotte Cave, in Southern Indiana, near the junction of the Ohio River with the Ohio. In this company were Dr. Connelley, of Chicago University; Dr. Mendenhall, chief of the United States Geodetic Survey; Dr. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission; Dr. Kingsley, chief editor of the American Naturalist; Dr. Jordan, president of the United States National Museum; and other noted men and women.

We left the railroad at Orleans, a small town on the New York and Chicago Railroad. There we took wagons, and after a ride of a day and a half over the wild and rugged hills of the Ohio River, we reached Wyandotte Cave.

This cave is situated among the rugged bluffs along the Ohio River, in a country where small game is plentiful, and where the blue river is good. It is a most interesting spot for a summer's outing. Around the hotel, close to the cave, are many plants not found in Central or Southern Indiana, and in the cave are many nightless animals.

After refreshments and a needed rest at the hotel, we prepared to enter the cavern. The preparation consisted of donning a suit of clothes suitable for rough work, becoming possessed of a tallow candle and a box of matches, and paying a fee of \$1.50 each to the guide. We soon saw the entrance of the candles and matches.

On entering, the guide warned us that no one was allowed to deface the cave by breaking off stalactites, or by touching the roof or the walls with his light, nor was any allowed to pick up saltpeter or Epsom salts. Much of the powder used to fight the British in the war of 1812 was taken from the saltpeter found in and about this cave. Traces of the saltpeter-leaching hoppers and the deep tracks made by the government wagons are still plainly visible.

We went to Mammoth Cave.

Next to Mammoth Cave, Ky., Wyandotte is the largest cave in the United States. But the stalactites and pillars far exceed those in Mammoth Cave in purity and grandeur. The stalactites are fine grained and translucent, and resemble alabaster. The agencies which formed this cave must have been at work for many thousands of years, for the immense size of some of the columns and the great extent of some of the rooms put it beyond the ability of scientists to even approximate the time it took to form them. "For unknown ages these agencies have been at work, and now, present to the astonished beholder a product of nature which is beyond the perception of man."

Wyandotte Cave, like some great giant, breathes—drawing in its breath and passing it out again once a year. In winter, when the temperature outside is lower than that inside, the cold air passes into the entrance and causes the cave to draw in its breath. In spring and autumn, when the atmosphere outside and inside is of the same temperature, there is a calm. In summer, when the temperature outside rises above 66 deg. Fahr., the cave slowly exhales its breath. The temperature of the atmosphere in the cave is 66 deg. Fahr., summer and winter. This even temperature, together with the purity of the atmosphere, enables one to undergo a great amount of physical exertion within its caverns.

The Wyandotte Chief.

The opening of the cave is six feet high and twenty feet wide. After passing through a hall about one hundred feet long, we entered Paveau Hall, which is 300 feet long, 50 feet wide and about 18 feet high. Its outlines are dimly traced by the light from the entrance. A stone wall with a doorway has been built across the farther end of this hall. After passing through this door we were in Twilight Hall, where the last rays of outer light had disappeared. In looking up and ahead of us we saw what is described as the Wyandotte Chief. "It is a mass of white limestone resembling the front of an Indian chief, with crown shorn in the scalplock and fanciful ear-rings dangling from the ears. There he hangs, seemingly suspended, like Mahomet's

coffin, keeping his dark and weary vigils, waiting to gloat over the death of some daring paleface, crushed by the falling rock below."

Leaving the lone Indian in his gloomy and weary watch we passed through "Fat Man's Misery." This is a passage some twenty feet long and so low and narrow that the fat man finds some difficulty in getting through it.

A faint squeaking and a peculiar odor now told us that we were near what is known as Bats' Lodge. This room is so called because of the myriads of bats that make it their daytime resort and winter home. They hang thick against the roof by their toes, head down. On our nearer approach we detected another odor added to that of the bats. In 1884 some gentleman attempted to corner the onion industry by buying up all the onion sets produced in Southern Indiana that season. These onions were stored in a room in the cave. But the air was not suitable for onions, so they began to sprout and grow and finally decayed.

Next, on our journey, we came to Rugged Mountain, which is an elevation forty feet high, on the summit of which is a circular room nearly one hundred feet in diameter. (All distances and dimensions noted in this paper were furnished by our guide.) In this room many beautiful stalactites hang in fringes from the ceiling. A spring of pure and sparkling water trickles from above and falls into a deep basin below. On the floor is found sparkling white Epsom salts, and also gypsum.

Pillared Palace, Purgatory Hall and the Throne.

After passing through many other grand halls and low and narrow passages, we stopped for some time in Pillared Palace, which is about six feet high, forty feet wide, and several hundred feet long. Its ceiling is a fringe work of stalactites, while the floor is covered with stalagmites; many of which unite with those above, making grand pillars. Drapery of every style imaginable may be seen; some of the stalactites are as clear as Mexican onyx and ring like a fairy bell when struck a light blow.

Leaving with regret the magnificent scenery in this chamber, we quickly pass through Purgatory Hall and soon afterward reach the Throne. The Throne is said to be one of the most interesting places in the cave. On one side against the wall is a projection of rock about three feet long, from which are suspended long, slender, crystallized stalactites in beautiful interwoven festoons. The stalagmites rise about two feet from the floor, forming comfortable resting places for the weary traveler. But we must hasten on.

In Wyandotte Council Room is a large flat rock called the Card Table, where photographs, cards, and other mementoes are left by visitors.

Marvelous Monument Mountain.

Beyond this room we came to Monument Mountain. This structure is 175 feet high, and more than seventy feet above it is Wallace's Grand Dome, named in honor of Gen. Lew Wallace. This dome has no superior in the world. A writer describes it as when standing on the summit of the mountain, we looked upward, but the top was veiled in darkness. We cast our glances around us and the same unilluminated night lay beyond the dim light of our candles. But when we had lighted our fireworks, then we could see far above us the bending arch of this majestic temple, rising 140 feet from the base of the mountain, while around us extended in vast proportions a circular wall 1000 feet in circumference. This rotunda is so large that within might easily be placed St. Paul's of London. On the opposite side, at the foot of the hill, are three beautiful monuments, the most beautiful of which being known as Lot's Wife. This is as white as snow and sparkles in the light as if its composition were a bundle of diamonds.

Leaving this charming place we passed through Auger Hole and Worm Alley. These passages try the ingenuity of the lean man as well as that of the fat man. To get through one has to lie down flat upon the ground and wriggle his body forward or backward, whichever way he wishes to go.

More than a mile farther on we came to Crawfish Spring. This is the largest stream of water yet found in the cave. Here the zoologists of the party soon made the discovery of blind crawfish.

In other parts of the cave were found blind fish, insects, spiders, and thousand-legged worms.

Six Miles Into the Cavern.

Another journey of one and one-half miles, found us, not at the end of the cave, for no one has ever reached the end, but, according to the estimate of our genial guide, six miles from the entrance and 350 feet below the surface. Here we extinguished our candles. The darkness was so intense that we could almost feel it, and the awful

silence that surrounded us was beyond description. We could hear the beating of our hearts and the blood coursing through the arteries.

On our way out we took side trips and visited several other grand rooms, the first of which was the Senate Chamber. In the center of this room stands a monument whose top is covered several feet deep with stalagmite formation, and upon this stands the Pillar of the Constitution. This is an enormous stalagmite, seventy-five feet high, and extending from the top of the mountain to the roof above. Nothing is known that equals this pillar in beauty and grandeur. By the aid of our calcium lights we beheld the most unearthly beauty; the ceiling above, with its long and intricate meshes of stalactites and the great pillar itself in all its grandeur and beauty.

I have noticed only a few of the many grand halls and passages in this wonderful cave. Language fails to convey anything like a correct idea of the grandeur and immensity of some of its rooms. When we returned to the outer world the day was dawning. We had wandered underground all night, and like the goat under the swing, we were much dirtier, but wiser than before. P. H. KIRSCH.

PRONUNCIATION OF METHUEN.

[London News:] The patronymic of the heroic commander of the brigade of guards in the Transvaal is variously pronounced, according to taste, as Meth-u-en, Meth-u-en, Meth-u-en, the archaic style of spelling—when "u" did duty for itself and "v" as well—having been retained by the family. The founder in Scotland of this distinguished house came over from Hungary with Edgar Atheling. Fearing that William the Conqueror was conspiring against him, the visitor fled to Scotland, and was hospitably received by King Malcolm Canmore, Atheling's brother-in-law. The Scottish King gave the refugee the barony of Methuen (now spelled Methven,) which stands in the center of Strathmore. The name is derived from a Gaelic word, of apparently kindred pronunciation, which means "middle." The story of the descent of the Methuens of Coraham, Wilts, from the friend of Edgar Atheling is told in that old-fashioned work, Douglass's "Baronage of Scotland."



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